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September Harpers MAGAZINE

OUR COURTS AND FREE SPEECH
BY JOHN T. FLYNN

The Sick Donkey . . . . . *Walter Lippmann*
Democrats Prospect for 1928

Religion in Business . . . . . *Jesse Rainsford Sprague*

The Co-Ed: The Hope of Liberal Education . . . . . *Bernard De Voto*
With Some Reflections Upon Her Male Classmates

"Pax!" . . . . . *Ford Madox Ford*

On Making Low People Interesting . . . . . *Albert Jay Nock*

A New Adventure for Millionaires . . . . . *Oswald Garrison Villard*
The Duke of Wealth as Public Servant

The Art of Ballyhoo . . . . . *Silas Bent*

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Harper's Magazine

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

THE fall book season, always the most interesting for author and reader, is almost upon us. The gay banners of the publishers are inscribed with names and titles that stir our interest and whet our appetites. The physical side of this production alone is picturesque, for the books that authors worried over a year ago, and that the printers and binders have been putting into convenient form during the last six months, are now moving to all parts of the United States, carrying messages from one intelligence to another.

Imagine the interest provoked by *Books and Bidders*, by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, whose knowledge of famous books and manuscripts is practically unsurpassed in the United States. It is very likely to touch the heart of every reader who enjoyed A. Edward Newton's *The Amenities of Book Collecting*, popularly referred to as "The Amenities." And *The Father of Little Women*, by Honoré Willsie Morrow, a biography of Bronson Alcott, father of Louisa May Alcott, whom Mrs. Morrow presents as the greatest of all American schoolmasters, misunderstood in his own day because he was a century ahead of his time. And George Arliss's autobiography, *Up the Years from Bloomsbury*. These three books come from Beacon Hill, where Little, Brown & Co. do their printing, and should be ready by October.

Another group of banners announces Jean Aubry's *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters*, newly translated from the French; *The American Orchestra and Theodore Thomas*, by Charles Edward Russell; *Frontier Ballads*, chosen by Charles J. Finger, and a book called *Growth*, which Booth Tarkington has prepared from three of his most successful novels: *The Turmoil*, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, and *The Midlander*. These books are announced from Garden City, where Doubleday, Page & Co. hold forth.

Then there is *Shelley: His Life and Work*, by Walter Edwin Peck, who has been at this study for years; *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals*, prepared by Odell Shepard, and intended to stand beside *The Heart of Emerson's Journals;* a new Sabatini, based on the French Revolution and called *The Nuptials of Corbigny*, and *European Skyways*, by Lowell Thomas, historian of *The First World Flight*, which suggests good reading for all who are captivated by aviation. These books are announced by the Houghton, Mifflin Co.

But I did not intend to do more than touch on a few of the titles that provoke curiosity—space does not permit more. Nor can a title be a guarantee of what's inside the book. Let the buyer beware. These and many other books I should like to sample, knowing full well that even with the most assiduous application not one of us will be able to read them all.

The prize-winning novels, of course, are on our list—*Jalna*, by Mazo de la Roche, and *Rebellion*, by Mateel Howe Farnham. *Mostly Mississippi*, by Harold Speakman (Dodd, Mead) is something to look forward to, for it deals with a voyage of 2,450 miles by canoe and houseboat from the headwaters of the Mississippi to the gulf, a trip that has not been described for a generation. *Waterways of Westward Wandering*, by Lewis R. Free-

Among the New Books

man, has a similar plot—you may recall his other books on rivers. *Lincoln and the Railroads*, by John W. Star, Jr., ought to be picturesque, and I am looking forward also to *Old Ship Prints*, by E. Keble Chatterton. *The Diary of Philip Hone*, edited by Allan Nevins, deals with old New York. (Dodd, Mead.)

I wonder what treasure *The American Caravan* will carry? It is to be a yearbook of work by American authors. The first volume, edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, and Paul Rosenfeld, has 750 pages. (Macaulay Co.) Kreymborg has another book for children, *Funnybone Alley;* and Harry Kemp has drawn up a picaresque anthology to be called *The Bronze Treasury*, in contrast to that of Palgrave.

ANTHONY WYNNE
Author of "Sinners Go Secretly"

It is also apparent that the new season will give us more and more translations from German authors. The peasant autobiography of Oskar Maria Graf; *The Gateway of Life*, by Frank Thiess; *Kingly Days*, by Bruno Frank; *The Redemption of Tycho Brahe*, by Max Brod, and new books by Rene Schickele and Fritz von Unruh are to be issued soon by Alfred A. Knopf.

John Paul Jones, Man of Action, has been put into a book by Phillips Russell (Brentano's); Hendrik Willem van Loon has finished *America;* and Jacob Wassermann's *Der Wendekreis* has been translated as *World's End* (Boni & Liveright). *The Locomotive God*, by William Ellery Leonard, is autobiographical (Century). Barry Benefield, who wrote *The Chicken Wagon Family*, has a story of the Civil War, *Bugles in the Night.* And many readers will be glad to hear that there is a new Christopher Robin book in the offing. It is called *Now We Are Six* (Dutton) and, considering Christopher Robin's age and his father's rare gifts, we may be sure that this is not the last.

BROMFIELD'S "A GOOD WOMAN"

Louis Bromfield's new book, *A Good Woman*, completes his series of four books dealing with the American scene, to which he intends to give the general title *The Escape.* The earlier books were *The Green Bay Tree*, *Possession*, and *Early Autumn*, the latter the Pulitzer prize-winner for 1926. Bromfield progresses in his study of womankind and in his new book has done his best work. His style is fluent and very readable; his theme is deep tragedy. The "good woman" is so-called only in irony, for she manages to thwart the natural lives of most of those about her and to work havoc in the life of her son by her domineering personality. And although Emma Downes is a puritan in the worst sense and a hypocrite, the author recognizes that much of what she does is instinctive and innate, and that her environment has something to do with her conduct. Outwardly very religious, she has suppressed the life within her to the extent that she enforces her regimen on her son; he goes to Africa as a missionary with a girl who is also dedicated to religious service, and the two live celibate, though married. Naturally when the young man's physical life is repressed he becomes irritable and nervous and tries to fight back to freedom. But in this he is impeded by Emma Downes, his mother, whom he still vaguely loves. The result is that Naomi, his wife, becomes the victim of his irritation and his mother's ill will; a weak figure, she tries to yield to her husband's wishes, but she is not big enough to hold him, even after she becomes the mother of twins. Philip turns to Mary, an earlier love, in the town of steel mills and Shane Castle of the other novels. We get a glimpse of Irene Shane, and hear something about the strange old woman, Julia Shane, who is living out the evening of

Troupers!—Rag-tag and bob-tail of the small time—tinsel gods of the three-a-day—racked by tourist sleepers in midnight jumps, sweating in unholy dressing rooms, crowded into tenth-rate hotels redolent of stale beer! In this backwater of stagedom a decade ago, Zelda Marsh had her start. Here was her soul forged and tried. She learned to love its happy, careless crew; one above the rest, George Selby, she loved . . .

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CHARLES·G·NORRIS

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her life in the castle on the hill. The steel mills again come into the story; a strike darkens the horizon, and the only relief seems to come from the good-for-nothing husband of Emma Downes, who returns from Australia after an absence of over twenty years and spoils Emma's plans for an ambitious marriage with a stuffy congressman. Although the husband, Jason, has ostensibly deserted her because of her overbearing ways and her religious leanings, his character is not sufficiently important to make us feel that he did much, or was able to do much, with his freedom; and one is more apt to regard him as the cause rather than the victim of Emma's austerity. The end is catastrophic. So tangled have these lives become, and so hopeless is their outlook, that the author is up against a stiff problem, and he solves it in drastic ways—by gas, by fever, and by natural death. Taking for granted that there was no other way out, we cannot criticize his choice; we may, however, regret that the American scene held no hope for any of these characters—except, perhaps, the undertaker. The attack is direct against the Protestant Church and its ministry, but the author manages to create considerable sympathy for the Reverend Castor and to show that his troubles were not wholly due to his cloth.

BOHUN LYNCH
Author of "Respectability"

We have had too much of cherubic ministers in the past, but I am beginning to think that the vicious influence of the ministry is being a bit overdrawn in the books of the day. All the men of commanding personality in the ministry that I have ever known had high qualities of leadership and great tolerance. However, the novelist may choose the theme he wishes. *A Good Woman* is much more American in its theme and treatment than was *Early Autumn*, which looked more to the old England than to the new. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

GILLETTE WRITES A MYSTERY STORY

Detective tales are pouring in. There is *The Green Rope*, by J. H. Fletcher; *The Seven Blue Diamonds*, by Charles B. Stilson, and *Murder in the Maze*, by J. J. Connington. William Gillette, who put in many evenings of his life impersonating Sherlock Holmes, has written *The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road*. This is a Harper book, and I am not supposed to write about Harper books; but no matter. Interest attaches to it because Gillette wrote it, and I opened it thinking that he might have in it some reminiscence of the great Sherlock Holmes, for he must have put himself inside that character a great many times. But all expectations were disappointed when it turned out that *The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road* did not even have a super-detective, nor a graduate from Scotland Yard. The title is American, for an English writer would probably say *in* Torrington Road; and the scene is Roxbury, near Boston. The crime does not take place until the book is half done, and for the whole first part of the story we become intensely interested in the preparations of a first-class swindler to commit what apparently is going to be a dastardly deed. The reader who has become very canny in the matter of mystery stories and hates to be fooled can be assured that no new character is introduced toward the end and, although the explanation of the crime partakes a bit of the miraculous, it does not leave the reader with the feeling that he has been tricked. A great part of the story is plausible, and plausibility is the best device that the teller of mystery tales has in his pack.

THE LIFE OF A LEADER

Bishop Samuel Fallows, who died in Chicago in 1922 at the age of eighty-five, was an extraordinary liberal. Those who are aggrieved at the portrait of a cleric painted by

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By

SHIRLEY J. CASE

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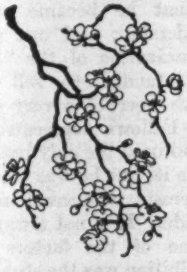
The case for American culture, badly battered by critics at home and abroad, well deserves restatement and defense. Reviewing the evidence, Mr. Boynton is able to take an optimistic view of American life and letters. Melville, Bierce, Hearn, Hergesheimer, Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis are given special attention. *$2.50*



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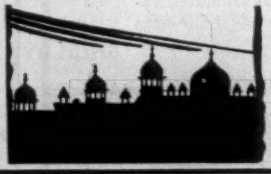

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Sinclair Lewis in *Elmer Gantry* will do well to get *Everybody's Bishop*, the life of Fallows by his daughter, Alice Katharine Fallows (J. H. Sears & Co., New York). He was not an exploiter; he used his leadership to best advantage and through a long career served many men. He was a native of Lancashire, but came to America in the canal-boat days, and got his degree from the University of Wisconsin in 1859, when a boy could still get his board for two dollars a week. He was there when college presidents, imported from New England, were ashamed to admit that they taught both sexes on a basis of equality. He served in the Civil War both as chaplain and as lieutenant-colonel. Originally ordained a Methodist, he served also as an educator, becoming vice-president of Galesville University and president of Illinois Wesleyan. But his real preaching career began in Chicago in 1875 as a minister of the newly-formed Reformed Episcopal Church, which broke from the high church Episcopalians as a protest against sacerdotalism, ritualism, and exclusiveness. It was in Chicago that he became widely known for his leadership; and one phase deals with the organization of the "home saloon," a resort intended to sell temperance drinks, with beer of a very slight alcoholic content. Fallows deprecated the evil of the saloon and used the only practical method to overcome it; but he was defeated by the brewery interests, who saw him as a menace to their trade. It is not always remembered that one of the factors that brought about prohibition was the stubbornness of the saloon people, who refused to "clean up" for the good of the trade. The story of Fallows is told in detail in his daughter's biography. It is, I believe, a fine proof of liberalism and generosity in the clergy. Though Fallows had his career before evangelism was so highly commercialized as it is now, he nevertheless had plenty of opportunity to develop some of the evil characteristics of Elmer Gantry, and yet did nothing to deserve that odium. There have been many other fine men like Fallows in the clergy. The book is a recital of a career which is a part of the history of the Middle West.

FROM OLD ENGLISH SONG-BOOKS

Collections of English poetry such as *Lyrics from the Old Song-Books* are few and highly desirable. This has been collected by Edmonstoune Duncan and printed in Great

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White Man Against Native

The man's right arm was raised with a crooked elbow. Jim held his shot deliberately — held it for the pleasure of saying to himself, "That's a dead man!"
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—how a beautiful native girl made a white man do an astounding thing!

"Get up! Get up! Get up!"

The exiled white man, hiding among the Malays from his own people, leaped to his feet.

It was the native girl. She put into his hand a revolver, his own revolver. He gripped it in silence.

"Can you face four men with this?" she asked rapidly and very low. The man nodded, bewildered, blinking.

"You were to be set upon while you slept," the girl said. Then she moved swiftly out of the house. He followed her.

"Fly!" she said. "They are frightened now. They know you are awake. They know you are a big, strong, fearless —"

"If I am all that —" he began.

"Yes, tonight," she answered. "But what of tomorrow night? — of the next night? — of all the many, many nights? Can I be always watching?" A sobbing catch of her breath affected him beyond the power of words.

"Fly!" she repeated excitedly.

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Britain; it is issued in New York by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Evidently the book has been prepared with much care, reminding one of those collections issued every now and then by the Oxford University Press. These are not excerpts from hymn-books but poems that have been set to music, and you will find many favorites among them. It is astonishing how much the centuries preceding the nineteenth contributed in love ditties, ballads, pastorals, and catchy lays, and how rich English literature has become in this field. Duncan says, "The inexhaustible wealth, variety and magnificent range of English poetical songs can best be displayed by drawing from widely divergent sources. We admit to our assembly both courtier and clown, scholar and rustic. Our program is rich with Elizabethan inspiration." John Dowland, Christopher Marlow, Shakespeare, Thomas Campion, and Ben Jonson are among the older poets here represented, and the songs range all the way from lyrics from "As You Like It" and "The Tempest" to such robust choruses as must have been sung before the open fires of England through many generations. After Shelley, Dickens, Browning, and Tennyson have yielded their lays the book closes, strange to say, with Bret Harte, who gets into this collection with "The Reveille" because it was set to music by Sir Edward Elgar.

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Lost Ecstasy, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran), is an entirely new type of Western story. Mrs. Rinehart tells the story of a fine, well-bred Eastern girl, the daughter of a wealthy family, who falls in love with an ordinary cowboy, a man who deals in cattle and rides in a performing rodeo. The situation may not be new to Western tales, but the working out of the theme certainly is. What we get is a very robust tale and one that looks cowboys and the West straight in the eye. Despite the romantic attachment that Katharine Dowling has for Tom McNair, Mrs. Rinehart does not base it upon his fine looks, or unusual talents, or capacity to play the hero. She has tried to picture him as he is, with the result that his portrait is convincing. Katharine, or Kay, meets with the resentment of her people when she marries Tom, and Tom himself is being persecuted by Little Dog, an Indian. Not the least convincing part of the story deals with the circumstances of Kay's marriage, which takes place while Tom is "on the road," and which

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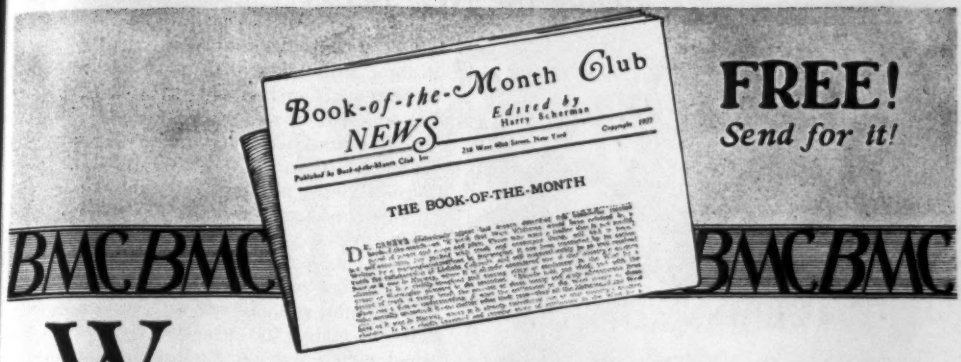
has to adapt itself to the meager accommodations of a traveling circus. Tom as the "physically rugged, mentally direct" character is a relief from the posturing Westerner of the conventional tale. The marriage comes in the middle of the story, so that there is plenty of time for a crisis, and a study of how such an intimate relationship between a cowboy and an Eastern girl develops. At times the tale seems too long, but it holds the interest.

AN EPISODIC LIFE OF BALZAC

Rene Benjamin's book on Balzac, published about a year ago in France, has been translated and issued here by Knopf under the simple title of *Balzac*. It is an excellent introduction to this strange, restless writer who labored so hard and left such a great monument behind him. In flashes like those of a motion picture Benjamin shows Balzac's habits of work and play, his views and ambitions, his love affairs, his worries, and joys. He tells under what conditions the great books of the Human Comedy were written, and how the whole series came to be planned. Much of this is to be found in Sainte Beuve, in Saintsbury, in Balzac's own explanations, and in the *Lettres à l'Etrangère*, but Benjamin has made it picturesque. We see here Balzac's restless, ceaseless activity; his preoccupation with women; his snobbery and worship of nobility; his physical weakness; his extravagance, and his utter servility toward his writing. We get the impression that Balzac was a man of great energy, and of an imagination so powerful that it carried him out of his actual life into an unreal world when he was developing his novels. His own characters "borrowed his own fire and consumed him." Benjamin touches on Balzac's devotion to Mme. de Bern, Mme. Carraud, George Sand, and finally Mme. Hanska, whom he married and brought to the house he had prepared for her in the Rue Fortunée, where, soon after, he was to die. In the final scene Benjamin sketches Victor Hugo delivering the funeral address at the grave of Balzac in Père Lachaise, estimating him as a genius when most of France had not yet recognized his great powers.

"SPREAD EAGLE" IN BOOK FORM

"Spread Eagle," the play that made something of a sensation in New York City this spring, is now out in book form (Charles Scribner's Sons). This gives readers an opportunity to study the new themes that are



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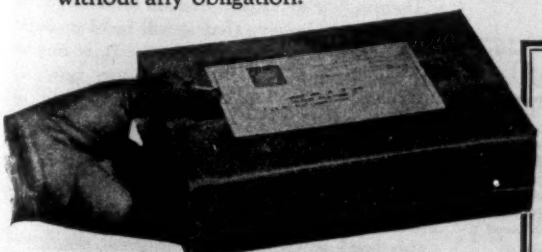

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ONE of the most significant trends in literature, of recent years, has been the ever-widening audience that has arisen for distinguished and authentic works of science, history, sociology, philosophy, psychology and biography. Curiosity about the world in which we live is, apparently, deeper and keener than ever before. There has been evident an insistent demand from the public for the humanization and clarification of specialized knowledge. The Francis Bacon Award has been instituted to foster this clearly valuable tendency. The selection each year of such a work will unquestionably be an event of the first importance in the world of letters. In addition to the money award of seven thousand five hundred dollars, an emblematic medal will be struck off each year and presented to the winning author.

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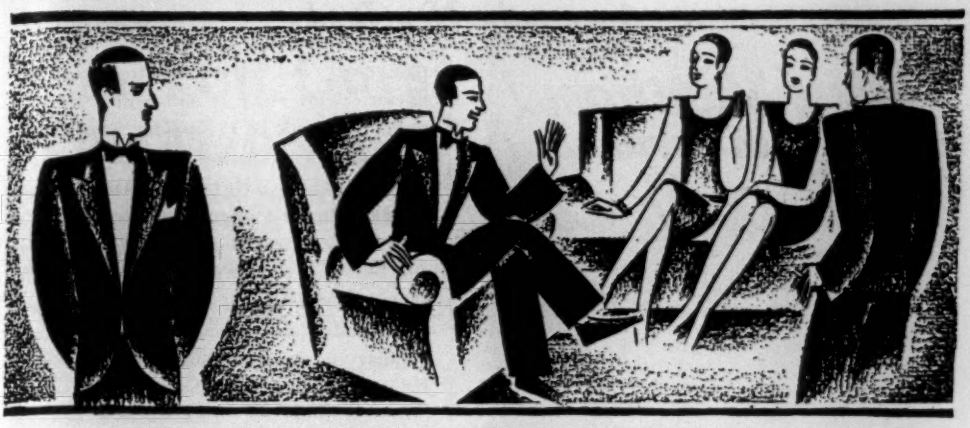
invading the theater. Most of the plays dealing intimately with political subjects have come from England. The English are so immersed in national and world politics that questions involving both are subjects of daily discussion. Even "Saint Joan," by Bernard Shaw, although ostensibly a historical play, had a great deal of political comment in it. A few years ago no one could have written, much less produced, in America, a play dealing with Americans as creatures of big business, going to war with high financial interests pulling the strings for their own personal gain. But the disillusion that came with the peace has made a discussion of such themes possible. In *Spread Eagle* the authors, George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister, depict a big business man who has his office on lower Broadway bribing a Mexican revolutionist to lead a revolt against the government. The business man is interested in various enterprises there, notably the Spread Eagle Mines. When the son of a former president of the United States comes to him for a position he sends him into this dangerous territory, knowing that if anything happens to the lad the United States will make war. The play makes its most startling criticism of our national life when it depicts the war machine at work, showing how "patriotism" is manufactured for sinister purposes. This should be a sufficient clue to what the play is about. It reads well and although the descriptive matter dealing with motion pictures seems out of place, the play as a whole is worth thinking about.

A COMPENDIUM OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY

This department has frequent requests for titles of books dealing with abnormal psychology and psychoanalytics, related subjects that are very fascinating to the lay mind. An examination of *Readings in Abnormal Psychology and Mental Hygiene* leads me to believe that it will be of unusual service to inquisitive readers. It is one of those assembled books that are now so popular, giving the reader the benefit of many views instead of one. For certain purposes, such as obtaining a quick view of a subject, these books are admirable, but more intensive reading can only be done in the works of the authors indicated. Fortunately this book gives references in great quantity. The book has been edited by Prof. W. S. Taylor of Smith College and Prof. Joseph Jastrow contributes an introduction in which he gives an idea of the scope of abnormal



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psychology and its relation to human behavior. This essay is sufficiently clear to serve the needs of the reader who has no knowledge of the factors that govern abnormal psychology. Having no other purpose than to provide a source book for study, the author has been able to include all schools, and one may read Freud, Coriat, John B. Watson, McDougall, Adler, Munsterberg, Ellis, and Hall without prejudice. Even popular interpreters like H. Addington Bruce are included, so that the book should prove no difficulty. Prof. Jastrow explains why the recognition of abnormal psychology as an important part of general psychology has been so long delayed. "Other advances had to appear and make their notable contributions before the psychologist and the psychiatrist could offer mutual recognition to one another and establish their places in the sciences. Foremost, the evolutionary view of man and his structure and functions had to penetrate to every phase of biological thinking; man's mental or psychic nature had to be viewed under the same approach, as subject to like conditioning as his bodily nature; the physiology of the nervous system had to be developed to an understanding of its complex detail of structure and function, so commanding that it may well be called the neurological insight; within its own province psychology had to attain that objective view of its data that is best characterized as behavioristic in the broadest meaning of the term. In brief, psychologists had to learn to think biologically, neurologically, behavioristically before they were ready for the reconstruction of their science which would bring the abnormal into the focus of their interest." This is a book of 780 pages, published by D. Appleton & Co. at $4.

ANOTHER GEORGE MACDONALD

The ideal combination of story-teller and illustrator is exemplified in *The Light Princess* (Macmillan), by George MacDonald. There was a man who kept the child spirit unspoiled throughout a long life. His fancy

Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; The Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient — and at times feel it to be the truth — he knows *why*. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it — in five minutes — and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told the secret.

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine in trim.*

Any man or woman who thinks spine motion doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a healthy spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade — and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation," or cartilage, wears-down and flattens-out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged — and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that sublaxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine — "shake it out" — and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in *ten minutes*. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down a bit firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable SPINE-MOTION series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

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Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. But Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available.

HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DEFIES AGE

I know what these remarkable mechancis of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five other cases. With all sincerity I believe nothing in the whole realm of medicine or specialism can quicker re-make, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's power can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

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Harpers Magazine

OUR COURTS AND FREE SPEECH

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

LAWYERS are fond of saying that the defeated litigant has two courses open to him: he may take an appeal or go down to the tavern and swear at the court. But this, in fact, belongs to that class of legends known as legal fictions. For in practice the unfortunate litigant has but one of these courses—supposing he has the money—and that is to take his case to a higher court. Letting off critical steam in the tavern is a perilous form of relief. For the judge carries a big stick which is known as the process of contempt of court; and the rules of the game under which he may use this stick upon his detractors are forever broadening until now he has a pretty free hand with the weapon.

One may pitch into the President or Congress. One may lampoon a mere governor or belabor any great dignitary in the state. There is but one limitation and that is that he shall not commit a libel. And if he does, the charge against him must be heard before an impartial tribunal with the benefit of trial by jury. But if one lifts his voice against a judge in the performance of his duties he gets short shrift. One need not be in the courtroom or before the face of the judge to be guilty of contempt. The judge no longer need be within earshot of his critics. His court need not be in actual session. For the purpose of suppressing his critics the court is always in session and the whole world is within his presence, and the lawyer or editor or publicist or public man who, thinking a judge fails in his duty as a public servant in some judicial proceeding, lets fly at his head, may expect to be called before the court where the injured jurist in the quadruple role of victim, prosecutor, judge, and jury, may bowl his enemy over with this deadly weapon of contempt.

We are all willing that the judge shall be free from insult or disturbance when he is presiding. Lawyers and their clients and spectators cannot be permitted to hurl things at the court as if it were nothing more than an umpire—though the thing has been done, and I myself have felt the urge to do so. The witness who will not testify must be

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made to do so or suffer for his defiance, as Mr. Sinclair has done for snapping his fingers at a Congressional Committee. The Court must also be allowed the right to punish those who interfere with its lawful mandates. But there is another class of contempts which are not so obvious—constructive contempts or indirect contempts, as the lawyers call them. They are the acts of persons done out of the presence of the court, when the court is not in session, though they may be in reference to some cause pending or about to be tried. The Lady Gainsborough and the Countess of Shaftesbury put their heads together like two practical old ladies and arranged a marriage between the young Earl of Shaftesbury and Lady Gainsborough's daughter. This was a common enough practice. But in this case the young earl had a guardian and this guardian was an officer of the chancery court and this bit of matchmaking without his consent was deemed by the Lord Chancellor an invasion of his prerogatives, so the two conspiring ladies were fetched before his lordship and charged with contempt of court. That was an indirect contempt. Out in Indiana the decision of a learned judge met with the wrathful scorn of the anti-saloon league. Thereafter the officials of that body drawing up their annual report recorded this decision together with their interpretation of it. This interpretation was held by the judge who hatched it to be not only erroneous but contemptuous of his high-mightiness, and the three high priests of aridity in Indiana were lined up before his honor and sentenced for contempt of court. The Editor of the New York *Evening World* inveighed against the very bad practice of permitting professional criminals already free on bail and plying their trade to go free again on small bail and spoke of the practice of lawyers to hunt for the judges most lenient in this regard as "shopping for bail." This was an indefensible public abuse, but that did not save the editor from being brought before the offended judge who declared that the editorial had caused him great pain and that he proposed to punish his critic. The editor, represented by Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, escaped punishment but he had a precarious time before getting off.

In Mississippi another judge notified newspapers that they must not print accounts of a criminal proceeding in his courtroom. And when a newspaper in distant New Orleans defied this order and printed the report of the trial the act was held by the court to be sufficiently near to his presence to justify an action of contempt. This seems extreme, but it has been done before, and many judges have asserted their right to silence newspapers. As things now stand, almost all criticism of a court in the newspapers, public speeches, pamphlets, or otherwise, especially if a case is actually pending, may be treated as a contempt of the court and an offense against its dignity and an interference with the even and sweet flow of the stream of justice; and he who indulges in it may expect to answer for his temerity in a summary proceeding before the offended judge.

II

It is important that this solemn phrase "summary proceeding" should not be passed over lightly. It is a proceeding in which, very often, a judge stimulated by anger or intolerance may introduce haste into justice and dispense with its controversial character by limiting the proceeding to one side, and that side his own. Where a judge proceeds against an editor or orator or critic of any sort, the judge is very much in the position of the man who has been libelled. He is in reality a litigant as well as judge and jury. Now there is a much respected legal fiction—of which lawyers are very fond—that the contempt consists in the attack upon the court and not upon the person of the judge. But when the court is called a jackass, it is very difficult for the judge who impersonates the court not to feel a personal interest

in the charge. In the circumstances one must be prepared to see the judge taking sides with the court he ornaments. After all, judges are human. Indeed, some of them are so much so as to be frequently inhuman. If an editor says of President Roosevelt that he is a winebibber, it is within Mr. Roosevelt's right, as a citizen and not as President, to hale that editor before a court, as Mr. Roosevelt did, and make him answer in a proceeding for libel. There an impartial judge and jury in a deliberate judicial proceeding would explore the facts and render a judgment. But if Mr. Roosevelt had been a judge trying a case he might have had the offending editor dragged before him summarily and then, in the tripartite character of prosecutor, judge, and jury would have been at liberty to fling him into jail, leaving the suppressed journalist but meager relief in the way of appeal.

A gentleman in Iowa who ornamented the ermine in rendering a decision poured out the phials of his prejudice upon certain persons. He spoke of them as "those three yids" and as "the wise men from the East—the prehensile race." A writer in a Des Moines paper, filled with disgust at this judge's conduct, criticized him and said he "was temperamentally unfit for his high duties." The judge thereupon proceeded to give further proof of that charge by summoning the writer before him and committing him for contempt.

William J. Barnes called Roosevelt a liar. William J. Bryan denounced Cleveland and Morgan as conspirators. Senator Lodge said Woodrow Wilson was a "dishonest egotist." Another United States Senator has called President Coolidge a fool. None of these charges was true and none of these harsh expletives should have been uttered. But what should we say if Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Wilson or Mr. Coolidge had proposed a law to permit them to bring their traducers before them personally upon summary process and throw them into jail? This would not be tolerated on this side the Rio Grande. But we permit any mediocre lawyer who sits upon a district bench to silence his critics with this deadly process.

Now I do not think that citizens should be permitted to bespatter the courts any more than they should be permitted to libel and slander other public officials. Indeed, I feel quite sure an even more rigorous protection should be thrown around judges. There seems little reason to deny them the right to deal summarily with those who actually resist their orders or who interrupt their proceedings. But when it comes to controlling critics, then it seems to me that at least the offense should be treated like any other offense and the offender should have the right to a fair and impartial trial before a disinterested judge and jury.

The tendency of the courts is to enlarge this practice. If I were a professional trembler and were looking out for something to tremble at I should select as a stimulant the federal judge. Jefferson's old fear of the federal judiciary comes back to us. He saw in it an "irrepressible body" assuming "a little to-day and a little more to-morrow." And one of our own federal judges to-day, dissenting in a notorious contempt case, said recently from the bench, "It is in small encroachments on the right of free criticism of all the acts of public officials that the real danger lies."

There is nothing new in this process of contempt. I dare say the very first judge saw the possibilities of this formidable weapon. In the early days of the English law it was used unsparingly. One might even be amerced for contempt of the bishop for disturbing his Grace in church. But as the English system, as we know it, began to develop its special genius, this dangerous judicial weapon was brought under control. Subjects were, indeed, not permitted to disturb the course of justice by unseemly denunciations of the judge. The heirs in that celebrated cause known

as the Tichborne case felt very much displeased with the judgment of the Lord Chancellor and so they moved about England in high dudgeon, hurling contumely and invective at the Chancellor's head very much in the same way that Editor Dale in Indiana did recently at the head of Judge Dearth. And for this the Tichborne heirs were brought into court and charged with contempt. But in Editor Dale's case he was tried and punished by the man he had denounced, while the Tichborne heirs were tried in a proceeding upon an indictment and before an impartial judge. It has been reserved for the judges in this enlightened age and in this country devoted to freedom to push out their power in every direction and to develop upon an alarming scale the fictions under cover of which they are making the most serious invasions. While others are held rigorously to old forms, the court itself knows how to invent new powers for itself. No judge likes work so little that he will deliberately deny his own jurisdiction. The laziest judge may like his job little but he loves his jurisdiction more. He likes to sit upon his bench and watch his power grow. Apparently the habit of listening to obsequious phrases and moving amidst bowing and scraping attendants is not good for the soul of the little man under the black robe. When some years ago Congress passed a law forcing judges to grant jury trials in contempt cases growing out of the violation of injunctions in labor disputes, the lower court denied the jury trial and asserted that Congress was powerless to limit this lordly power of a judge. And the circuit court of appeals agreed with these judges. Fortunately the Supreme Court saved us from that. A little earlier the President pardoned a litigant who had been sentenced to a long jail term for contempt. But the judge had the accused brought before him in the face of the President's pardon and ordered him to jail, declaring the President had no such power. To a raw layman this looks like a bad instrument to put into the hands of officials so far removed from public scrutiny and criticism as judges.

III

Now all that I have said here is true enough when we think of courts as courts of justice. But what shall we say when we perceive that to-day the administration of justice is but one of their functions and that, by a course of invasions and assumptions, they have gradually acquired an enormous administrative, regulatory, and quasi-executive jurisdiction? One of these is the management of large business corporations under the form of receiverships. In an earlier day the old equity courts invented the receivership as a means of winding up the affairs of a distressed corporation or of disposing of its assets for the benefit of its creditors. It is not so many years ago that a distinguished federal judge complained that it was not the business of a court to act as an expert rejuvenator of failing corporations and that the receiver was just a custodian of the corporation's property to care for it, keep it intact, and sell it as quickly as possible. This was well enough in another day when business was small, corporations few, and receiverships infrequent. But to-day business is great—vast; corporations are immense and numerous. They are forever getting into hot water. And slowly the courts, particularly the federal courts, have set up in business as reorganizers of crippled corporations. The judge is not merely jurist but physician as well. He combines within himself for the purpose of operating large business units the character of judge, banker, executive, efficiency engineer, and promoter. A big business in distress is thrown into the arms of the federal judge. That dignitary thereupon establishes himself as chairman of the board, president of the corporation and board of directors, and names the receiver as a sort of general superintendent under him. Then he goes forward to manage that concern for a year or two, or five

or ten or more, operating the business frequently in active competition with other concerns in the open fields of trade.

The extent of this is, I am sure, little understood by the average man of affairs. Mr. Paul Cravath, a very eminent lawyer, some years ago noted that in the course of twenty years not less than half the corporations in America had made their way through the courts in receiverships. At this moment there are forty-two railroads being operated by federal judges. In other words, these judges are managing some 17,000 miles of road with outstanding stocks and bonds of nearly a billion dollars. And some of them have managed them thus for ten and twelve years.

A few years ago an investigator examined the records of the federal courts in New York City and found that in seven years 233 corporations had come under the direction of the eight federal judges sitting in that district. This octet of judges managed business enterprises estimated at $780,000,000 and with an annual turnover of $60,000,000. During this period one of these judges, who earned a reputation for his wholesale operations in this field and whose methods were frequently criticized as highhanded, had had control of over $300,000,000 in receiverships. Railroads, railways, power companies, manufacturing, financial, and trading companies doing business in every quarter of the globe were directed from the rostrum of a court which had been established as a tribunal of justice and never intended to be a directorate of trade.

Now upon the face of it, this does not seem a wise arrangement. Judges, at least in theory, are selected because of their learning in the law and not for their skill as industrial surgeons. There is much difference of opinion about government operation of business, but all will unite, I dare say, upon this point, that if business is to be operated by the government either permanently or temporarily, the judge is not the agent to be chosen for the job. There is a feeling even among lawyers and judges that the system is not the most intelligent possible one. Many judges are frankly disturbed by this growth. Some are altogether against it, while others look upon it as badly in need of repair. As long ago as 1916 Judge Charles M. Hough, who handled many such proceedings, observed, "There is a good deal to be said in favor of a new scheme of law which would in some way confer upon an impartial and disinterested tribunal the entire supervision of corporate reorganization. . . . But no such system of legal procedure exists." Another—Hon. Robert T. Swain—said, "With no intention to disparage in the slightest the high caliber of the men who sit upon the federal bench, it is submitted that this is not a power with which they should be vested. The problems of reorganization are usually business problems rather than purely legal problems."

The results achieved are by no means happy ones. The judges do not make a great success of the business. No one needs to be told how a legal proceeding can waste the substance of an estate. Numerous and extravagantly paid receivers, attorneys for receivers, special masters, and appraisers fatten on the diseased corporation. Many a corporation perfectly solvent and merely in need of a little intelligent management and some refinancing has gone into the corporation hospital of the federal court only to be mishandled and bled to death. Out of more than two hundred corporations which went into the federal courts in New York in which the petitioners declared that the corporations were embarrassed but not bankrupt, only thirty-five emerged after the court's reorganizing magic able to pay general credits in full, and then not all in cash but in new stock with the hope of prosperity as collateral. The Supreme Court itself has had something to say about the efficiency of receiverships.

"He (the receiver)," observes that august critic, "takes the property out of the hands of the owner, operates the

road in his own way, with an occasional suggestion from the court, which he recognizes as a sort of partner in the business; sometimes, though very rarely, pays some money on the debts of the corporation, but quite as often adds to them and injures prior creditors on the property pledged to them."

But if the creditors suffer in most cases, this is by no means true of the lawyers. For in the receiverships referred to above the New York judges distributed among their lawyer receivers and attorneys for receivers some seven million dollars in fees. The truth is that it is preposterous to invoke the surgery of judges upon ailing corporations. One might as well declare a sick man physically bankrupt and turn him over to a court for treatment. What the sick corporation needs is a business doctor, financial management, and production experts to put it on its feet. The court merely puts it out of its misery. The importance of this cannot be overstated. In our present industrial civilization almost all business is passing into the ownership of thousands and scores of thousands of stockholders. These innumerable stockholders are quite powerless because of their remoteness from the actual management, their fractional interest, and their wide distribution to do anything to protect themselves. The very existence of our whole business structure is coming to be more and more dependent on the stability of investments. When a large corporation gets into difficulties the loss and embarrassment fall on thousands of stockholders and bondholders who are as much entitled to protection as the depositors in a savings bank. The nation will have to find some form of intelligent, expert assistance to which such organizations can turn in distress. Certainly a court—federal or state—is not the agency for such a job. Such an agency should be established and the courts left free to go their way as tribunals for the settlement of controverted questions of law and fact.

Now what has all this to do with this business of contempt which I set out to discuss? I have gone over this ground to show the changing character of the tribunals which are wielding this exceedingly dangerous instrument. And as the courts have widened their powers and annexed new functions covering the management of business, they have also enlarged and sharpened the weapon of contempt; and in the last twenty years many of the complaints provoked by judicial intolerance have grown out of contempt proceedings employed in this new and questionable jurisdiction over business.

A railroad or a public utility is a quasi-public institution. The public has a deep interest in its existence and management, to say nothing of the interests of thousands of stockholders, bondholders, and creditors. To conceal the management of such a business behind the closed doors of a judge's chambers and thus withdraw the whole matter from public discussion is nothing short of a public menace. This is particularly true in view of the fact that such corporations remain in these hiding places for two, three, five, ten years, and more. In one state a federal judge ran for several years a railroad without a charter. In many states utility corporations are taken over by these courts, and the public regulatory commissions are told their authority will not be recognized. Almost always lawyers are named as receivers, big fees are paid, and the assets of the corporations wasted or at least impaired. While all of these things are being done newspapers, stockholders, directors, public officials must hold their peace lest an angry judge deem himself insulted and put them behind the bars for contempt. I do not think the officials operating reorganizing corporations ought to be subject to wanton abuse any more than other public officers. But I know of no reason why they should be clothed in a privilege which we deny to the men who run our armies, our navies, our post offices, and our state governments.

This is a very practical problem for the business man whose own interests may be involved to-morrow. So much of the discussion of this abuse of the contempt process has revolved around the activities of labor leaders and reds that the business man has not thought of his own stake in the matter. Of course it is all right so long as we are just knocking dangerous radicals over the head. This neat little bludgeon was invented for that purpose. But having been invented, it remains in the hands of the judge to use on any sconce he feels disposed to rap. And now the cycle of progress is bringing not labor leaders but business executives into court. And there sits the judge in his big black robe and the old contempt bludgeon, still wet with the blood of the reds, in his hands. And already some very respectable heads have been hammered with it.

It is not long ago that the directors of a corporation in the hands of a receiver became very annoying to the judge. So he forbade them to meet. But these gentlemen thought, very properly, that they had property rights in the corporation and that they were within their rights when they met to talk about them. Perhaps they had read somewhere the Great Charter which guaranteed the right of peaceable assembly even against a tyrant king. But the judge soon convinced them that the right was at least questionable, for he hauled them before his court and sentenced them for contempt.

Down in Raleigh, North Carolina, a court named a receiver for a railway company. The editor of the local newspaper thought the whole proceeding indefensible and he said so in his paper. That editor happened to be no less a person than the Hon. Josephus Daniels, sometime Secretary of the Navy. But for all that, he was haled before the judge and committed for contempt. Now Mr. Daniels escaped through the more reasonable attitude of a higher court. But that decision is chiefly valuable as bringing into relief how far the courts have traveled; for now, in most jurisdictions, he would not be so fortunate.

The most disturbing case is the one having to do with that irascible though able citizen, Mr. Charles Craig, while Comptroller of the City of New York. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, better known as the B. R. T., was in the hands of a receiver under the dominion of Judge Julius Mayer. The City of New York had an immense money interest in that corporation, which was anxious to have higher rates. Mr. Louis Nixon of the Transit Commission wrote a letter to Mr. Comptroller Craig, inviting him to a conference with the receiver to discuss the problems of the company. Mr. Comptroller Craig replied to that letter, refusing to enter such a conference and announcing that he would not meet the receivers or discuss anything with them so long as the Federal Court denied to the City of New York access to the books and accounts of the company. Other criticisms of the court were made, which to my humble mind seemed mild and reasonable enough. Mr. Nixon turned this letter over to Judge Julius Mayer who thereupon caused the U. S. Attorney to file an information, gave the Comptroller an opportunity to retract and, upon refusal, sentenced him to sixty days in jail. Immense pressure was brought to bear on the judge to withdraw from this position, and the upper court recognized that it was a serious matter to take the comptroller away from a city so large as New York whose financial affairs were so complicated as to need ceaseless supervision. But Judge Mayer was adamant. In fact, the Comptroller was packing up for his two months' sojourn in jail when the President pardoned him.

This act was an extreme assertion of judicial authority, and it is unfortunate that, because of the defective procedure employed by Mr. Craig to test it, the upper court did not get an opportunity to pass on it. The questions discussed

by the lawyers were for the most part matters of technical legal procedure. What was not discussed is the point I am now making that when that court entered the field of public utility management, it was not exercising purely judicial functions but administrative functions, and ought not be permitted to use the process of contempt in the same manner as in the trial of legal cases. And as the courts go on encroaching on the rights of citizens in this respect, the hopelessness of remedy at their hands seems doubtful. They have shown a tendency to insist that they cannot be deprived of the right to punish for contempt even by Congress, and many judges have asserted that even the President cannot pardon. The President may pardon a murderer who has repented or a thief who has reformed. But the citizen who has offended a judge, some of them think, is beyond the forgiveness of all but two persons—*Meinself und Gott.*

The danger which lies in the slow growth of this practice was apparent to at least one of the judges who reviewed the appeal in the Craig case. Judge Learned Hand dissented and, in an opinion breathing the fine spirit of the old English law, uttered a very solemn warning against the inconsiderate extension of this drastic limitation upon freedom of speech.

In another receivership case the employees of the receiver went on strike. The judge who was William Howard Taft, then a circuit judge in Cincinnati, held that the receivership was part of the administration of justice and the strike an offense against the dignity of the court sufficient to expose the strike leaders to the process of contempt.

IV

But this is not the whole story. A new and, in my judgment, more sinister invasion has been begun by the Federal Courts in the last few years. This is in the dangerous field of the regulation of trade through the medium of the consent decree.

We are in the habit of growing irate over what we call restraints of trade and various restrictive arrangements between manufacturers or merchants to limit production, parcel out territory, and raise prices to that vast herd of helpless and exploited creatures known as the consumers.

However, the candid observer must concede that the growing demands of trade bring problems which sorely perplex the individual business man, and very often there has seemed no escape save in these trade agreements. There is a growing feeling that the anti-trust laws must, in some way, give way before the new processes of business. In the meantime the government has thought it necessary to submit interstate business of all sorts to the regulation by some authority. We have public utility commissions, interstate commerce commissions, and state and federal trade commissions charged with the observation and surveillance of business. At this moment, business is fairly well satisfied with the Federal Trade Commission. It is supposed to be reasonable. But it is not so long ago that it was thought to be almost the worst thing in the world this side of Soviet Russia. If one will look over the accounts of trade-association meetings about four years ago and the records of trade magazines, one will find a flood of caustic and even violent criticism and denunciation of the practices and judgments of the Federal Trade Commission. It is of no moment now that these may have been unfounded. They were certainly general and represented an honest and a very natural difference of opinion between men about the propriety of certain economic practices. The Trade Commission was, however, an administrative body; and the manufacturers and merchants and their mouthpieces felt themselves at liberty to criticize it. The criticism, what is more, was effective and resulted in an almost complete re-

versal of policy of the commission and a radical change in its personnel.

Now suppose that this business of regulation had been committed to the courts instead of to the trade commission. What would have happened to these trade-journal editors and these trade-convention orators? We should have had to build new jails to hold the culprits sentenced for contempt. In reality, however, this would not have been necessary because the critics would have held their peace. There would have been no discussion. And that is the crowning sin of permitting courts inviolate from criticism to deal with legislative and economic questions. The whole tide of discussion is dammed, and the course of progress suffers as a result.

Now the fact is that the courts have made a beginning in taking over this matter of trade regulation. They have not gone so far as yet. But they have taken some steps, and soon some other judge will venture a few more steps, and after a while business men will look up and be surprised at the distance the judge has traveled. These steps have been taken through the medium of the consent decree. Let us see how this has been done.

The manufacturers of Gypsum products maintained an association through which the members agreed upon certain practices which were in violation of the anti-trust laws. They were haled into court by the Attorney General. Now if their practices were found to be illegal the court could do several things: it could dissolve the association, or it could order a discontinuance of the illegal practice through a perpetual restraining order. Or certain criminal proceedings could be ordered with resulting penalties if the defendants were found guilty.

Now, in the Gypsum case, the association made an agreement with the Attorney General and the court to have a decree by consent entered against it. And under this decree the court held the practices of the Association illegal and further ordered the Association dissolved and the members restrained from carrying out their illegal agreement. That, it would seem, settled the matter and was quite as far as the court might go. But this federal court ordered that, while this particular association was illegal and must be dissolved, the defendants might form another, and then it proceeded to write a constitution and by-laws for the new association by setting out what it might do and what it might not do. It named six things which the association might not do and then about fourteen things which it might do. It set up a trade code for the government of that trade, then announced that it would hold jurisdiction of the case for all time to see that the decree was carried out. In other words, it practically announced that it would maintain jurisdiction over an association not yet formed but which it authorized to be organized under a charter defined by it. And hereafter, therefore, if the association violates any provisions of that code, the members may be haled into court for contempt. And if the members are charged with violations and undertake to express themselves in free discussion, as they do about the Federal Trade Commission, they may be found conducting their business from jail cells. The court has held that as trade and business advance and change it may deem it proper to alter its opinion from time to time, and the members are permitted to apply for this boon. But if they discuss the matter out of court when they make such application, woe betide them if the language is a little violent.

A more dangerous extension of the powers of the court could hardly be imagined. These questions belong in the field of economics, not law. Economic conditions are constantly changing, and the changes are not quickly perceived or understood save through long and often impatient and bitter discussion. To permit the regulation of these serious problems to fall under the

dominion of a tribunal which makes for suppression and secrecy is not a step, but a leap, backward.

If all this has any meaning, it is that the time has come for a very serious examination of our federal judiciary. It is time to put this federal judge under the glass and deal with him before these delusions of grandeur infect him too savagely. It is, above all things, essential that our method of dealing with the pathology of big business be pitched upon a more intelligent plane; that the ramshackle system of receiverships be overhauled and transferred to an authority better equipped to handle it; that this new function of regulating trade through the medium of the injunction and the contempt process be promptly amputated. But first of all, the weapon of the contempt process by summary proceeding—at least in the case of constructive contempts—should be withdrawn from the hands of the offended judge. Contempt of court through criticism should, so far as it is a crime, be treated like any other crime and be tried by an impartial judge and jury.

FORFEIT

BY STANLEY KIDDER WILSON

WHY can we not remember arm-in-arm
Always? We live as one breath; know the firm charm
Of unison in pain; in joys conspire;
Are claimed by the same moment of desire.

Yet you hold an imperishable day
In heart: you resurrect its colors, say
We whispered this, laughed that; and I, ah yes,
With a dissembled kiss I acquiesce,
Protest the memory quite as richly mine
As yours, and even paint in a guarded line
Of fuller measure; but alas, I've not
A gleam; your day of all days is forgot.

And then I counter! Ay, there was a night
You made as white for me as marble is white,
Nor less enduring, an hour you ask me for
From time to time, blandly, with nonchalance, or
Half close perfidious eyes of bliss against!
Thus is the guilt of lovers recompensed:
For well I know, oh, by just little slips,
Trifles of groping smiles, that these trapped lips,
Patterned to fadeless truth, divinely lie—
Sweet, you forget as utterly as I!

Posturers, both! But in the end what harm?
Not always can we remember arm-in-arm.

NIGHT CLUB

A STORY

BY KATHARINE BRUSH

PROMPTLY at quarter of ten P.M. Mrs. Brady descended the steps of the Elevated. She purchased from the newsdealer in the cubbyhole beneath them a next month's magazine and a to-morrow morning's paper and, with these tucked under one plump arm, she walked. She walked two blocks north on Sixth Avenue; turned and went west. But not far west. Westward half a block only, to the place where the gay green awning marked Club Français paints a stripe of shade across the glimmering sidewalk. Under this awning Mrs. Brady halted briefly, to remark to the six-foot doorman that it looked like rain and to await his performance of his professional duty. When the small green door yawned open she sighed deeply and plodded in.

The foyer was a blackness, an airless velvet blackness like the inside of a jeweler's box. Four drum-shaped lamps of golden silk suspended from the ceiling gave it light (a very little) and formed the jewels: gold signets, those, or cufflinks for a giant. At the far end of the foyer there were black stairs, faintly dusty, rippling upward toward an amber radiance. Mrs. Brady approached and ponderously mounted the stairs, clinging with one fist to the mangy velvet rope that railed their edge.

From the top, Miss Lena Levin observed the ascent. Miss Levin was the checkroom girl. She had dark-at-the-roots blonde hair and slender hips upon which, in moments of leisure she wore her hands, like buckles of ivory loosely attached. This was a moment of leisure. Miss Levin waited behind her counter. Row upon row of hooks, empty as yet, and seeming to beckon—wee curved fingers of iron—waited behind her.

"Late," said Miss Levin, "again."

"Go wan!" said Mrs. Brady. "It's only ten to ten. *Whew!* Them *stairs!*"

She leaned heavily, sideways, against Miss Levin's counter and, applying one palm to the region of her heart, appeared at once to listen and to count. "Feel!" she cried then in a pleased voice.

Miss Levin obediently felt.

"Them stairs," continued Mrs. Brady darkly, "with my bad heart, will be the death of me. Whew! Well, dearie? What's the news?"

"You got a paper," Miss Levin languidly reminded her.

"Yeah!" agreed Mrs. Brady with sudden vehemence. "I got a paper!" She slapped it upon the counter. "An' a lot of time I'll get to *read* my paper, won't I now? On a Saturday night!" She moaned. "Other nights is bad enough, dear knows—but *Saturday* nights! How I dread 'em! Every Saturday night I say to my daughter, I say, 'Geraldine, I can't,' I say, 'I can't go through it again, an' that's all there is to it,' I say. 'I'll *quit*,' I say. An' I *will*, too!" added Mrs. Brady firmly, if indefinitely.

Miss Levin, in defense of Saturday nights, mumbled some vague something about tips.

"Tips!" Mrs. Brady hissed it. She almost spat it. Plainly money was nothing, nothing at all, to this lady. "I just wish," said Mrs. Brady and glared at Miss Levin, "I just wish *you* had to spend one Saturday night, just one, in that dressing room! Bein' pushed an' stepped on and near knocked down by that gang of hussies, an' them orderin' an' bossin' you 'round like you was *black*, an' usin' your things an' then sayin' they're sorry, they got no change, they'll be back. Yah! They *never* come back!"

"There's Mr. Costello," whispered Miss Levin through lips that, like a ventriloquist's, scarcely stirred.

"An' as I was sayin'," Mrs. Brady said at once brightly, "I got to leave you. Ten to ten, time I was on the job."

She smirked at Miss Levin, nodded, and right-about-faced. There, indeed, Mr. Costello was. Mr. Billy Costello, manager, proprietor, monarch of all he surveyed. From the doorway of the big room, where the little tables herded in a ring around the waxen floor, he surveyed Mrs. Brady, and in such a way that Mrs. Brady, momentarily forgetting her bad heart, walked fast, scurried faster, almost ran.

The door of her domain was set politely in an alcove, beyond silken curtains looped up at the sides. Mrs. Brady reached it breathless, shouldered it open, and groped for the electric switch. Lights sprang up, a bright white blaze, intolerable for an instant to the eyes, like sun on snow. Blinking, Mrs. Brady shut the door.

The room was a spotless, white-tiled place, half beauty shop, half dressing room. Along one wall stood washstands, sturdy triplets in a row, with pale-green liquid soap in glass balloons afloat above them. Against the opposite wall there was a couch. A third wall backed an elongated glass-topped dressing table; and over the dressing table and over the washstands long rectangular sheets of mirror reflected lights, doors, glossy tiles, lights multiplied. . . .

Mrs. Brady moved across this glitter like a thick dark cloud in a hurry. At the dressing table she came to a halt, and upon it she laid her newspaper, her magazine, and her purse—a black purse worn gray with much clutching. She divested herself of a rusty black coat and a hat of the mushroom persuasion, and hung both up in a corner cupboard which she opened by means of one of a quite preposterous bunch of keys. From a nook in the cupboard she took down a lace-edged handkerchief with long streamers. She untied the streamers and tied them again around her chunky black alpaca waist. The handkerchief became an apron's baby cousin.

Mrs. Brady relocked the cupboard door, fumbled her key-ring over, and unlocked a capacious drawer of the dressing table. She spread a fresh towel on the plate-glass top, in the geometrical center, and upon the towel she arranged with care a procession of things fished from the drawer. Things for the hair. Things for the complexion. Things for the eyes, the lashes, the brows, the lips, and the finger nails. Things in boxes and things in jars and things in tubes and tins. Also, an ash tray, matches, pins, a tiny sewing kit, a pair of scissors. Last of all, a hand-printed sign, a nudging sort of sign:

NOTICE!

These articles, placed here for your convenience, are the property of the *maid.*

And directly beneath the sign, propping it up against the looking-glass, a china saucer, in which Mrs. Brady now slyly laid decoy money: two quarters and two dimes, in four-leaf-clover formation.

Another drawer of the dressing table yielded a bottle of bromo seltzer, a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, a tin of sodium bicarbonate, and a teaspoon. These were lined up on a shelf above the couch.

Mrs. Brady was now ready for anything. And (from the grim, thin pucker of her mouth) expecting it.

Music came to her ears. Rather, the beat of music, muffled, rhythmic, remote. *Umpa-um, umpa-um, umpa-um-mm*—Mr. "Fiddle" Baer and his band, hard at work on the first foxtrot of the night. It was teasing, foot-tapping music; but the large solemn feet of Mrs. Brady were still. She sat on the couch and opened her newspaper; and for some moments she read uninterruptedly, with special attention to the murders, the divorces, the breaches of promise, the funnies.

Then the door swung inward, admitting a blast of Mr. "Fiddle" Baer's best, a whiff of perfume, and a girl.

Mrs. Brady put her paper away.

The girl was *petite* and darkly beautiful; wrapped in fur and mounted on tall jeweled heels. She entered humming the ragtime song the orchestra was playing, and while she stood near the dressing table, stripping off her gloves, she continued to hum it softly to herself:

"Oh, I know my baby loves me,
I can tell my baby loves me."

Here the dark little girl got the left glove off, and Mrs. Brady glimpsed a platinum wedding ring.

"'Cause there ain't no maybe
In my baby's
Eyes."

The right glove came off. The dark little girl sat down in one of the chairs that faced the dressing table. She doffed her wrap, casting it carelessly over the chair-back. It had a cloth-of-gold lining, and "Paris" was embroidered in curlicues on the label. Mrs. Brady hovered solicitously near.

The dark little girl, still humming, looked over the articles "placed here for your convenience," and picked up the scissors. Having cut off a very small hangnail with the air of one performing a perilous major operation, she seized and used the manicure buffer, and after that the eyebrow pencil. Mrs. Brady's mind, hopefully calculating the tip, jumped and jumped again like a taximeter.

"Oh, I know my baby loves me—"

The dark little girl applied powder and lipstick belonging to herself. She examined the result searchingly in the mirror and sat back, satisfied. She cast some silver *Klink! Klink!* into Mrs. Brady's saucer, and half rose. Then, remembering something, she settled down again.

The ensuing thirty seconds were spent by her in pulling off her platinum wedding ring, tying it in a corner of a lace handkerchief, and tucking the handkerchief down the bodice of her tight white-velvet gown.

"There!" she said.

She swooped up her wrap and trotted toward the door, jeweled heels merrily twinkling.

"'Cause there ain't no maybe—"

The door fell shut.

Almost instantly it opened again, and another girl came in. A blonde, this. She was pretty in a round-eyed, babyish way; but Mrs. Brady, regarding her, mentally grabbed the spirits of ammonia bottle. For she looked terribly ill. The round eyes were dull, the pretty, silly little face was drawn. The thin hands, picking at the fastenings of a specious beaded bag, trembled and twitched.

Mrs. Brady cleared her throat. "Can I do something for you, Miss?"

Evidently the blonde girl had believed herself alone in the dressing room. She started violently, and glanced up, panic in her eyes. Panic, and something else. Something very like murderous hate—but for an instant only, so that Mrs. Brady, whose perceptions were never quick, missed it altogether.

"A glass of water?" suggested Mrs. Brady.

"No," said the girl, "no." She had one hand in the beaded bag now. Mrs. Brady could see it moving, causing the

bag to squirm like a live thing, and the fringe to shiver. "Yes!" she cried abruptly. "A glass of water—please—you get it for me."

She dropped onto the couch. Mrs. Brady scurried to the water cooler in the corner, pressed the spigot with a determined thumb. Water trickled out thinly. Mrs. Brady pressed harder, and scowled, and thought, "Something's wrong with this thing. I mustn't forget, next time I see Mr. Costello—"

When again she faced her patient, the patient was sitting erect. She was thrusting her clenched hand back into the beaded bag again.

She took only a sip of the water, but it seemed to help her quite miraculously. Almost at once color came to her cheeks, life to her eyes. She grew young again—as young as she was. She smiled up at Mrs. Brady.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "What do you know about that!" She shook her honey-colored head. "I can't imagine what came over me."

"Are you better now?" inquired Mrs. Brady.

"Yes. Oh, yes. I'm better now. You see," said the blonde girl confidentially, "we were at the theater, my boy friend and I, and it was hot and stuffy—I guess that must have been the trouble." She paused, and the ghost of her recent distress crossed her face. "God! I thought that last act *never* would end!" she said.

While she attended to her hair and complexion she chattered gayly to Mrs. Brady, chattered on with scarcely a stop for breath, and laughed much. She said, among other things, that she and her "boy friend" had not known one another very long, but that she was "ga-ga" about him. "He is about me, too," she confessed. "He thinks I'm grand."

She fell silent then, and in the looking-glass her eyes were shadowed, haunted. But Mrs. Brady, from where she stood, could not see the looking-glass; and half a minute later the blonde girl laughed and began again. When she went out she seemed to dance out on little winged feet; and Mrs. Brady, sighing, thought it must be nice to be young . . . and happy like that.

The next arrivals were two. A tall, extremely smart young woman in black chiffon entered first, and held the door open for her companion; and the instant the door was shut, she said, as though it had been on the tip of her tongue for hours, "Amy, what under the sun *happened?*"

Amy, who was brown-eyed, brown-bobbed-haired, and patently annoyed about something, crossed to the dressing table and flopped into a chair before she made reply.

"Nothing," she said wearily then.

"That's nonsense!" snorted the other. "Tell me. Was it something she said? She's a tactless ass, of course. Always was."

"No, not anything she said. It was—" Amy bit her lip. "All right! I'll tell you. Before we left your apartment I just happened to notice that Tom had disappeared. So I went to look for him—I wanted to ask him if he'd remembered to tell the maid where we were going—Skippy's subject to croup, you know, and we always leave word. Well, so I went into the kitchen, thinking Tom might be there mixing cocktails—and there he was—and there *she* was!"

The full red mouth of the other young woman pursed itself slightly. Her arched brows lifted. "Well?"

Her matter-of-factness appeared to infuriate Amy. "He was *kissing* her!" she flung out.

"Well?" said the other again. She chuckled softly and patted Amy's shoulder, as if it were the shoulder of a child. "You're surely not going to let *that* spoil your whole evening? Amy *dear!* Kissing may once have been serious and significant—but it isn't nowadays. Nowadays, it's like shaking hands. It means nothing."

But Amy was not consoled. "I

hate her!" she cried desperately. "Red-headed *thing!* Calling me 'darling' and 'honey,' and s-sending me handkerchiefs for C-Christmas—and then sneaking off behind closed doors and k-kissing my h-h-husband . . ."

At this point Amy quite broke down, but she recovered herself sufficiently to add with venom, "I'd like to slap her!"

"Oh, oh, oh," smiled the tall young woman, "I wouldn't do that!"

Amy wiped her eyes with what might well have been one of the Christmas handkerchiefs, and confronted her friend. "Well, what *would* you do, Claire? If you were I?"

"I'd forget it," said Claire, "and have a good time. I'd kiss somebody myself. You've no idea how much better you'd feel!"

"I don't do—" Amy began indignantly; but as the door behind her opened and a third young woman—red-headed, earringed, exquisite—lilted in, she changed her tone. "Oh, hello!" she called sweetly, beaming at the newcomer via the mirror. "We were wondering what had become of you!"

The red-headed girl, smiling easily back, dropped her cigarette on the floor and crushed it out with a silver-shod toe. "Tom and I were talking to 'Fiddle' Baer," she explained. "He's going to play 'Clap Yo' Hands' next, because it's my favorite. Lend me a comb, will you, somebody?"

"There's a comb there," said Claire, indicating Mrs. Brady's business comb.

"But imagine using it!" murmured the red-headed girl. "Amy darling, haven't you one?"

Amy produced a tiny comb from her rhinestone purse. "Don't forget to bring it when you come," she said, and stood up. "I'm going on out, I want to tell Tom something."

She went.

The red-headed young woman and the tall black-chiffon one were alone, except for Mrs. Brady. The red-headed one beaded her incredible lashes. The tall one, the one called Claire, sat watching her. Presently she said, "Sylvia, look here." And Sylvia looked. Anybody, addressed in that tone, would have.

"There is one thing," Claire went on quietly, holding the other's eyes, "that I want understood. And that is, '*Hands off!*' Do you hear me?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You do know what I mean!"

The red-headed girl shrugged her shoulders. "Amy told you she saw us, I suppose."

"Precisely. And," went on Claire, gathering up her possessions and rising, "as I said before, you're to keep away." Her eyes blazed sudden white-hot rage. "Because, as you very well know, he belongs to *me*," she said and departed, slamming the door.

Between eleven o'clock and one Mrs. Brady was very busy indeed. Never for more than a moment during those two hours was the dressing room empty. Often it was jammed, full to overflowing with curled cropped heads, with ivory arms and shoulders, with silk and lace and chiffon, with legs. The door flapped in and back, in and back. The mirrors caught and held—and lost—a hundred different faces. Powder veiled the dressing table with a thin white dust; cigarette stubs, scarlet at the tips, choked the ash-receiver. Dimes and quarters clattered into Mrs. Brady's saucer—and were transferred to Mrs. Brady's purse. The original seventy cents remained. That much, and no more, would Mrs. Brady gamble on the integrity of womankind.

She earned her money. She threaded needles and took stitches. She powdered the backs of necks. She supplied towels for soapy, dripping hands. She removed a speck from a teary blue eye and pounded the heel on a slipper. She curled the straggling ends of a black bob and a gray bob, pinned a velvet flower on a lithe round waist, mixed three doses of bicarbonate of soda, took charge of a shed pink-satin girdle,

collected, on hands and knees, several dozen fake pearls that had wept from a broken string.

She served chorus girls and school girls, gay young matrons and gayer young mistresses, a lady who had divorced four husbands, and a lady who had poisoned one, the secret (more or less) sweetheart of a Most Distinguished Name, and the Brains of a bootleg gang. . . . She saw things. She saw a yellow check, with the ink hardly dry. She saw four tiny bruises, such as fingers might make, on an arm. She saw a girl strike another girl, not playfully. She saw a bundle of letters some man wished he had not written, safe and deep in a brocaded handbag.

About midnight the door flew open and at once was pushed shut, and a gray-eyed, lovely child stood backed against it, her palms flattened on the panels at her sides, the draperies of her white chiffon gown settling lightly to rest around her.

There were already five damsels of varying ages in the dressing room. The latest arrival marked their presence with a flick of her eyes and, standing just where she was, she called peremptorily, "Maid!"

Mrs. Brady, standing just where *she* was, said, "Yes, Miss?"

"Please come here," said the girl.

Mrs. Brady, as slowly as she dared, did so.

The girl lowered her voice to a tense half-whisper. "Listen! Is there any way I can get out of here except through this door I came in?"

Mrs. Brady stared at her stupidly.

"Any window?" persisted the girl. "Or anything?"

Here they were interrupted by the exodus of two of the damsels-of-varying-ages. Mrs. Brady opened the door for them—and in so doing caught a glimpse of a man who waited in the hall outside, a debonair, old-young man with a girl's furry wrap hung over his arm, and his hat in his hand.

The door clicked. The gray-eyed girl moved out from the wall, against which she had flattened herself—for all the world like one eluding pursuit in a cinema.

"What about that window?" she demanded, pointing.

"That's all the farther it opens," said Mrs. Brady.

"Oh! And it's the only one—isn't it?"

"It is."

"Damn," said the girl. "Then there's *no* way out?"

"No way but the door," said Mrs. Brady testily.

The girl looked at the door. She seemed to look *through* the door, and to despise and to fear what she saw. Then she looked at Mrs. Brady. "Well," she said, "then I s'pose the only thing to do is to stay in here."

She stayed. Minutes ticked by. Jazz crooned distantly, stopped, struck up again. Other girls came and went. Still the gray-eyed girl sat on the couch, with her back to the wall and her shapely legs crossed, smoking cigarettes, one from the stub of another.

After a long while she said, Maid"!"

"Yes, Miss?"

"Peek out that door, will you, and see if there's anyone standing there."

Mrs. Brady peeked, and reported that there was. There was a gentleman with a little bit of a black mustache standing there. The same gentleman, in fact, who was standing there "just after you come in."

"Oh, Lord," sighed the gray-eyed girl. "Well . . . I can't stay here all *night*, that's one sure thing."

She slid off the couch, and went listlessly to the dressing table. There she occupied herself for a minute or two. Suddenly, without a word, she darted out.

Thirty seconds later Mrs. Brady was elated to find two crumpled one-dollar bills lying in her saucer. Her joy, however, died a premature death. For she made an almost simultaneous second

discovery. A saddening one. Above all, a puzzling one.

"Now what for," marveled Mrs. Brady, "did she want to walk off with them *scissors?*"

This at twelve-twenty-five.

At twelve-thirty a quartette of excited young things burst in, babbling madly. All of them had their evening wraps with them; all talked at once. One of them, a Dresden-china girl with a heart-shaped face, was the center of attention. Around her the rest fluttered like monstrous butterflies; to her they addressed their shrill exclamatory cries. "Babe," they called her.

Mrs. Brady heard snatches: "Not in this state unless . . . " "Well, you can in Maryland, Jimmy says." "Oh, there must be some place nearer than . . . " "Isn't this *marvelous?*" "When did it happen, Babe? When did you decide?"

"Just now," the girl with the heart-shaped face sang softly, "when we were dancing."

The babble resumed, "But listen, Babe, what'll your mother and father? . . . " "Oh, never mind, let's hurry." "Shall we be warm enough with just these thin wraps, do you think? Babe, will you be warm enough? Sure?"

Powder flew and little pocket combs marched through bright marcels. Flushed cheeks were painted pinker still.

"My pearls," said Babe, "are *old.* And my dress and my slippers are *new.* Now let's see—what can I *borrow?*"

A lace handkerchief, a diamond bar-pin, a pair of earrings were proffered. She chose the bar-pin, and its owner unpinned it proudly, gladly.

"I've got blue garters!" exclaimed another girl.

"Give me one, then," directed Babe. "I'll trade with you. . . . There! That fixes that."

More babbling, "Hurry! Hurry up!" . . . "Listen, are you *sure* we'll be warm enough? Because we can stop at my house, there's nobody home." "Give me that puff, Babe, I'll powder your back." "And just to think a week ago you'd never even met each other!" "Oh, hurry *up,* let's get *started!*" "I'm ready." "So'm I." "Ready, Babe? You look adorable." "Come on, everybody."

They were gone again, and the dressing room seemed twice as still and vacant as before.

A minute of grace, during which Mrs. Brady wiped the spilled powder away with a damp gray rag. Then the door jumped open again. Two evening gowns appeared and made for the dressing table in a bee line. Slim tubular gowns they were, one silver, one palest yellow. Yellow hair went with the silver gown, brown hair with the yellow. The silver-gowned, yellow-haired girl wore orchids on her shoulder, three of them, and a flashing bracelet on each fragile wrist. The other girl looked less prosperous; still, you would rather have looked at her.

Both ignored Mrs. Brady's cosmetic display as utterly as they ignored Mrs. Brady, producing full field equipment of their own.

"Well," said the girl with the orchids, rouging energetically, "how do you like him?"

"Oh-h—all right."

"Meaning, 'Not any, hmm? I suspected as much!" The girl with the orchids turned in her chair and scanned her companion's profile with disapproval. "See here, Marilee," she drawled, "are you going to be a damn fool *all* your life?"

"He's fat," said Marilee dreamily. "Fat, and—greasy, sort of. I mean, greasy in his mind. Don't you know what I mean?"

"I know *one* thing," declared the girl with orchids. "I know Who He Is! And if I were you, that's all I'd need to know. *Under the circumstances.*"

The last three words, stressed meaningly, affected the girl called Marilee curiously. She grew grave. Her lips

and lashes drooped. For some seconds she sat frowning a little, breaking a black-sheathed lipstick in two and fitting it together again.

"She's worse," she said finally, low.

"Worse?"

Marilee nodded.

"Well," said the girl with orchids, "there you are. It's the climate. She'll never be anything *but* worse, if she doesn't get away. Out West, or somewhere."

"I know," murmured Marilee.

The other girl opened a tin of eye shadow. "Of course," she said dryly, "suit yourself. She's not *my* sister."

Marilee said nothing. Quiet she sat, breaking the lipstick, mending it, breaking it.

"Oh, well," she breathed finally, wearily, and straightened up. She propped her elbows on the plate-glass dressing-table top and leaned toward the mirror, and with the lipstick she began to make her coral-pink mouth very red and gay and reckless and alluring.

Nightly at one o'clock Vane and Moreno dance for the Club Français. They dance a tango, they dance a waltz; then, by way of encore, they do a Black Bottom, and a trick of their own called the Wheel. They dance for twenty, thirty minutes. And while they dance you do not leave your table—for this is what you came to see. Vane and Moreno. The new New York thrill. The sole justification for the five-dollar couvert extorted by Billy Costello.

From one until half past, then, was Mrs. Brady's recess. She had been looking forward to it all the evening long. When it began—when the opening chords of the tango music sounded stirringly from the room outside—Mrs. Brady brightened. With a right good will she sped the parting guests.

Alone, she unlocked her cupboard and took out her magazine—the magazine she had bought three hours before. Heaving a great breath of relief and satisfaction, she plumped herself on the couch and fingered the pages. Immediately she was absorbed, her eyes drinking up printed lines, her lips moving soundlessly.

The magazine was Mrs. Brady's favorite. Its stories were true stories, taken from life (so the Editor said); and to Mrs. Brady they were live, vivid threads in the dull, drab pattern of her night.

THE SICK DONKEY

DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS FOR 1928

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I HAVE it on the highest authority that Governor Smith will be nominated in 1928 and elected. I have it also on the highest authority that he could be elected but that he cannot be nominated. I have as well the most positive information that the Southern Democrats are secretly asking the Western Democrats to nominate Smith. I hear he will carry the South. I hear he will lose the South. I am, as you can see, bursting with the best possible information. For I have read some if not all of the surveys, the reports, the highly confidential memoranda, the less highly confidential memoranda, and the memoranda which their authors would like to have printed on the front page. I have seen travelers returning from the South, from the West, and even from Massachusetts. I have conferred and been conferred with a little. I have had two or three remarkably good dinners with two or three candidates who are positively going to be nominated after Smith and McAdoo get through cutting each other's throats.

There is no doubt about all this being the inside dope. It is inside because it is what politicians say to one another in hotel rooms before releasing their statements for the Monday papers. And it is dope for the obvious reason that it gives the man who swallows it a temporary thrill followed by confusion of mind. The inside-dope addict is easily recognizable. "This country, I tell you, is Protestant and dry. . . . It is all nonsense that a Catholic can't be nominated . . . religious liberty . . . the Pope . . . the real trouble is Tammany . . . hypocrisy . . . a lot of yokels and hillbillies. . . . Nothing but a bunch of cheap skates from the east side. . . . A fine, upstanding American, I tell you. . . . Yes, but his friends. . . . You know if Al would only . . . Only what? . . . Give his friends a vacation. . . . Desert his friends? . . . Come out for prohibition. . . . What, forget his principles? . . . Make a few great speeches on great issues. . . . What great issues, for example? . . . *The* great issues, you know. . . ."

As one who, for three years, has chewed over all this with the dogged determination of a girl in her third hour on the same piece of gum, above all, as one doomed to go on chewing for the next twelve months, I rise to a point of personal privilege, and add one more diagnosis to all the diagnoses which are being prepared for the Democratic Party. I claim for mine only moderate virtues; it is not based on the inside dope; it is not a prophecy of what the Democrats will do but a theory of what they ought to do. The donkey is sick. Whether he is worth saving is a question I shall not try to answer.

II

The troubles of the Democratic Party go back to the election of Abraham Lincoln. Somehow, since that fateful day there have rarely been enough Democrats in the country to elect a President. Nearly sixty-eight years

have passed, and in all that time Cleveland and Wilson are the only Democrats who have reached the White House. But even these figures do not tell the whole story. For Wilson alone in the first six years of his office really had control of Congress. Cleveland in his first term had a Republican Senate on his hands, and in his second he had a Democratic Congress for two years which devoted itself largely to a row within the party. There has never been a time since 1860 when the Republicans have not governed the country or had the power to prevent the Democratic President from governing it, except for six years under Wilson. And for a good part of those six years the Kaiser kept the Democrats from being too Democratic.

There is no such thing as a normal Democratic majority. It does not exist. Now I have never met a professional Democratic politician who could deny this fact nor one who could remember it. When it comes to playing the game, to choosing candidates, to framing what are sometimes called the issues, your professional Democrat goes blandly ahead acting as if he could win with the same rules which the Republicans use. He can't. This meat on which the Republicans feed and grow fat simply makes the Democrats leaner and leaner. It does not take a prophet or a wizard to realize that there is no hope whatever for the donkey until his managers make it their business to realize that he is by nature considerably smaller than the elephant, that he has no tusks though there is solid ivory in his head, and that since his tail is not his trunk, he moves the other way if he moves at all. He has his own asinine nature which ought to be studied with the utmost care and loving-kindness.

The Republicans start knowing that normally there are enough Republicans to win. They do not have to convert anybody, but merely to prevent about ten per cent of their supporters from backsliding. This is the whole art of Republican politics: to persuade a normal Republican majority to stick together. Since this majority would rather stick together than fly apart, the real job of the Republican bosses is to keep a few excitable insurgents or principled men in a state of harmony. This is done usually by breakfasts of apple sauce and maple syrup, by moonlight rides on the Potomac, two or three twelve-thousand-dollar jobs, a good sound spanking in the Republican press, and then a complete flattening out under the steam roller of negro delegates at the national convention.

All this works admirably for the Republicans. But for the Democrats it is absolutely useless. They can't unite and stand pat. If they do they generally carry the Confederate States. They have to raid the Republicans, divide the Republicans, seduce the Republicans. No use for a Democratic candidate to appeal to the Democrats; there are not enough of them. He has to talk to Republicans, to the independent Republicans, to the discontented Republicans, and win them if he can.

Mere harmony will give the Republicans victory. Mere harmony will give the Democrats a beating. A nice, gentlemanly convention, like the ordinary Republican convention, such as all good professional Democrats dream about having some day, will do them no good whatever. Being the minority, they are doomed to long, roaring, sweaty convulsions while the mountain labors and once in a blue moon brings forth a victor.

III

The second important truth about the Democrats is that they are stronger in the states than they are in the nation. Mr. Coolidge in 1924 received 382 electoral votes to the 136 of Mr. Davis. Yet at this moment the Democrats have elected Governors in states which possess 269 electoral votes. This is a majority of the Electoral College. If every state which has a Democratic

Governor were to give its electoral vote to the Democratic candidate for President, he would be elected. The Democrats are much stronger when they fight under their local leaders than when they attempt to unite under a national leader. Separated, they often win; combined, they almost invariably lose.

The effect of this is to give us local Democratic organizations which are very powerful at home but not very powerful in the nation. Now just because the Democratic strength is local, the Democratic mind is local. Where your treasure is there will your heart be also. The normal thing in the life of a Republican politician is national victory; the normal thing in the life of the Democratic politician is local victory.

The Republican organization is made up of politicians most of whom hold or expect to hold federal offices. With very little interruption they have had the federal patronage for seventy years. The Democratic organization is composed largely of state and municipal office-holders who owe their places to their ability to win local elections. The delegates at a Republican convention are used to looking to the White House for their rewards; the delegates at a Democratic convention have their eyes on the State House and the City Hall.

So the Republicans have learned to be adepts at compromising to keep their national majority together, while the Democrats are always dying on the barricades, not for abstract principles, but for the things which have enabled them to win their local victories. Therefore, they are wetter than the Republicans and dryer than the Republicans; they are more fervently for the League and more fervently against it; they are stronger regulators of business and stronger opponents of the regulation of business. They are for everything in its uncompromised form for the simple reason that each faction caters wholly to its local following.

There are wet Republican politicians, but none so wet as Smith, Ritchie, and Reed; dry Republicans, but none so dry as the late Mr. Bryan and the rather late Mr. McAdoo. Mr. Mellon is supposed to be a strong reducer of the income tax of the very rich, but he is almost a bolshevik compared with some of the Democratic Senators from the South. Mr. Coolidge likes to let business alone, but none wishes to let it so tremendously alone as Governor Ritchie of Maryland. There are Republicans who are in favor of no nonsense from Mexico, but they are no match for such outstanding Democrats as Messrs. Boylan and Gallivan. I venture to say you can hardly find an issue on which the noblest argument either way has not been made by a leading Democrat.

Having become accustomed to playing successfully to their own gallery at home, having nothing to gain and much to lose by being merely harmonious, the Democrats are what everybody knows them to be—masters in the art of quarrelling among themselves. Nationally their greatest battles are not with the Republicans but with other Democrats; the really thrilling events in their recent history are first the battle over Bryanism and now the battle over Al Smith. They remember 1924 not as the Coolidge-Davis contest but as the McAdoo-Smith contest. And they are looking forward to 1928 as the year of another great battle between the supporters of Smith and his Democratic opponents.

IV

I do not wish to imply, however, that these Democratic battles are sham battles. Far from it. They are real political conflicts: they are fought on the issues which really excite the voters. Nothing could have been more real in their importance than the early Bryan campaigns. They expressed a conflict of interest between the debtor and creditor classes which goes back to the original struggle over the Constitution. The Smith candidacy has an even deeper meaning. In Al Smith there is personi-

fied the challenge of our whole immigration policy during the last seventy-five years. Smith is the first child of the new immigration who might be President of the United States. He carries with him the hopes, the sense of self-respect, and the grievances of that great mass of newer Americans who feel that they have never been wholly accepted as part of the American community. Al Smith is much more than a successful politician and a competent Governor. He is the symbol of that whole great mass of people who have come from Ireland and from Italy and from Poland and Germany and Russia with a sense that they, or that their children, would at last be raised here in America out of that social inferiority which was their lot in Europe.

Many of them are Catholics, most of them are wet, most of them live in cities. Those are all comparatively superficial facts as against the fundamental fact that they are immigrants. Are Al Smith's people one hundred per cent Americans or are they not? That is the question, never wholly expressed, which gives such peculiar intensity to the conflict about him. If he were merely a Roman Catholic like Carroll of Carrollton who signed the Declaration of Independence, or merely an opponent of Prohibition like Nicholas Murray Butler, or merely a New Yorker belonging to a political machine, there would be opposition, but not the kind of opposition there is. Each of his three disabilities, taken by itself, could be met and answered; American politicians are expert at this business. The difficulty in Al Smith's case is not merely that he is a Catholic plus wet plus Tammany, but that he comes from a class of citizens who are felt to be alien to the historic American ideal. They are felt to be so different that they arouse the ordinary human dread of the foreign, the strange, and the unknown. To those of us who know Goveror Smith these apprehensions are rather absurd. But they are none the less the source of the opposition. They animate the ordinary expressed objections to him with a force that is stronger than argument.

The thing that is deeply felt in this conflict has no name. The Ku Klux Klan is merely a somewhat absurd and often vicious exploitation of a sentiment that is more intimate and genuine and tragic than words can express. The anti-Smith feeling in the South and West is the most understandable thing in the world to anyone who has once felt it. The older life of America in villages and small towns, with its very special religious tradition, is a civilization which is quite distinct from that which is now developing in great metropolitan centers like New York. It is not surprising; for it is in the very nature of men themselves that they should resist instinctively the invasion of a culture which is so alien to all their habits and ideals.

If this issue could be settled by ordinary argument it would be easy enough to convince any reasonable man that the election of Governor Smith would not seriously affect the laws, the administration, or governmental policy. Things would be what they are going to be regardless of him. But the issue is not arguable in this way. This candidacy is the symbol of a way of life which the Americans of the Democratic strongholds think of as alien and evil. The President is not merely the Chief Executive. He is Head of the State, with some of the qualities of a king; he embodies a national ideal. The older Americans, especially those who are most remote from the big cities, shrink violently from certifying as genuinely American the kind of thing Al Smith comes out of.

The Democratic Party is the theater of this conflict because it is the minority party. In the North it has catered to the new immigrants for fifty years and has given them their first opportunity to exercise power. In the South the Party has catered precisely to those Americans who have shared least in the industrial development of the cities and suffered

most from them. As a result, the Democracy in the North is altogether citified and in the South it is up-country. Its leadership in one section has come from the sidewalks and has culminated in Smith; in the other section it is rural and Bryan was its prophet. The differences in outlook within the Democratic Party are the widest which exist in the American nation. A greater contrast is not possible in politics than that between the outlook of William Jennings Bryan and Alfred E. Smith.

Politically the Democratic factions have only this in common, that *locally* they are both opposed to the Republicans. Each faction fights the Republicans, but it fights for its own reasons and with its own local issues. Socially they have this in common, that they are both more or less outside that great combination of business interests which governs the country through the Republican Party. But this in itself is no basis of union on which to make a successful political campaign. For the grievances of the rural sections against big business are quite distinct from the grievances of the city people. The countryside wants to make food and raw materials dear, manufacture and transportation cheap; the city wants the reverse. A measure like the McNary-Haugen bill would, if it worked, cost the city people money. A reduction of the tariff in the interest of the farmer might cost many workingmen their jobs. So while both farmers and workingmen may denounce Big Business, they do not have a common interest and they do not mean the same thing.

V

The men who nominate a President and write the platform are themselves candidates for office. Being human, they are really more interested in their own offices than in the Presidency. They will, therefore, try to find a candidate who will help them win the offices they are personally seeking. The best candidate is, of course, a sure winner who will give them the patronage. But as between a sure winner who might hurt them in carrying their own districts, and a probable loser who is popular in their district, they will almost invariably prefer the probable loser. To a Democratic politician it is normal to lose the national election and win the local election. His overwhelming preoccupation is to win that local election.

The Democrats who do manage to be elected are the rulers of the party, and in the long run they are certain to rule the party in the interest of their local machines. Now if you count the strong Democratic Congressional districts—I mean those which are almost certain to elect Democrats—you find, according to Professor Holcombe of Harvard, that there are 155 of them. Two-thirds of these are rural. But what is more striking is that there are only 25 districts in the Al Smith cities which are strongly Democratic. Of the more or less permanent representation of the party in Congress, then, the Al Smith wing controls absolutely only about one-sixth of the seats. This means that, taking the party as it is, the urban Democrats of the North are a minority of a minority.

The permanent strength of the Democrats is in the rural districts. Moreover, it is plain that they have their best chance to gain new seats in the rural districts. There are about 117 districts which are really close. Only a quarter of these are in the cities. The great remainder are in the farming sections of the Middle West. There is no escaping the conclusion that in actual political strength the rural Democrats far outweigh the urban Democrats.

Why, then, do they not let the cities go hang, and make the Democratic Party the farmer's party of America? That would be a perfectly logical thing to do. Why go on trying to combine the urban East with the rural South? Why not frankly abandon the East and combine the rural South and the rural West? Why not make the Democratic Party the organ of the farm bloc and let the Re-

publican party be the organ of industry?

This is exactly what Bryan did in 1896 and what Mr. McAdoo and his friends have been trying to do since 1924. They have, I think, all the logic on their side. But they haven't the electoral votes. Bryan was beaten by 95 electoral votes in 1896, by 137 electoral votes in 1900, by 159 electoral votes in 1908. He made his best showing the first time he ran. But even then he lost six states with 57 electoral votes which theoretically belong with the South and West. That was enough to defeat him. No other Democrat has ever come so near to being elected by a straight appeal to the rural vote of the South and West. The one conceivable exception was Woodrow Wilson in his second election in 1916. But that is the exception which proves the rule. Wilson won with a margin of only 23 votes. But he had carried Ohio which has 24 votes, and California which has 13 votes. The loss of either of these states would have elected Hughes. Neither state belongs to the farm bloc and neither can be counted on, except under extremely freakish conditions, to vote for a rural Democrat. The Wilson victory of 1916 is the only one since the Civil War in which the Democrats have won by an appeal chiefly to the South and West. And in that election Wilson ran far ahead of his ticket in the Northwest and the Far West. Counting in Governors, Senators, Congressmen, 1916 was a personal victory for Woodrow Wilson but a defeat for the Democratic Party.

The unmistakable fact is that the election of a President is decided in the territory which lies East of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River. In the industrial states from New England to Illinois are to be found the greatest number of people, and the greatest number of electoral votes. These are the states in which the big cities predominate. Any plan of campaign which does not aim at the capture of some of these states is a plan of defeat. There is no way of winning without carrying some big industrial states. It might be logical to make a purely sectional appeal. But there is no chance of victory in it. The only Democrats who have ever won were Cleveland and Wilson. The one was a Governor of New York. The other was a Governor of New Jersey. Both were elected because the Eastern Republicans were split.

VI

This, then, is the problem of the Democratic Party: It is normally a minority party. It has great local strength in the rural South and in the urban East. It has no local strength, in fact almost no local existence, west of the Mississippi. Its two factions in the South and East are divided not only on most issues but on the deeper questions of culture. The logical Democratic combination is the South and the West. But this is a combination which cannot win. The illogical combination is the East and South. It might win. But it involves a sacrifice of principle and prejudice. The chief sacrifice in such a combination must be made by the South to the prejudices of the East because the Democratic South is "solid" whereas the Democratic East is "independent."

The question for 1928, therefore, is whether the South will follow its principles and accept defeat, or follow the Smith Democrats to a possible victory. There is no certainty that Smith can win. Far from it. But there is a certainty that a rural Democrat, a follower of Bryan, would lose. Barring some unforeseen calamity to the Republicans which would reproduce the conditions of 1912, the only Democrat with a fighting chance is a Democrat who is as strong or stronger than Al Smith in the Northern cities.

It is not a brilliant prospect for the Democrats, however they look at it. The best way for them to look at 1928 is to look beyond to 1932. They have to make up their minds what sort of party they mean to have in the future. If they mean to have a farm bloc party

there is no use compromising with the East; the intelligent thing to do is to nominate a dry, rural Democrat from the West and set to work in earnest to build up a Democratic organization in the farming districts. Some day they might with luck be strong enough to win in a great sectional controversy over the relative position of agriculture and industry. But if this is too thin a prospect, then the intelligent thing to do is to nominate Governor Smith, and go wholeheartedly at the business of uniting the Eastern and Southern Democrats. This might be done by abandoning national prohibition, and reforming the Southern Democracy around the new leaders who are bound to appear as the South becomes industrialized and develops large cities. Either program has a promise for the future, and the second, the Smith program, has this added inducement that if the Governor happened to be elected in 1928, the Democrats would have all the immense advantages in rebuilding their party which come from control of the federal government.

The one thing the Democrats ought not to do in 1928 is to aim at harmony by compromise. A colorless candidate on a colorless platform will give them neither victory in 1928 nor strength for the future. He would merely deepen the local divisions within the party. Such a nomination would merely postpone to 1932 a decision which might just as well be made in 1928. The Democrats this year can do nothing better for themselves and for their party's future than to come to a final conclusion as to whether they mean to follow the strategy of Bryanism or the strategy of Al Smith.

They must make a definite decision one way or the other. If this diagnosis is correct all the well-meant efforts now on foot to avoid a decision, to ignore their differences, to find a candidate who is "acceptable" to everybody, can end in nothing but another Republican victory. The Democrats are in the minority. If they were all united, they would still lose. Unless the Republicans split themselves, their only hope is to take a bold line by raiding the Republican strength either in the farming constituencies or in the cities. If they try to do both, they will repeat the experience of Buridan's ass which stood so long hesitating between two equally attractive bales of hay that it starved to death.

"PAX!"

BY FORD MADOX FORD

I WAS sitting the night before last—this is the Mediterranean port in which, when Fate permits, I spend my working months—listening to some young fellows with open collars, displaying dark blue jumpers, and wearing queer white convict hats; at least in England those hats would have been worn by one class of convict and would not have been white. They were discussing the tenets of Confucius.

Moreover they were discussing the tenets of Confucius at the top of their voices in order—or at any rate so as to drown the balalaikas of the Russian orchestra that was playing a Hindu melody. The elderly French bourgeoisie were meanwhile hissing, that café being the evening haunt of the quiet, elderly French of the town who come to listen to the music. At any rate they sometimes listen to the music—or on that occasion they wanted to listen to that music. Or they certainly did not want to hear an incomprehensible discussion as to the tenets of Confucius.

Usually, I mean, we all sit and talk in lowish voices and, the balalaikas being very powerful, we can hear what is played or not as we like. . . . But, you see, a shiver of apprehension had gone through the town in the morning at beholding two white—or so light gray as to make no difference—war vessels glide into the pellucid blue waters of the inner harbor and come to moorings displaying a rather dreaded, bright flag on the staffs at their sterns. That that flag is dreaded when displayed behind warships in these ports is due to usually nocturnal feats performed by the bluejackets, and still more by the warrant officers of those ships when they happen to visit these shores . . . to the appalling obscenity of their language and to the exceedingly loud nature of their voices.

Now I hate manifestations of dislike between nations or between individuals of nations, and this was a semi-organized display of international dislike. An enormous number—a whole fleet's crew—of our own bluejackets had been turned loose for a whole week just the week before in this town and they had leaned across those same tables talking in one another's ears in low tones, or had climbed up on to the music platform and played the balalaikas and the saxophones for the Russians, and had been received like the modest, rather rustic heroes that indeed they are. But for the bluejackets of this other power—let her remain nameless!—the native population was doing what we call laying out. They had decided, I think, that this particular brand of hero was to be excluded from their quieter cafés. . . . Well, I leaned across to the nearest of those young fellows and said that the French people wanted to listen to that particular piece of music, so would they be quiet.

They became instantly as quiet as a pondful of frogs over which there has fallen the shadow of an owl. And, indeed, I found, having entered into conversation with several of them after the song was over, that they were in fact every whit as gentle, modest, and anxious to avoid giving offense as ever my own brand of that trade could have been. And infinitely better instructed!

For I cannot imagine any British tar who should have heard of Confucius, let alone flinging extracts from the *Literary Digest* at his shipmates' heads in deafening tones. Yet that was what these fellows had been doing.

Ships, I suppose, are like regiments—and in this port most of the mischief for the ships of that unnamed nation has been caused by one particular cruiser that I do not name, for I see that she is now engaged in popping off shells into the continent of Asia. She was too long in these waters; her men—and particularly her warrant officers—were too old to have any shynesses left, so her scars are to be found in many, many places on the gentle bosom of France from Paris outwards. It is a pity, for as a rule seaports are the most international of places, refuges where the common amity of the sea unites men of all races in the cordiality of shared experience. It will perhaps pass over. No one could be gentler, less obtrusive, or more conciliatory than our present visitors. They hardly bulk more, except for their queer hats, than the other, smaller fellows who, with little red pompoms on *their* hats glide along the streets beneath the plane trees with the grace of gazelles and the voicelessness of shadows. Curiously enough, two of those last this afternoon passed me talking rather loudly . . . in German. They were Alsatians: it seemed to me queer to find Alsatians in the Navy; you might as well expect to find Swiss. And then immediately afterwards there passed me three fellows with the white head-coverings talking rather loudly in German. They were Pennsylvania Dutch. One of them had told me so the night before. It seemed almost as queer to me to find Pennsylvania Dutch following the sea. But I suppose it isn't.

At any rate it is very agreeable to me, for I begin more and more to lose all sense of the difference between nations and to hope more and more that those differences will appear negligible. For, indeed, the differences between nations are all mostly as negligible as the differences between the queer white head-pieces of the one set of sailors, and the silly little red pompoms of the others. Consider either of them, indeed, as set against the dignified and appropriate—but upon my soul I cannot remember what sort of hats the British tars were wearing the other day! . . . Anyhow, if I wanted to go to war with anyone—and I am not in the least a pacifist—I would rather do it about that than about any other thing. For what is the sense of wearing the correctly idiotic, little boy's collar; the correct mourning for Nelson—though the French do not wear that; the correct, little boy's jerkin, the correct bags—if on the top of all you put that white pork-pie! It is against all decency! Let us, by all means, go to war—I am now speaking as a Briton—with both those nations until, having brought them to their knees and involved the universe, we force the one to abolish the red pompom and—yes, to wear the black silk kerchief that indicates grief for the death of the victor of Trafalgar. And the others shall wear—oh, whatever the correct little boy's sailor hat is.

II

And that is what I am really getting at. I was asked the other day by a publisher—American—to write a book explaining why the United States has for the European almost exactly the same aspect that Prussia had before the war; the aspect of a Power so menacing that European activities are all as it were under a shadow. And not merely financially menacing!

After a good deal of reflection I did not write that book. It seemed to me that, if I could impress on the inhabitant of the United States the aspect that his publicists and politicians have contrived to give to the features of his nation, the inhabitant of the United States might be induced to . . . oh, to pay some attention to what his politicians and

publicists are doing. But I considered that I might do more harm than good. I might contrive to influence a few hundred Americans in the direction that I desired; on the other hand, I might provide millions of Europeans with material for flouts and jeers. It is perhaps a fact —I at least read it this morning, as you shall see, in an American daily—it is thus perhaps a fact that the United States has Europe pretty generally, if in varying degrees, arrayed against her—together with a slice of the Western Hemisphere, and a good deal of Asia. But that is to be cured by other means than pointing out the fact and, of necessity, pointing the fact with illustrations.

I will illustrate as concretely as I can what I mean, with two instances. Let me begin with the morals first. I have never, then, since the war heard any English person discuss Americans, as politically such, either in terms of favor or disfavor. On the other hand, I have myself felt temporarily offended at being styled an alien, or even a foreigner, when I was in the United States; and I have never met an Englishman there who did not feel more or less strongly the same emotions. And I have heard a great many Americans express exactly the same sentiments when in England; and I have felt unthinkingly outraged that in England the police should apply the same restrictions to Americans as to other aliens. I am bound to add that once when coming up the Thames on an American bottom I felt a certain pleasurable amusement at the consternation which struck my American fellow-passengers at discovering that they and no longer I were—aliens. They expressed, indeed, loud indignation when not they but I, exclaiming, "Do I *look* like an American!" walked past the Alien Immigration officer and stood unimpeded on the dock.

That, of course, is a touch of the old Adam. I have so often had to stand that sort of thing myself, in the inverse sense, that it may be permitted me. But the salient point was that *those* aliens said they were going home and did not expect to be so treated. And indeed I agreed. They were going to the country of Dickens, and Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, The Old Curiosity Shop—Poet's Corner—all so much more real to them than to me. For what do *we* care about such matters? (I do not by the bye make the mistake of thinking that all Americans consider what we mostly regard as old junk as their national birthright. But there are enough to make a beginning—and to make us ashamed.)

But let me get to my illustration in the contrary sense. I was then, until lately, puzzled at one recurrent accusation that I have heard uttered against Americans in Europe. It used to crop up oddly, usually as a conclusion to a tirade. "What," the utterer would exclaim, "can you say for a people whose theaters smell of offal!" And this used to puzzle me until lately I went to Chicago and was asked by several of the inhabitants of that very sensitive city whether I had really smelled the stockyards in their opera house. You see, they—I mean those sensitive individuals, not all the inhabitants of the city of the Fire and Loop—had been seriously hurt by some sort of foreigner who, coming to visit them, had gone away declaring that so sensitive was he that he had actually performed that olfactory feat. Even that person—I do not remember who he was: some sort of minor poet or major journalist—had only meant to display his own poetic intensity; he had meant to say that he had not been able to forget the stockyards when in the foyer of the opera house. That, I daresay, is true. I have had a good deal to do with slaughtering beasts—mostly pigs—and I daresay, if I were really a poet, I might remember them, now and then, with regret; though I never do.

But that fellow had to put that record of his emotions picturesquely; and he put it so picturesquely that half the papers in Europe and, I daresay, all the

papers in America, quoted that passage, with the results which I have already adumbrated. *Every* American is, therefore, by certain Europeans regarded as the sort of insensible individual who can sit in a theater reeking of putrid meat. That does not help the cause of peace.

Nay, more: it is the sort of thing that causes wars.

I suppose myself to be the most determined foe to the ideal of Big Business that can be found; but it is necessary at times to look some facts in the face, and if the World is to make war on the United States it had better be because of, say, the shape of its bluejackets' hats, whatever that may be, than because of the smell in the Chicago Opera House. I have been in theaters in the country of the gentleman who said that Americans were barbarians because they sat in theaters that smelled—in theaters in comparison with which the Chicago Opera House is a scent laboratory on the Riviera in spring-blossom time.

Yet it is such allegations that cause, if not declarations, yet at least the cheerful prosecutions of wars. Obviously the boodlers, big business men, discount houses, and political caucuses that rule all our nations with practically no reference to the desires or ideals of our peoples (I am speaking of the comity of the nations that border on the North Atlantic)—obviously those suspect, deviously skilled personalities can at any moment involve any of our nations in war with any other of our nations, and by aid of our more venal journals, might even get up an enthusiasm for that war. But that last can only be assured by careful preparation of the ground.

By careful preparation of the ground by gentlemen of the kidney of our friend who smelled the stockyards in the opera house! Wars are declared for all sorts of reasons—because of fear more often than not. But they are not cheerfully prosecuted unless the peoples engaged are convinced that the individuals of the enemy nations are too brutish to be accorded the sympathies due to human beings. Yet once that position has been established against the Enemy, we shall fight to the bitter end. We shall fight to the bitter end because if we are vanquished we shall have to endure the forcing on ourselves of the brutish habits of the conqueror. We shall have to eat black bread, rotten cabbage, and sausages . . . or sit in theaters that smell of putrid meat. Our theaters may smell already and our food be so badly cooked that we are a land of eternally depressed dyspeptics; that will make no odds; we desire to go to the grave by our own lack of sanitation, not the other fellow's!

III

These are, of course, homely illustrations; the profound truths they adumbrate may be put more pompously. I will proceed to put them more pompously, since there are people who will not look at any truth unless polyphonetically proclaimed. The fact is, then, that if we human beings fight we fight more willingly to preserve our civilizations than for any other reason. If, then, a politician or publicist can be found to proclaim that I am—or in the alternative, that you are—the less civilized of the two, I will fight you or you me. I will fight against your Prohibition because you are of so low an order of humanity that you cannot be kept from making a beast of yourself without Federal enactments; moreover you sit in theaters that smell of offal and, for all we know, your bluejackets wear the wrong sort of little boys' hats. Possibly even white-linen ones. We, on the other hand, regard ourselves as God's chosen. We have nostrils so sensitive! Ours is God's Own Country, Eng. I assure you that my countrymen look at their country like that!

You, on the other hand—I am presuming you to belong to God's Own Country, U. S. A.—you then, the chosen of the Almighty, will fight me because I, the slave of tyrants, would force alcoholic liquors on your wives and children,

not to mention yourself; I would reduce your population to the condition of sodden brutishness that distinguishes me; I would force you to wear teeth five inches long, to ventilate your living rooms, drink tea, suppress your divorce reports . . . Who knows what?

It is in that way that populations regard each other, really. And it is time they gave it up. I am not a pacifist—at any rate I am not a professional pacifist. If anyone gets up a first-class war I should hope to be in it in one capacity or another, and of course on the right side. I mean that if there is any fun going I should like my share of it; but I do not mean that I want anyone to declare war on anyone else. The fun I want is that of seeing the arts and abstract thought knocking Big Business off the earth; with that any sort of war, anywhere, would seriously interfere. I should hate to see all Europe, half South America, half Asia, and all the rest of the world setting about the United States. I should hate it because I love New York, and New York would be the first to get it in the neck. Yet that is what the politicians' publicists' United States is asking for.

The rest of the nation probably does not know that it is what it is asking for—any more than those sailors in my café knew that they risked getting that place of repose put out of bounds for them by talking during the performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Chant Hindou." But they did. I do not mean to say that the war-risk is very imminent. It is about as imminent as the war of 1914 was in 1870—but that is near enough. And that is a nasty state of affairs which has been brought about not merely by American politicians and the smart Alecks that write for the American press, but by all the politicians and all the smart Alecks the world over. It is time our peoples turned their attentions to what is being done for us.

You may say that we can do nothing. But that is not so. I read, for instance, yesterday an editorial in an American paper circulating largely in this country—a leading article that said complacently just what I have been saying above. (You have been thinking that I exaggerated.) But that editorial stated quite complacently that the United States was detested and feared by Europe, by nearly all the South American Republics, by at least one great Asiatic Empire. It dwelt on that fact with complacency and then concluded, "Let them hate as long as they fear." . . . Do you know what Bismarck said in 1888 when someone told him that the whole world hated and feared the nation of which he was Chancellor? He said, "*Oderint dum metuant.* Let them hate as long as they fear!"

Now I do not know much about the Ku Klux Klan. I have heard it very soundly abused in Europe. There is one English journal which has seriously advocated that we should take steps against the United States because she shelters that organization, just as several United States journals have seriously suggested that steps should be taken against the British Empire because she does not adopt Prohibition. On the other hand I have heard the Klan quite seriously commended in the United States by nice, old-fashioned, educated people. So no doubt it has its good points; if, then, it would extend its services to the extent of taking the writer and the commissioner of that leading article and putting them in honorary positions on the staff of a deaf, dumb, and blind asylum in the middle of the western alkali plains, it would deserve as well of the rest of Christendom as of the rural districts of the United States.

For that really was a very atrocious performance. It would have been bad enough if that editorial had decorated the columns of a small-town weekly lost somewhere in the Middle West. But here was a journal enjoying the hospitality of the power which it treated with the greatest contempt in that editorial; it addressed itself to enormous

bodies of its own nationals who were just then pouring into that contemned country. *What* influence is it going to have on that guileless and not immensely well-instructed crowd that, already not over-endowed with modesty, was about to pour itself abroad on a country not so friendly as all that? . . . I heard lately a boy of seventeen from one of your principal Eastern universities address the waiter in a European transcontinental dining car. The waiter said that they did not there serve *eau nature* but they had several kinds of mineral waters. Said that boy, "If you don't give me ordinary drinking water I will take myself and my money out of your pauper country and where will you be then?" He had shortly before pointed out to me the report of one of Mr. Mellon's speeches on international matters. But *what* would he have done if he had just been reading that editorial?

IV

I do not mean that American papers are any worse than French ones and, though the papers of my own country are in this respect better, it is rather because our journalists either cannot, or are not encouraged to, write incisively. And it is to be remembered that English newspapers are very much larger affairs as regards circulation—or at any rate as regards sales in proportion to population—than are either American or French papers. They have thus a greater sense of responsibility. They really have. A newspaper proprietor who knows that his paper will be read by three and a half million families will, however venal or irresponsible, think at least twice before commissioning the sort of pin-pricking stuff that is really what embitters nation against nation. I remember some years ago being in the proprietorial room of a great English paper, paying a call on the proprietor. A new leader-writer came in and asked for his day's instructions. At that moment a deputation of the journalists of a Power with whom we were none too friendly was visiting London. The newspaper-proprietor told his leader-writer to write about this visit of the foreign journalists. He started by resenting the visit and telling his henchman to resent it. But then he said, "No. Be polite, but not *too* polite." And later he remarked to me on the enormous influence of his journal. . . . We were, nevertheless, shortly afterwards at war with the country those journalists represented.

Now I do not suppose that the editor of a small-town journal of the Middle West would feel the same hesitation if he thought that by writing an inflammatory article of the lion's-tail-twisting order he could increase his circulation from two thousand daily to two thousand two hundred; nor would the editor of, say, the *Républicain Varois* with a circulation of two or three hundred feel any hesitation in recommending a pogrom of all the Anglo-Saxon visitors to his department if he thought it would be fun to do it. I remember sitting under the plane trees of a very remote, very ancient city far to the west of where I am writing and reading a Royalist journal. Its circulation could not have been more than two or three thousand weekly and it was edited and financed, though its appearance was very irregular, by a perfectly irresponsible Royalist marquis who wrote quite brilliantly—about as brilliantly as one could write. And the political recommendations of this organ, whether international or domestic, were of a kind that would have made both Torquemada and Bird o' Freedom Sawin rub their eyes. And well written. So well written that as I sat in that old Place and read I thought I was mad.

Well, I happened to get into conversation with that newspaper-proprietor a little later. He was a very cultivated, good-humored, and indeed humorous sort of cosmopolitan. And when I remonstrated with him over his publication he asked me what it mattered. He said he had about three hundred readers a day. What would they do in a popu-

lation of thirty millions or so?—whereas they might turn a municipal election in that city! And, indeed, I have had much the same thing said to me by representatives of small journals in various parts of the Middle West—and once by a member of the staff of a very influential Boston paper. They all said they were writing only for home consumption, so what did it matter? I daresay the gentleman who smelled the stockyards in the opera house compounded similarly with his conscience.

But it does matter terribly; in the first place because it is beastly, and then beastly, and then again beastly. And then still more, because each of those imbecile articles is the potential spark that may ignite all the arsenals in the world. For each of them has a potential, who knows how many, million readers? It suffices for any big News Agency, or any mischievous journalist of a widespread journal to get hold of the *Républicain Varois* or the *Dayton* (not necessarily Ohio) *Republican* and to reproduce its opinions as representing the settled convictions of France or the United States, and infinite mischief may be done, since there is no end to the possible reverberations.

And there is no end to the possible variations on this theme. Thus America suffers more, I think, than any other country from its organs that represent Uplift, whether of the hundred-per-cent brand or the, let us say, Bohemian variety. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that Americans, on which ever side of the blanket they may prefer to lie, are less able than the inhabitants of other countries to let one another alone. They interfere with one another's morals, drains, pursuits, beliefs, dances, clothes, and all the other things that go to color and make up the life of man, far more than the inhabitants of most other countries—and they do it far more in public and by communications to public organs. There are so many more of these in the United States than other nations are inclined to support. In England, France, Germany, Italy—where you will in Europe—one lady in a village street on seeing another pass her by will remark, "Oo, 'er! She's got a new feather in 'er 'at. *She* ain't no better than she should be," with the natural variations for the respective dialect. It will, however, end there. It seems to me, however, that in the United States she would not only feel moved to write to the papers lamenting the decay of the times, but that she would find a journal to print her opinions, a preacher to thunder in her sense from the pulpit, a kleagle to organize the tarring and feathering of the offender, a political boss to make the matter a plank in a program, and immense and unreasonably wealthy organizations to see that new feathers are not worn otherwise than in tar. And the press comments and the press anti-comments will cause reverberations that shall penetrate into the center of China, giving the strangest views of the barbarian nature of Occidental civilizations. Nor, on the whole, can one be certain that the proceedings of what I will call the hundred-per-cent press and organizations are not less deleterious from an international point of view than what again I will call the Bohemian factions and their activities. Each side aims at interfering with their fellow men, which is for me the most abhorrent of crimes. But the hundred-per-cent uplift people have for the foreigner at least the aspect of aiming at the improvement of their fellow-citizens; the others unveil the hypocrisies, weaknesses, bad English, and savageries of their opponents without much attempt at a constructive policy of liberation. The process is, I believe, called debunking; but the debunker is seldom more than the old presbyter inverted.

And, as I have said, the harm done abroad by these organs and publicists is very considerable since they supply in tabloid form ammunition for every enemy of the United States. We are by now so used to the lively fare supplied us by American journalists through their

News Agencies that we find it hard to be much interested in their projections of American life. If gunmen seized the President of the United States and held him for ransom we should say that it was merely what we had been led to anticipate—or if bootleggers seized all the Federal buildings and executives in New York. But when widespread debunking magazines expose the hypocrisies of the American clergy of all denominations, the brazen-lunged mental corruption of all the American great from Washington to P. T. Barnum, the imbecility of all state legislatures from Arkansas to Wyoming, the imbecility of all the American press from Wyoming to Arkansas, the insularity of Rhodes scholars, the fact that, according to the figures of the Woolworth and Kresge five-cent chain stores, the American people prefers bright colors to dull ones (and I am looking through only one copy of one such organ)—when widespread debunking magazines do that, not only are they displaying Pharisaism (which is a matter between themselves and their God), but they are supplying to the enemies of the United States exactly the materials which the enemies of the United States want. I have been following with attention the leaders of a particularly pestilential English weekly, and whenever that organ refers to the United States—which it invariably does with a sort of academic abhorrence—it ends its tirade with what amounts to, "But what can you expect from a people who . . ." and then a citation from the American debunker.

And it is all hypocrisy—the hypocrisy that consists in insisting on searching for the person of the sacred Emperor in a Coney Island dime show. The United States is a great wild country, like any other great wild country; it is inhabited by human beings much like any other human beings; it has strata of infinitely varying cultures, as is the case with every other nation. The clergy of all nations are distinguished by what appears hypocrisy to the non-sympathizer; all public men are distinguished by brazen lungs and by their pouring out of banalities; all small local legislatures are apt to display imbecility; all natural peoples prefer to have their goods done up in bright-colored parcels. I do myself.

We are in the nineteen hundred and twenty-eighth year of the Christian era —then cannot we have done with silly nagging between nations? For myself I grow nearly frenzied when I hear a semi-imbecile Briton sneer at the United States, or a cheaply epigrammatic American contemn my own country, or a Frenchman too skilful of tongue pour vitriol over both. We are all decent nations with creditable records of varying intellectual value. Then why cannot we let one another alone—at least in the regions where it can be done. Politicians and Finance and Big Business and the Publicists must, I suppose, continue to do their best to embroil us; that is their game. But hatred between nations is not a necessary or inevitable growth; we are all in effect too forced to rely the one upon the other.

So I have called this article "Pax!" after the breathless ejaculation that, as schoolboys, we used to let out when we were too hard pressed in any running game. Let us have a cessation, let each of us do what he can to bring about a cessation, of this cruel and ignorant schoolboy's sport of crying "Yah" and sticking out our tongues at each other over the fence. The Big International Interests appear very formidable and gigantic, but they have their vulnerable heels, and we quiet people seem more in their clutches than we actually are. You have only to look at what France has done to her politicians in the past year to see what a fairly awake nation can do in the way of putting the fear of God into caucuses and conventions. I am not a constructive politician, but it seems to me that what France could do Anglo-Saxondom also might accomplish in a different direction. We let our statesmen play old Harry with us for most of

the time, but in the end they are frightened of us. It is only really a matter of displaying our goodwill one to the other. I am trying herewith to begin.

V

And do not believe that that goodwill does not exist. I began with an anecdote of this Mediterranean seaport. Let me finish with another. I was then in the theater here, attending a performance of a play called "*Pas sur la Bouche.*" The chief character of this play is an American citizen who objects for hygienic reasons to being kissed on the mouth. And this character was played by a real American who was more American than any American you ever imagined. He must have been six foot seven high and leaner than any salmon you ever put back; he had a cheerful complexion, the cutest of elongated light-gray suits; no visible check book; and upon the charmers who surrounded him—and they were pretty things—he beamed with myopic eyes through horn-rimmed spectacles as large as motor headlights. Well, he was an American. And he was beloved. You should have heard the women of that simple audience cry out with delight when he said "Wal," and "I guess and calculate!" and "Put it there!" and smiled his lovely bland, imbecilely good-natured smile. And you should have heard them say, "*Pas mal chic, ce type là.*" And, still more significantly, to their attendant swains, when that American had performed some act of generous sentimentality, "*Ah, les Yenkis, ils sont comme ça!*" And when, on the approach of a charming young thing, he agitatedly extended his hands downwards in the attitude of a nymph surprised bathing and cried out, "Not on the mouth! . . . *A—oh! pas sur la bouche!*" Ah, then . . .

You see, even the men in the audience did not object to him. Men do not object to other men who do not want to be kissed. At least the French are like that.

In short, he was modest, inarticulate, friendly, generous, infectiously gay—the American of the old school as the French remember him. As in the case of my American friends who, at the thought of Dickens and the Poet's Corner considered that they were children come home, that earlier American tradition is a good foundation for friendship between nations. If only we could set a little more store by what lies beneath those flagstones at Westminster—for of what use is American enthusiasm when confronted with our own indifference to our own chief glories?—and if only you could muzzle Senator— Well, we are not talking politics. But tell him, if he has to say those things in order to ensure re-election, to say them, but differently. He may well be the elect of God's Own people; but we too, in Mediterranean and other ports, are accustomed to believe that we are the children of God—of a no doubt smaller God with fewer stars in his Milky Way, and less gold on the floors of his pavilions. But still . . . Have a try at it. Or get him to read Washington's last message to Congress. Yes, that, perhaps!

RELIGION IN BUSINESS

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

MANY business men of my generation—executives whose business experience goes back twenty-five years or more—find a grave interest in the modern American tendency toward a *rapprochement* between the forces of commerce and emotional religion. Opinion is divided according to individual temperament. Some regard the phenomenon as a deplorable encroachment of business on sacred matters, that must in the end be disastrous to business and religion alike. Others consider it a most desirable state of affairs and one on which to base the most optimistic hopes for a much higher plane of morality in American life.

For the non-business reader perhaps it will be necessary to illustrate by a concrete example the phenomenon that so concerns these executives. The following may serve: Recently a body known as The National Association of Credit Men held its annual convention in New York City, with more than three thousand delegates in attendance. As the name implies, the Association is a purely business organization, and the advance notices stressed the fact that the convention was to be an eminently practical one; yet the following features were comprised in the six-day program:

Six sessions of community singing. A special devotional service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Five sessions of prayer conducted respectively by three Protestant clergymen, one priest of the Roman Catholic Church, one Jewish rabbi. An oration by a prominent Y.M.C.A. secretary. An address on the subject, "Lincoln as a Business Man"; another on "The Statesman in Business." A sermon by the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., LL.D., entitled, "Religion in Business."

To a person unacquainted with modern business procedure it might appear unusual that these purely inspirational and religious features should have been presented; yet the confirmed convention goer recognizes them as the rule rather than as the exception. At the last convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs, held in Philadelphia, the keynote address was given also by Doctor Cadman, who is president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, choosing as his title, "Imagination and Advertising." Dr. Christian F. Reisner, pastor of the Chelsea M. E. Church of New York City, presided over the Church Advertising Department, and some of the subjects discussed were: "Spiritual Principles in Advertising," by Prof. Lee A. Wolfard, Marshall University, Huntington, West Virginia; "Advertising in Building a Bible Class," by H. V. Jamison, Advertising Manager, American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.; and "Advertising the Kingdom Through Press-Radio Service," by James Wright Brown, editor and publisher, New York.

Each night cabaret entertainment was furnished the convention delegates from half past eleven to two. Part of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant was also presented.

I have quoted from these two convention programs because of the size and importance of the organizations represented. But the same mingling of

business and emotional religious activities takes place at a large proportion of the fifteen thousand conventions held annually in the United States. The demand for inspirational entertainment at business gatherings has created a profitable profession followed by many nationally known religious speakers. Perhaps the best known of these is Mr. Fred B. Smith, former International Y.M.C.A. secretary, and now affiliated with the Committee of One Thousand, the Church Peace Union, and World Alliance. At Mr. Smith's New York offices it is stated that he addresses each year more than two hundred gatherings and that engagements are booked twelve months in advance.

A peculiar feature of this mingling of business and religious activity lies in the fact that it is a growth of the past twenty-odd years. It is, moreover, a distinctly American trend, with no counterpart in the business life of Great Britain or Continental countries.

The question naturally arises: Do these things presage a new era in American commercial affairs, a speeding of the time when business shall be conducted on a plane of such fairness that no law save that of the Golden Rule shall be necessary? Or are those executives more nearly right who profess to see in it a mere cynical use of religion by business for selfish ends, an unhealthy state of affairs that can end only in disrespect for religion and eventually for law itself? Perhaps a brief review of American business history may somewhat clarify the merits of these conflicting schools of thought.

II

Up to the beginning of the present century American business was generally conducted along the lines that are still in vogue in Europe. There was little of what is known now as "high-powered salesmanship." The majority of our large enterprises were one-man-owned, or family-owned. We began definitely to break away from European tradition only when large numbers of these enterprises were changed from individual ownership to corporate ownership—a movement that was general during the first decade of this century. For obvious reasons, corporate ownership of enterprises tended toward more active salesmanship. When a business was owned by a single individual or family there was no particular incentive to push sales beyond a normal volume. If a man's factory were earning half a million dollars a year, that sum was in all likelihood more than he could spend; and it was human nature that he should think more of his personal comfort than of increasing his profit to a million dollars a year if the latter could be attained only by exhausting effort. The average rich man in business—particularly if his riches are inherited—is content to let well enough alone.

But no such situation exists when the rich man retires from active direction of his factory and sells stock in his enterprise to a great number of people. It makes a great deal of difference to these people whether the factory earns a half million or a million dollars a year, because in one case it pays 4% dividend and in the other case 8% dividend. To the woman school teacher or to the retired bookkeeper owning ten thousand dollars' worth of stock it means the difference between an income of $400 and $800 per year. Because of the pressure of stockholders, if for no other reason, the corporation must be operated at high speed. It must fight for business in good times and bad, must meet competition of every sort.

In Europe the large enterprises are generally family-owned and operated in traditional feudal fashion, a fact to which may be traced much of the lack of business briskness noted by American observers. Our industry is much more democratic than that of Europe, and for that reason more aggressive.

Another cause that tended to speed up American industry during the late eighteen-nineties and the early nineteen-

hundreds was the general adoption of machine methods in manufacturing, that in turn led to what is termed mass production. Even yet Europe has not adopted mass production to any considerable degree; but with us the advantages of automatic machinery were eagerly seized upon as an added weapon in the intense competition that grew out of our general adoption of the corporate form of industry.

Early in the nineteen-hundreds, then, we reached a point in business development comparable to that of to-day. Automatic machinery had so simplified the manufacture of goods that the efforts of executives could more and more be centered on selling. Mass production, indeed, made more intensive selling necessary. The panic of 1907 brought out this fact sharply. That crisis was caused chiefly because mass production had piled up goods faster than the public bought goods. More compelling methods of salesmanship had to be devised if such depressions were to be avoided.

But what factor could be injected into salesmanship that would add to its effectiveness? The answer was, *Emotion.* Americans as a people are generously responsive to emotion of any kind, and particularly to religious emotion. People would buy more freely if convinced that buying was a moral duty. The purveyor of gold-plated andirons, for instance, made but slow progress when he merely announced that his andirons were cheap and durable. In such a case he interested only those householders who were already considering the purchase of andirons. A tremendous advance in salesmanship was made when the purveyor of gold-plated andirons announced that his andirons were not only cheap and durable, but also that andirons added to the spiritual atmosphere of the home, and that it was the duty of every American to endow his loved ones with the uplifting influence of a pair of beautiful gold-plated andirons in the latest mode. It is merely setting forth an historical fact to state that the employment of emotion as a sales weapon came about through the necessity for increasing sales, and the panic of 1907 gave it particular impetus.

There were, of course, some attempts to employ religious emotion in business prior to that time. Men whose memory goes back to the beginning of the century will recall an occasional individual who endeavored to advance his business through too patent self-advertising as teacher of a Sunday-school class, or some similar activity; but the temper of those times was such as to make these attempts of doubtful value. In my own early business experience in a small Western city I recall the dramatic bankruptcy of a local financier—the result, it was said, of an ill-starred attempt to use his church membership for publicity purposes. This occurred only a year or so previous to the 1907 panic; yet the idea of the employment of religious emotion made quick progress, and a year after that crisis the Chamber of Commerce of our city employed the newly discovered weapon on a quite extensive scale.

We had our first professional secretary; and this gentleman convinced his board of directors that our city should embark upon a campaign to bring in new factories. It was during this campaign, I recall distinctly, that I first heard the term "go-getter" used in its present accepted sense. In another part of the state there was a shoe factory whose owners had signified their willingness to move to our city if a suitable bonus were offered; and our live business men set to work to take this enterprise away from the sister community. Our new Chamber of Commerce secretary contrived to inject tremendous spiritual uplift into the campaign for subscriptions. The Y.M.C.A. hall was commandeered for booster meetings. Through pressure of influential business men communicants, several Protestant pastors were enlisted in the work; and these experienced speakers brought an emotional appeal to the project that

was of immense value in wringing subscriptions from unwilling prospects.

Had we taken thought, we should have realized, of course, that in attempting to wrest a manufacturing plant away from a sister city we were acting more or less piratically; but when the pastors to whom we looked for spiritual guidance told us how the addition of the shoe factory with its small army of skilled workers would give opportunity for increased service to humanity, our campaign took on the quality of a religious crusade. It was fine to realize that by bringing the new enterprise to our city we were placing its employees under the splendid influence of our churches, schools, and societies of social welfare, and at the same time were securing new customers for our stores, banks, and real estate offices. The community we were attempting to despoil was at the same time carrying on a desperate campaign to keep its factory; but our methods were evidently the more efficient, for we raised the necessary amount of money in an amazingly short time and the shoe factory was moved to our city. On the day of its formal inauguration a meeting of thanksgiving was held at the plant, presided over by a Protestant clergyman who had been especially active in the enterprise, and in the course of his opening prayer this well-meaning gentleman made the statement that it was the first time in the history of commercial America that a manufacturing plant had been opened by devotional exercises. He declared also that an enterprise thus begun must surely result in financial profit.

It does not matter that the clergyman's predictions turned out to be ill-founded and that within a year the factory went into bankruptcy, carrying with it the one hundred thousand dollars our citizens had so optimistically invested. In our zeal, it appeared, we had neglected to investigate the financial status of the shoe corporation and to consider whether or not the shoe-making machinery might be obsolete. The important matter was the effect this mingling of business with religion had had on fallible human nature. No blame, certainly, can be placed on the clergymen who were induced to lend their influence to a purely business enterprise. It was merely that they did not know business or the business mind. In their own lives emotion played an important and uplifting part; and they could not realize how easily emotion might distort values in the minds of men who were immersed in gainful affairs and who needed but the slightest encouragement to push their commercial activities beyond the bounds of taste.

This enterprise, as I have said, took place shortly after the panic of 1907. The following years everywhere saw a tremendously increasing tendency toward the employment of emotionalism in business affairs. Magazines of national circulation began to publish the life stories of eminently successful executives who attributed their success to the practical application of Bible tenets. Trade journals printed articles describing the methods of corporations which established factory Y.M.C.A.'s and organized corps of professional social workers for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of their employees. In some well-known cases manufacturing corporations asked the public to purchase their products because of these benevolent activities.

By 1912 there had grown up a still more direct and open employment of religion by business, by which, in many communities, large employers of labor united with certain churches to employ revivalists of the Billy Sunday type. At this time, too, the Service Club movement had begun to make progress, built on the idea that the business man may best be led to righteousness by proving to him that righteousness pays financial dividends, and that codes of ethics have an inherent power for good. It is worthy of note that these were not

altogether small-town sentiments. In 1921 New York City officially changed the name of its penal colony from Blackwell's Island to Welfare Island. Our participation in the World War, it is hardly necessary to state, gave still further impetus, almost official sanction, to the general employment of religious emotion in business. Through the necessities of the time the Young Men's Christian Association was endowed with tremendous authority. Everywhere in Liberty Bond campaigns the Ministerial Alliance and the Chamber of Commerce worked shoulder to shoulder. At the end of hostilities many business men were so accustomed to seeing business and emotional religion working together that in their minds there was difficulty in disentangling the two.

III

The foregoing gives sketchily, and in the baldest of business terms, a brief history of this peculiarly American phenomenon. It owes its origin to competition, to the need of business for a more potent weapon of salesmanship. If we bear this in mind it will go far toward helping to clear up the puzzle: Why, of the, approximately, fifteen thousand business conventions held annually in the United States the vast majority should present mixed programs of business and religious inspiration? It cannot be that the average delegate demands the inspirational features as the price of his attendance, for he might easily secure similar inspiration in the churches of his home community if he were so minded. According to news dispatches, the Committee of One Thousand, of which Mr. Fred B. Smith is general secretary, plans at least one address on Law Enforcement at each of six thousand conventions during the current year; yet the confirmed convention goer knows there are as many convivial drinking parties as ever between business sessions. It is to be noted that at the Philadelphia gathering, mentioned at the beginning of this article, the Reverend Dr. Cadman's address and the Atlantic City Bathing Pageant were equally featured.

I offer the following as an explanation: Twenty years ago when the idea of using emotion as a sales weapon was first conceived, competition, while keen, was nowhere as keen as now. Local chambers of commerce and individual firms employed it to gain temporary advantage over direct competitors. Now competition is between entire industries. We may assume, for example, that the National Association of Aluminum Ash Tray Manufacturers plans its 1927 convention, and the committee in charge reasons somewhat this way, "We must do something to convince the public that it should buy our aluminum ash trays instead of brass, china, or silver ash trays. We'll engage some nationally known speaker who is connected with one of the big uplift organizations to make an address. We'll feature also a couple of popular preachers. These things will make a good impression when our convention proceedings are reported in the newspapers. Church people everywhere will get the idea that the Aluminum Ash Tray industry stands for morality, and they'll be that much more inclined to buy aluminum trays instead of brass, china, or silver trays. Of course, we'll have to have a little amusement for the delegates besides, something like a cabaret show or a beauty contest."

At the risk of possible criticism I will venture a bit of inside business information regarding the convention industry. Contrary to the arguments of earnest anti-prohibitionists, convention drinking parties and bathing-girl shows are not specific by-products of the Eighteenth Amendment, but logical results of a certain business evolution. Twenty-odd years ago the few business conventions held in the United States did not differ from the serious, thoughtful gatherings of European executives. The delegates were the owners of enterprises, too intent on the business in hand to waste time

in gay entertainment, and anxious to get back to their desks at home. In those days conventions rarely lasted three days, and, in many cases, one or two.

But with the growth of American industry and the more complex organization of business, the time has arrived when the president of the corporation can no longer afford to attend these gatherings. Instead, the fourth vice-president, or the advertising manager, or the assistant sales-manager, is sent to represent the firm. These are worthy young men, without doubt, but with no financial interest in the business and more inclined to gayety than their chiefs. The annual convention trip is an eagerly-looked-for vacation at the expense of the corporation; and it makes for their greater pleasure if the convention is extended from three days to five or six. There must be some justification for this, and what better justification than to be able to report to one's superior at the factory that one had increased one's efficiency, had become a better assistant sales-manager, by listening to the address of some nationally known inspirational orator or militant clergyman?

Does this seem an unduly cynical viewpoint? Not, I think, to the business man who has followed the course of American industry for two or more decades. There is hardly any industry, however important, whose problems may not be adequately discussed in a businesslike, intensive, two- or three-day conclave. Where such gatherings are made up mainly of responsible heads of businesses this is usually the time limit. An example may be cited in the Association of National Advertisers, a body composed largely of important manufacturers, men who actually pay the bills of advertising in the United States. Its most recent convention, held in Detroit, lasted three days, and on its program was listed no inspirational or religious feature. Each address was upon a sober business subject. There was no mass song service, and no cabaret entertainment.

IV

Let us try to analyze dispassionately what has been accomplished by the employment of emotional religion in business. Only a few, I think, will deny that many church organizations have suffered a bit in dignity through contact with salesmanship activities. One can scarcely imagine, for example, that a body of clergymen twenty-five years ago would have listened with interest to an address recently made by Mr. Joseph A. Richards of New York before the Church Advertising Department and reproduced in the trade press:

> If a church, large or small, should come to us for professional assistance in advertising spiritually, we would say to the pastor, or the committee that had the matter in hand, "You need a survey; you need to find out what the facts are about your church in its community; you need to know just what goods you have to advertise, just how they are packaged, just how you propose to deliver them, and a good many more things of that nature." A church or its pastor or its committee on advertising should make a clear estimation of the church itself, its present spiritual condition, should find out unflinchingly whether it has anything to sell worth having, whether its members are salesmen and saleswomen or drones. It should seek to face the facts of what the community market is for the particular brand of goods it has to offer.

Doubtless this address was delivered in all sincerity; yet invariably there are some who allow themselves to be unduly swayed by new ideas; and it is to this danger that the esteemed *Christian Advocate* calls attention in a recent editorial on the activities of a large Middle-West church which advertised the inauguration of its new pastor in the following words: "If you don't believe he is a real knockout come and see. Big Stuff and Hot Stuff."

This sort of advertising (the *Christian Advocate* writer says) and the type of church services that go with it may make a super-

ficial appeal for a while but the final balancing will show a big loss rather than a gain to the Kingdom of God. The effect which this kind of thing has on the average outsider is shown with terrible clearness.

It is evident that the cause of true religion has not been helped by its twenty-year alliance with business. Let us examine the records of business and see if it has gained or lost through this alliance.

Yes, emotional religion has helped to sell merchandise. Each year many well-meaning pastors are persuaded to preach Mother's Day sermons, and the florists, the greeting-card manufacturers, and the Western Union Telegraph Company make a great deal of money. It is likely that the devotional exercises of the National Association of Aluminum Ash Tray Manufacturers convince many pious people that they should purchase aluminum ash trays in preference to any other. Each service club or chamber of commerce in Dallas, in Kalamazoo, in Santa Barbara that takes in a pastor member adds a bit to the prestige of the shopkeeper members of the organization and smooths the way for added volume of sales. Even individual firms acting independently may profit by the employment of emotional religion if cunningly planned. It is, for example, against the policy of every New York City newspaper to sell advertising space on its front page; yet not long ago the astute management of the new Roosevelt Hotel secured front page publicity by carefully planned exploitation of the Holy Bible. I quote from Page 1 of the New York *World:*

To the rhythm of "Onward Christian Soldiers" 100 Boy Scouts marched through the streets yesterday to deliver 1000 Bibles to the guest rooms of the Roosevelt Hotel.

The boys, each carrying ten Bibles, the gift of the New York Bible Society, started their parade from the society's headquarters, No. 5 East 48th Street, marched down Madison Avenue to the hotel and then personally distributed in every room one of the new books.

With banners and flags the boys were escorted by a police squad, the Salvation Army Band, James Redding, manager of the hotel, Bishop Herbert Shipman, John C. West, president of the society, and Dr. William Carter.

Apparently, business has profited by the employment of high-powered emotional propaganda. Yet if the books were properly balanced I doubt if the profits would prove as great as has been supposed. There is no benefit to the country at large if by means of emotional propaganda one industry takes business from another industry. Propaganda of any sort is expensive; and during the past twenty years business costs in the United States have steadily risen. Constantly Government and private business surveys indicate that in many industries volume of sales is maintained at the expense of legitimate profits.

Business pays directly or indirectly the enormous annual crime bill, and many responsible agencies hold the belief that high-powered emotional sales methods are responsible for much crime. The New York City Conference of Charities and Corrections gives as the cause of much delinquency, "the effort of business men to make luxuries seem necessities." The Sub-Commission on Causes of the New York State Crime Commission points to "Money-madness caused by commercialism of all life activities." Whether or not these agencies are correct, the deplorable fact remains that American business is virtually in a state of siege. Insurance against theft and burglary has risen in many cases almost to prohibitive costs. To quote one example: In 1910 the manufacturer of jewelry could insure his traveling salesmen's sample trunks at an annual premium of two dollars for each thousand dollars of insurance. In 1927 the manufacturer pays twenty-seven dollars for a like amount of protection. Perhaps it is too much to blame this situation on the exploitation of emotion in selling; but it is a fact that the change has taken place during the

years that business has been most active in this exploitation. In London, where business and emotion are held sharply separate, the Bank of England transports bullion through the streets in open carts. In Paris employees of the Bank of France walk about unprotected, carrying their satchels of currency. In New York and other large American cities transfers of money are made in armored trucks manned by guards armed with rifles.

Human nature has an amazing faculty for confounding self-interest with righteousness. The Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company of New York has recently issued a handsome illustrated booklet entitled, *Moses Persuader of Men*, with an introduction written by S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., LL.D. The work was published, it is stated, to inspire the Company's agents to greater achievements. The author writes that "Moses was one of the greatest salesmen and real estate promoters that ever lived." On occasions when the Israelites became discouraged and disillusioned, "metaphorically speaking, they gave Moses the Ha! Ha! and not infrequently gathered behind the main tent and set up various Gods and Golden Calves, all of which were nothing but studied efforts to avoid their responsibilities and cancel their contract." In the closing paragraph there is this advice: " . . . if you are engaged in the business of selling, whether it be ships or shoestrings, bridges or beads, incubators or *Insurance*, spend a little time once in a while thinking about Moses and the Faith and the Courage that made him a Dominant, Fearless and Successful Personality in one of the most magnificent selling campaigns that history ever placed upon its pages."

Though the author of this booklet and its sponsor, Doctor Cadman, were doubtless prompted by the sincerest of motives, yet I think the work must be set down on the debit side of business. By no stretch of the imagination can the writing of insurance policies on pianos, automobiles, or plate glass be regarded as important as the work of the Hebrew lawgiver; yet the young salesman to whom the book is addressed will be encouraged so to believe; and it is quite possible that in some crisis requiring a delicate balancing of ethical values this sense of importance may have too great an influence in inclining the salesman to decide to his own advantage.

Human nature being what it is, and the task of earning a living what it is, there is always danger in too great glorification of the job. Not long ago a familiar sight to uptown New Yorkers was the advertising billboard of a certain church carrying this message: "Come to Church. Public Worship Increases Your Efficiency. Christian F. Reisner, Pastor." Very likely it was no more than a coincidence; but it was at about this time that the district attorney's office found it necessary to curb the activities of a young master of finance who was engaged in the sale of doubtful securities and who was so thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of public worship that he held each day at his headquarters a session of inspirational prayer, requiring his corps of stock salesmen to attend the gathering and to bring with them the people they were endeavoring to "sell."

One of the heaviest costs to business in the United States is the inordinate number of commercial failures. In 1900 our bankruptcies totaled about 6000, about the same number that occurred in England and France. During the past year we had more than 20,000 bankruptcies, more than twice as many as England and France combined. So many of our failures were so palpably of fraudulent intent that many Government and private agencies are engaged in attacking the problem.

All this appears the more surprising in view of the well-meant efforts of the past years during which such apparent progress has been made toward a *rapprochement* of business and religion.

But is it really surprising? Let us probe the average business mind and see what may have occurred.

I am, let us say, proprietor of a shop selling gold-plated andirons. To an outsider it is merely a shop; but to me it is vastly more. It is an enterprise that supports my family, that makes it possible for me to send my son to college, to contribute to the church and to the Red Cross, and to pay my dues in my lodge and service club. Looked at in this way—and the average man does look at his business in this way—it is easy to see that I require no bolstering of sentiment to make me fight for it. The need, rather, is for constant reminder that my store is only an enterprise in which I take money from the public for my own gain. It has to be so. If my store does not make a profit it must cease to exist. There is nothing disgraceful about this, but certainly there is nothing noble about it. In my heart I know these things, and I am reasonably humble.

But let us see what happens when I go to the State Convention of Gold-Plated Andiron Dealers. There are several inspirational speakers on the program, each one with an uplifting message. They tell me that as an andiron merchant I perform a great service to my community when I sell honest goods of known brands. They say it is my duty to increase my trade and make money so that I may contribute more liberally to the worthwhile movements of my community. Perhaps one of the speakers quotes from the Bible: "Seest thou a man diligent in his Business, he shall stand before Kings."

I go home from the convention in an exalted frame of mind. But perhaps there is a drouth in my section, or a flood, or a strike in the railway shops. My trade falls off. Eventually it gets to the point where I am hopelessly behind with my bills, and my creditors sternly demand an accounting. I am faced with one of two decisions. I can turn my business over to my creditors and walk out without a cent; or, I can conceal a portion of my assets and place my affairs in the hands of an obliging lawyer who will threaten my creditors with long-drawn-out litigation and effect a settlement at fifteen cents on the dollar.

My decision hangs in the balance. I am inclined to do the former, though it will be a sore blow to my family. But I recall that the inspirational speakers at the convention told me that I performed a great service to my community and that if I were diligent in business I might stand before Kings. Am I not justified in taking an unusual course in order to continue my splendid service? I decide that I am. I tell my lawyer to effect a settlement at fifteen cents on the dollar.

Does the foregoing appear a somewhat reasonable explanation of the rising number of fraudulent bankruptcies? The evidence would seem to point that way. The National Association of Credit Men has for the past year been engaged upon a project that has never before been deemed necessary in any country. While it was holding its New York convention with its inspirational sermons and speeches it was also raising a fund of two million dollars to assist the Government in searching out and prosecuting fraudulent bankrupts.

WILD MUSIC

A STORY

BY SALLY MacDOUGALL

ALTHOUGH he lived alone on the ranch, Peter had evenings like this when he felt irresponsibly happy. Familiar farm sounds delighted him—strong streams of milk shooting down into the thick froth of white foam in his warm milking pail, the comfortable breathing of his ruminating cows, the stepping feet of the mules waiting to be watered, the generous gush of water from spout to trough as he waggled the pump-handle up and down, his animals drinking with noisy gusto.

He let down the bars between the barn lot and the sunburned inclosure where they would spend the night, threw great forkloads of fodder across the fence for their supper, and lingered to hear the crunching relish with which they ate. In the barnyard he picked up some tools he had been using.

With a coil of wire in one hand and an axe and spade in the other he stood in the door of the tool shed and looked back with approval at the stalwart fence of posts and barbed wire he had built that day around a high stack of sugar cane that shimmered in the sunset. It was a relief to know that his stack was no longer in danger of being commandeered as free feed by straggling range cattle that might break through the not very rugged defenses of fields and lane looking for a meal from the only pile of harvest he had wrested out of a summer of terrific toil.

His tools made flat sounds as he put them in their places in the shed. Noises that had been hidden within the latch and the hinges were released on the dry air as he closed the door with a click. Some secret string in Peter's breast was set vibrating responsively to these homely sounds that stirred in him a feeling of outreaching friendship for his world of everyday things.

Into the stillness there came a song from the swaying tip of a silver spruce. This reminded Peter to put out a pan of water for the birds that would come serenading him at sunrise in return for a drink. After the streams went dry they found him out. Their dependence on him for baths and drink gave him a satisfying sense of importance. It had been a hard summer for all of them.

He rinsed the pans at the pump, filled them, and set them in their hollows. A flash of color shot through the air from the spruce tree. Again the song came, this time from the grubby leafage of the tallest of the cottonwood trees—a rich, rolling, plaintive call—to Peter the most penetrating sound he had heard on the plains. In measured cadences it came again and again, trembling on the evening air.

Peter pursed his lips and whistled back to the bird. The usual sunset duet was on. From Peter's point of view it was a duet, but so far as the bird was concerned the song was a solo. For, as on all other evenings, the redbird ignored Peter's friendly absurdities and went on singing its lonesome little lay, interrupting and disregarding the shirt-sleeved rancher, keeping up a precise spacing of song and silence as

if in obedience to some secret baton in the sky.

He tried again, doing his best to imitate a certain mournful quality in the call. But a particularly haunting note eluded him while the crested creature on a bending bough proceeded with its plaintive good-night to the rancher and the world. Again Peter pursed his lips at what he supposed might be the proper angle for that elusive note of agony. But he couldn't quite get it. The redbird went on alone with its ceremony of celebrating the evening solitude.

Peter thought a lot about that bird, partly because it was the only redbird he had seen on his ranch. He would get to wondering why its song should be so sad when its coat was so colorful. He speculated on why the bright little creature was always alone, why no mate ever answered its evening anthem. Had his wife been killed? Had she gone away with some luckier and more provident bird? Doubtless certain birds, like certain men, got on better than others. He pondered why its pensive call should strike home so poignantly, interest him so intimately. Did everybody have some special sound, he wondered, some note that more than all other notes in the realm of sound was peculiarly his own? Was there something strange inside himself, something tuned to a particular pitch so that a certain note in the scale could stir him, set him throbbing, give him a comforting sense of kinship? He wished vaguely for a woman with music in her words, regretted that Alma's voice was what it was. He hoped it might improve.

The redbird was still at its solo. Once more Peter attempted the unattainable note. But at that moment his bright-crested friend flew off to some lonely roost for the night.

He would turn in, too. He would have a wash, eat a bite, have a smoke, and go to bed early. No use sitting up alone to think. There had been enough of that—staring at the stars and thinking, enough of being alone. Life would be brighter after Alma came. He thought himself lucky because at last they could be married.

By some caprice of fortune he had the only good crop of cane in the countryside. The long drouth that was making men and animals and fields look tired and wrinkled and dismally dreary had burned the life out of all the other ranchers' crops. Feed being scarce, he could name his price for that burnished pile that towered inside his new fence. Reynolds, a neighbor with a hungry herd, had made him a good offer. That and his savings would be enough to get married on. He would drive to Vallery in the morning and talk it over with Alma. It would be nice to surprise her with the news of a good cash offer for his cane. Greedy creatures, women, beneath all their show of sympathy. Alma's eyes always glittered at the mere mention of money.

He sat and smoked and thought about his woman. Perhaps he shouldn't have written her all that stuff about the drouth. But when the writing mood was on he couldn't help seeing the amusing side of a rancher's life—corn coming up in a moist carpet of green curls that capriciously changed to a carpet of brown parchment under the quivering heat of a merciless sun, the wind prankishly picking up from his fields stretches of burned sprouts and scooting away toward the mountains, drab shreds of crackled dryness flying helter-skelter. That was an odd finish to his tremendous labor of plowing, harrowing, seeding those miles and miles of furrows.

He had described the way the coyotes went marauding among his melons, rolling them off toward their lairs like trained animals in a circus! What he had visioned as roly-poly grists to be carted off to the cars had gone instead to these thieves. Connoisseurs they were, taking his best and ripest and juiciest, and leaving as souvenirs of their selection a litter of spoiled cast-offs stamped as seconds with experimental incisions of

long, sharp teeth. Unless one saw it one couldn't believe that mountain beasts would be so disastrously methodical.

Alma had made it plain that there was no humor for her in all this nor in his story about staying out nights to frighten away the prairie dogs which followed his fresh footsteps along rows of newly planted corn. In their way they were as systematic as the coyotes, burrowing thoroughly into one hill after another, stealing his kernels as carefully as if they had counted them when he was planting.

"If only they'd leave an occasional one to encourage a fellow," he had complained, much too amiably she thought.

He sensed that for some inscrutable reason she had blamed him for that run of bad luck, for a losing fight to weather and wild beasts. It had been bad enough to endure the setback and chagrin of seeing his harvest effaced in its infancy. But he disliked the idea of letting it lower him in her eyes, and regretted her inability to see the odd fascination of it all—the gambling uncertainty of a fortune that depended on anything so uncertain as weather. Better days would come. He was sure of that. His shining furrows would give up good smells. They should have abundant crops, a fine house, a herd. People from town would come to stay with them.

Now that he was sure of a cash market for his harvest Alma would be amiable. He could have managed with a less practical and calculating mate. But she was the only unmarried woman in that part of the world whom he knew at all well. She had come on from Iowa to live with her sister, and on Saturdays was in the habit of helping her brother-in-law in his hardware store. In their occasional brief chats while she had sold him tools she impressed him as a jolly and capable helper for any man. One day when he found her alone she confided to him her discontent with what she described as a life of dependence on her sister's husband. What she wanted was a home of her own near enough so she could see her sister sometimes. While she had talked he thought of how much he and his little home needed just such a woman. The thought had stayed with him. From time to time he sensed that she knew what was in his mind, though they had not definitely spoken of marriage. He had come very near it the last time they were out in his car.

In all his plans there was an undercurrent of her. There had been bad days that made her seem unattainable, good days that brought her nearer. To-night she seemed very near. He would be up at sunrise and get an early start for the long drive to see her. With the new fence around his stack, the ranch would be safe enough for a day. Thoughts like these moved through his mind as he finished his evening chores.

He put a rough towel back on its outdoor nail and examined his face in a mirror that hung almost hidden in the morning-glory vines arching his back door and trailing across and upward toward the eaves. It was no Adonis that looked back at him. Bushy auburn eyebrows which matched his eyes and hair and beard and freckles, and even his rusty overalls, were longer than eyebrows needed to be. Something in the climate seemed to encourage them to shoot out like wiry weeds at the edge of dry crags. He would let the barber trim them to-morrow. Something would have to be done about his hands. Kerosene might remove the stains about his nails and in the sunburned ridges of great knuckles. Alma couldn't expect him to be manicured like a lady.

The moon shone in on the lone rancher standing in his socks, arms and legs making grotesque shadows on a parquet of mellow light as he revived a program of squats and stretches of training-camp days in a sudden effort to straighten his shoulders and sleek down his stomach. His antics played magic with the room while tired joints creaked and stretching

muscles ached. He pictured himself and Alma going to the mountains on their honeymoon. They could make the trip in the car, sleep in cozy cabins among the trees, cook meals beside noisy streams. In the city he would watch his wife buy household things—curtains for the windows, white things for the bed, a lamp with a shade on it, dishes, bulbs and seeds for the garden. They could pile their purchases in the flivver and come rattling back home to the ranch.

The last sight he saw before he closed his eyes was a surprising aspect of beauty that lay on his homely acres. Sun-scorched spaces that had looked so parched by day were drenched in a silvery sheen which stretched off in every direction from his door, fantastic shadows of slow-moving clouds trailing across its surface. He fell asleep pleased with the panorama the night was making on his forlorn fields.

Tired though he was, some strange current of apprehension disturbed his deep dreams. Some sleepless sentinel of the mind had posted itself near the doorstep of Peter's consciousness and let alarming, vague sounds fall there. This sentinel kept calling, calling to the tired sleeper, telling him that all was not well.

He awoke with a sudden qualm and sat up in bed. There was a disturbing commotion in the air. He must have been hearing it for some time. The night had grown extraordinarily clear, moon and stars shining in showy splendor. Looking out his west window, he had a strange feeling that his place lay under some sudden and unholy enchantment.

As if they had risen out of nothing at the touch of a magic wand in that diaphanous light, hundreds of clamorous cattle were disturbing the stillness with a weird chorus of lowing bawls. It seemed to Peter that all the herds on the plains must be there. To his consciousness, jerked so suddenly into this clamor from the deep and far-away realm of sleep, it appeared as if something strong and terrible had suddenly deposited these beasts on his place and held them there in that ghostly light.

In a moment, when he finally managed to be quite awake, it came to him with an agony of understanding that these were strange range cattle, that they were starving and out on a predatory rampage for food. In the background he could see a wreath of heads and craning necks stretched across his new fence in a desperate strain to get their mouths into the fragrant fodder that stood tempting, delectable, agonizing, just beyond their yearning reach. It appalled him to think how quickly these cattle could demolish his comparatively feeble fence if only they knew how to use their strength.

He had a swift feeling of pity for these scrawny creatures, sketchy bones sticking out all over them, not a blade of juicy grass within miles, and the rivers on the ranches dried down to dust. Roaming across outraged fields that had been ravaged of every vestige of fertility and food, these beasts had somehow got the scent of his stack. And here they were.

Peter could not afford to feed that conglomerate herd, but he could give them a drink—some of them, at any rate. He knew what it was to be thirsty, to see men dying of thirst. Memories of the dirt and drouth of war came from behind some curtain in his mind. Those half-forgotten nightmares seemed to belong to some other self, a different man from the lanky rancher who was pulling on his overalls and going out to the pump.

He adjusted a pipe that sent the water sloshing away down to the big trough in his barnyard. At the sound of running water four heifers were first to come hurrying to the trough, thrust thirsty mouths into the cool stream, and draw in long, refreshing draughts. They were peremptorily pushed and shouldered out of place by the superior strength of young steers.

Famished creatures came crowding. A long drink or two, or the wetting of a reaching, quivering muzzle in the cool water, and skeletonlike heads would be butted away from the front line. Two hundred cattle fought for the benefit of Peter's bounty. In the foreground of the disorderly pushing and crowding a few managed to keep their places and to continue the important occupation of sucking up in noisy gulps the meager supply of water.

Victory and drink went to the strong, while soft, frightened, bewildered eyes looked around at the indifferent night, and parching throats swelled the chorus of uncanny bawls.

Peter pumped and pumped while the cattle pushed and pawed and bawled and drank. He wished there might be some way of doling it out in rations. The dumb beasts were managing the problem of precedence according to nature's convention, without unnecessary delicacy about fair play. The rancher was doing what he could. But his trough had not been built as a bar to quench the thirst of the plains.

For an hour he pumped, hoping that the cattle whose thirst had been slaked would move on from his fields. Exultant gratitude welled up in him for the generous gift from some secret underground reservoir. Being custodian of that supply was like being a king doling out bounty. There was elation in it. Disregarding the aches in his arms and back he continued to lift the pump handle and push it down.

There came a moment of terror for the man at the pump. The stream from the spout declined to the merest trickle. Pump as he would there was no longer an abundant gush from the lavish spout. His well was going dry. He had panicky thoughts of his own and his animals' daytime needs. He trudged to the cabin and brought out pails and kettles. He filled them and carried them in, two and two, and placed them on a bench beside the stove.

A fledgling cow, uncertain on her feet, one of the unfortunate weaklings on the fringe of the herd, ambled to the dooryard gate and stretched her nose toward a pail of water inside the fence. She was a scrawny skeleton of a young cow, all hollows and ridges, and with a meek, accusing, terrified look in her soft eyes. Peter lifted the pail over the fence and watched her drink it dry. Others, seeing this exhibition of hospitality, came stampeding toward the lone human figure in the moonlight. Peter went into his cabin and closed the door.

On his bed he lay wide-eyed, wondering what he should do. He was too tired to think. Perhaps the right idea would come to him. From where he lay he could look through a window and see that moving, turning, waving mass in whose very disorder there seemed to be a pattern and a plan as they passed among one another. Between hope and dismay he realized how easily his fence could collapse if they went at it with concentrated intention.

The chorus of lowing bawls increased in volume. He felt staggered by the sound, disturbed, devitalized of his remaining strength. In that ghostly light he could see more cattle coming across his enchanted acres, obviously in answer to some strange signal in the sounds which, though disturbing to him, must have carried a definite message to hungry and thirsty brutes—an announcement that there was plenty of food in sight if only they could get at it. On they came across the charred dryness of his fields that shimmered strangely in that spectral light, hurrying awkwardly toward some vague hope.

Pushing up through the feeling of resignation which had spread over his weariness when the well went dry, Peter felt some protesting part of himself stir into rebellion. Why should these strange animals be starving or die on the plains to leave gaunt skeletons looking up at an accusing sky? Why were the plains parched and sterile, that great expanse of earth so capable

of abundant fertility? Why had he and his neighbors such lack of reward for their toil—courageous, sunburned, stoop-shouldered men, with hands and faces and necks like parchment? Why had instinct directed these cattle to his harvest, disturbing his rest? Why didn't ranchers keep their cows herded at home?

The row of cottonwood trees, like lonely, brooding giants, seemed to second the questions, and the twin silver spruces he had hauled from the mountains gazed darkly and wisely into the cabin as if they knew all the answers. A procession of Whys came galloping across the lone rancher's mind as the unsatisfying span of his life unrolled like a scroll.

He saw himself a youth of twenty landing hopefully in New York with his patrimony of a few hundred pounds from the old family property in England, saw his money melting away in indiscreet investments, the variety of jobs he had tried, his roving life, his dissatisfaction with cities, his craving for land of his own where he could have crops, animals, a bit of a garden; the War, this ranch, the loneliness, his meeting with Alma. In the nightmare of his present dilemma he had almost forgotten her.

He hadn't too many delusions about Alma. She would hardly be a perfect companion. But she would be better than solitude. She could be jolly and gay and she was affectionate in a practical way. She, too, had known difficulties, and she was tired of towns. She wanted to live on a ranch, wanted a home of her own. He would do what he could to make her happy. Why were people and animals so miserable?

He was glad when morning came to scatter the spell that lay over his fields and farmyard. He watched the sun rise calmly across the sky rim as if this were a day like any other day. He looked at the clamorous congregation of cattle whose feet were tramping and churning his barn lot in their own wallow. Deliberately he listened to them. He wondered if they meant to call all the cattle on the continent to their convention.

"M-m-m-m-m-m-aw!" they called, a tremendous chorus in every key of the cow-throat scale, lifting famished faces toward his harvest stack.

He closed windows and doors to keep out the sound. It occurred to him that coffee might help his dazed mind to work. He built a fire. The cabin grew fragrant with coffee and bacon. The homely smells restored his calm. He ate his breakfast at the end of the pine table, just out of reach of the sun.

This was the morning he had planned to go to Vallery, see Alma, and get her to decide on a day for their marriage. The cattle would have to be sent away before he could leave. He thought of driving to the store at the crossroads and telephoning Reynolds to come after his herd. He went out and tried to identify the beasts. Less than a quarter of them belonged to Reynolds. He had no idea who were the owners of the others.

He went to the pump. Good! There was water. Perhaps if they got all the drink they wanted they might go away. The water rolled down to the trough. A dozen thirsty mouths drank. The stream suddenly stopped. Again the well was dry.

Peter hurried to his cabin. He glanced at his reflection in the little mirror behind the morning glory vines. There looked out at him a caricature scarecrow of himself with scraggly beard and sleepless eyes. Leaving for Vallery would have to be put off until afternoon. Perhaps the cattle would wear themselves out and go away. As soon as he got rid of them he would change his clothes and start immediately. He might stay at the hotel all night. It would be good to see faces, hear other sounds.

Beneath all this undercurrent of thought Peter knew quite well that he would not go to town that day.

At noon he was standing in his doorway, framed by faded morning glories, watching a damp-nosed heifer that had deserted the herd at the harvest stack and stood gazing at him from the other side of the dooryard gate.

"M-m-mmmm!" the heifer murmured, gently.

Something in the sound and in the dumb appeal beneath the creature's meek and trustful eyes tore all the props from Peter's resistance. The animal was asking for food. He had the only food within miles. He estimated that his stack would be sufficient to satisfy the hunger of all the beasts in his barnyard. Up to that moment it had not occurred to him that he would voluntarily feed his year's harvest to these unwelcome raiders. It was settled quite suddenly between himself and the meek young delegate with the gentle voice and trusting eyes.

Stirred to action by this sudden and irresponsible impulse, he went to his tool shed, picked up his axe and pincers, and headed for the barnyard. He was puzzled to find an opening where he would have a chance to escape with his life, for he had no intention of letting the cattle kill him for his kindness. By making a detour through the lane and approaching the stack from the back of the barn, he came to a place where only a few steers were studying the situation. He picked his way safely between them and got to the fence. He knew that his position was anything but secure. He would have to work quickly. A lone man might be trampled easily and quickly to death beneath those plundering feet, and there would be no record of how or why it happened.

With these thoughts in his mind Peter gripped his pincers and snapped gaps in the barbed-wire barricade, working so swiftly that the guests about to rush in to his banquet had not time to observe that the dining room doors were open. He was about to cut another section between posts when he realized his danger. Three starving steers had crashed through the opening and had their noses in his stack. At the first sound of crunching jaws on juicy cane a single urge came over the cattle. The fence was being trampled. Peter darted for an exit where he had entered. The way was blocked by a maddened approach of wild-eyed animals. The rancher tripped, grappled, and plunged in a tangle of hoofs, got to his feet, fought and dodged, and by some miracle found himself clear of the crush.

Not until he had staggered into his cabin and was gulping a dipper of water did Peter realize that something had happened to his right arm. A sleeve of his shirt was ripped from shoulder to cuff, and something warm was trickling down his arm and dripping from his fingers to the floor.

An ugly gash extended from shoulder to elbow. He washed the wound with dippers of water which made a red stain where he stood just outside the door. He took a clean shirt, wound it tightly about the arm, and made an improvised sling with a roller towel. He lighted his pipe in an effort to ease the awakening pain, sat in his doorway, and watched his year's harvest disappear into the hungry jaws of starving, strange brutes —watched it mutely as a spectacle, as something that scarcely concerned him at all.

At the stunned surface of his mind was the realization that this meal which was being gobbled by other men's cattle represented hundreds of hours of sweat and toil, anxiety, hope, hunger, thirst, fatigue which he had endured in all sorts of weather, hours and days and weeks of terrific labor under a merciless sun, aching bones, long nights of lonely sleep whose chief function was to restore a tired body so that it could get up and begin the same thing all over again. But he, the trembling man in the cabin door, cruelly torn by hoof or horn, seemed strangely unrelated to that solitary, toiling, hope-beguiled rancher.

He saw his stack shrink and disappear down hordes of hungry throats as greedy

mouths crunched and carved his proud mound into queer ledges and balconies. Great piles from above would fall on broad heads, get trampled in the mêlée and serve as crumbs for the less fortunate underlings that were unable to push themselves into front places.

He became fascinated by the sudden friskiness of a roan and white heifer that had edged its way out of the crush, emerging stuffed and satisfied, and went about celebrating the incident by kicking its heels in the air and heading in a direction that was probably home. When it had turned its face toward him Peter recognized with a leap of pleasure the cheeky and persuasive ambassador that had come pleading at his gate.

Hour after hour he sat there watching the strange show and speculating on what he should do about the increasingly maddening pain in his arm. He, the host at that expensive party, had not eaten since morning. He had thought of it, but food seemed scarcely worth the effort of preparing it. So he waited at his door under the fading vines, the only audience at his own drama, his thoughts walled within a world of baffled sensations, the throbbing pulses in his arm gradually making the outside tragedy seem less important.

He watched his harvest vanish until there was nothing left but a few scattered stubbles of straw, saw these being eaten by half-starved yearlings that had scarcely benefited from his bounty. Then he saw the invaders straggle away and disappear into clouds of dust across the plain, wobbly young cows destined to die of starvation, ambling uncertainly after the others.

Peter was aroused by the sound of a noisy car that had come along the road, turned into his place, and made a boisterous stop before his front door. Surprised and curious he went around the house, and was startled at seeing Alma Steele step briskly from a flivver.

"Alma!" he said, and leaned against a spruce tree for support.

"Hello, Peter," she called, bustling toward him, beaming, blonde, robust, confident. "Well, aren't you glad to see me?"

Instead of meeting her half way, he remained propped against the tree, and when she came up to him he extended his good arm with a gesture of defensive hospitality.

"This certainly is luck for me," he said, his thoughts leaping to the solace of a woman's hands. Then he became embarrassed, for he remembered the hollow-eyed and untidy scarecrow he had seen in the looking-glass. He saw her eyes examining his sling.

"What's the matter, Peter? Hurt your arm?"

"Nothing serious." He couldn't tell her right away.

He adjusted the clumsy, aching burden, placed his left arm about her shoulders with a quick, nervous, friendly pressure, and half leaning, half leading, he guided her around the house to the open door.

"Funny that you should come today," he said, trying to be casual. "I had been planning to go to town this morning and look you up. Couldn't manage to get away. Where did you acquire the buggy?"

"Borrowed," Alma explained.

"Quiet little thing, isn't it?" Inwardly he groaned, "I don't want to talk to her. Why did she come? I'd rather be alone until I can think things out."

When they paused at the doorstep she caught his free hand and held it with impulsive ardor. The raging torrent in his arm made Peter restless.

"You must be hungry," he remarked. "I'll make a fire and put the kettle on."

He banged the stovelids with left-handed awkwardness, conscious that she was standing where she could survey his untidy barnyard, wishing she wouldn't ask questions.

"Sold your stack?" she inquired, a bright smile of expectancy in her eyes.

"The stack? Oh, that's gone," Peter replied nonchalantly, with an air of

being busy deciding which of the two frying pans should have the honor of warming their food. "Wouldn't you like some bacon?" he asked. "There's a can of beans on the shelf. Could you open it?"

"Did you get a good price?" Alma went on with devastating persistence, quickly cutting the tin open and dumping a brownish mass into a pan.

"I don't know what's the matter with this stove to-day," Peter complained. "It won't draw."

"Heard Reynolds made you an offer. He didn't buy it, did he?"

"No, he didn't buy it." Peter was carefully turning slices of bacon and was being elaborately aloof about it. He came out of his absorption to inquire:

"What do you know about the Reynolds ranch?"

"I know Reynolds," she said. "Quit fussin' and tell me the news."

"That was why I was going to Vallery, to tell you the news, to have a talk."

"What about? You mean . . . ?"

The question was left floundering self-consciously while Peter gave his attention to the bacon. Some elemental rush of emotion, some desire to help him, sent her brusquely to his side. He stepped back defensively from her gesture of efficiency as she took the fork from his hand. He pushed two chairs to the table and carried dishes and victuals. When they were seated he moved a platter closer to her plate, smiled at her as she held the teapot, and with an offhand air of hospitality invited:

"Now, if you will help yourself to the steak and mushrooms."

They both laughed, and she began to eat. The food had the effect for which he had hoped. It kept her thoughts temporarily occupied. His own mind raced like a motor while his left hand moved slowly with its new duties. Again the girl became inquisitive. But he was managerial.

"Don't you want to pour the tea?" he suggested. "We'll eat first and talk afterwards."

"Can't you think about anything but food?" she asked. "You don't answer any of my questions. You won't tell me how you hurt your arm, how much you got for your cane. I don't know what's come over you. You haven't even kissed me."

"Oh!" Peter apologized, and without further comment on the omission he got up from his place, went to her chair, bent over and kissed her plump cheek, walked back to his place, and extended his hand for a cup of tea. He drank the hot liquid avidly, hoping it would help him to forget the torment in his arm. He tried to swallow his food, making an effort at eating until Alma had finished.

"First time I ever saw you drink three cups of tea," she said when he asked her to pour another.

"I'm going to let you look at my arm," he announced. "You know about bandages, don't you?"

"Surest thing in the world. Got any clean rags?"

From his trunk Peter brought a faded shirt and an old suit of underwear and laid them on a chair beside her.

"That stuff's too good to tear up," Alma protested.

"All I've got. It'll do."

He straddled a chair and let her remove the clumsy wrapping with which he had swathed the wound. She attacked the job with brisk confidence, her touch becoming increasingly cautious as she removed the last layer of cloth and exposed the raw flesh.

"I didn't know it was as bad as all this," she said, a new quality of tenderness in her voice. "It's an awful gash. Looks as if a steer hooked you. What you been doing?"

But the patient with bowed head and wincing nerves merely replied:

"Fix it, Alma, quick as you can."

"Got any iodine?" she asked.

He pointed to a shelf, closed his eyes, and left the dressing and talking to her.

The touch of her capable fingers on his bare flesh, the cool strength of her

strong hands sent a current of life and healing through his body. The increasing sense of comfort that came to him when the arm was bandaged had a relaxing effect on his lacerated nerves. He brushed the cuff of his other arm across his eyes and gasped through a smothered sob:

"God, but your hands feel good, Alma."

"There," she soothed. "You're healthy and you've got clean blood. In a couple of weeks you'll hardly know it happened. You better drive over and see the doctor to-morrow. Now, if you'll sit up I'll fix your sling."

He felt her cool palms caress his flaming cheeks, her strong, possessive fingers run through his unkempt hair, felt her maneuver herself to a seat on his lap and put her robust arms about his neck, careful not to hurt his wound.

"All that's the matter with you is that you need someone to look after you," she chided, while he breathed the fragrance of her head on his shoulder. "Say the word, and whenever you like . . . "

"That was why I was coming to see you," he said.

Here it was again, the old spell of the flesh, the magic of her body, these enlivening currents of comfort and companionship, all this bright, healthy warmth coming some day into his life. It was too good to be true. Of course he wanted her near him. He would do his best to make her happy. What he said was:

"I'd been counting on being brushed and combed before seeing you."

"You sure do look like a cave man," she said, appraising him amiably, laughing at his stubble of beard. "I wish you didn't have that bad arm. If I had been here it wouldn't have happened, now would it?"

"I wonder! No, perhaps not," said Peter.

The temporary lessening of pain in his arm and this enlivening stir of emotion brought calm to the thoughts that had been spinning in his brain. He no longer felt any need of self-defense in her presence.

He told her the story from the beginning. Before he got to the hazy contact with hoofs and horns of hunger-maddened animals she was off his lap and staring at him from the opposite side of the table. She did not let him finish the story.

"You mean to tell me you chopped down your new fence and gave that feed to a mangy bunch of range cattle?" She almost screamed it at him.

"But, Alma, those infernal beasts were starving," he explained.

"They'd have been starved and their carcasses rotting on the ranches before I'd have given them a straw of it," she scolded. "They weren't your cattle."

"It came over me quite suddenly to let them have it," he said, as if no further explanation were necessary.

"And just where do I come in?" Alma demanded.

"And I?" Peter questioned.

They were silent, two strangers looking at each other across a gulf of misunderstanding, appraising each other by alien standards which neither understood.

Peter appeared more dejected than she had ever seen him. "I was so sure we were going to be married," he said, as if speaking of some far-away memory. "I thought we might go to the mountains and to Denver in the car, and you would buy things for the cabin, and then we should have come back home and next year we would build a new house. Now I can't ask you. I've got a little saved up, but not enough. You go ahead and have as good a time as you can. I must go it alone for another year."

"Another year?" Alma's voice slashed at him like a sharp blade. "You can go it alone for the rest of your life so far as I'm concerned."

With the slow reluctance of one who has been deeply offended she walked across the room to where her coat was

hanging, took it off its hook, bustled into it, put on her hat, picked up her bag and gloves, and started for the door.

"You're not going?" Peter protested. "You're not really angry, are you?"

"I'm through, Peter," he heard her say. "Lucky I found you out in time. Nice life I'd have had. Man who can't listen to a lot of cows bawling without turning into a big calf! Three years on this ranch, and what have you got for it? Luck was with you this summer, and what have you done with it? You had the only good crop of cane between here and Wiggins. I told Reynolds you'd hold out for a big price. It was his idea to come to-morrow and give you the cash, offer you anything, so his cattle wouldn't starve."

"I beat him to it. I fed his herd," said Peter.

"Reynold's herd was here? Well, I guess I ought to thank you for your kindness to our cattle. If it hadn't been for you they might have dropped dead before they got home."

"Your cattle?" He didn't understand.

"Well, anyway, they'll be mine before long. All these months I haven't been able to make up my mind which one of you I'd take. I liked you, Peter, and I wouldn't have minded being poor at first. He's pretty old, but he's got money. And I know now you never will have. A woman's got to think of herself and a home. I won't say good-by, for like as not we'll be driving over to see you sometimes."

"That won't be necessary." Peter was receding behind his lonely defenses. "I didn't know you were so friendly with Reynolds."

"You asked me where I picked up the noisy buggy. Well, it's his. I must be getting back. You'd better go in to the doctor to-morrow with that arm."

"The old arm will be all right," he defended. It was his arm and he didn't want her to talk about it any more. He followed her out to the car.

"We're going to be neighbors. Might as well be sensible," she suggested. "I thought you might like to see us sometimes."

The last Peter saw of her was an expanse of white knee frankly exposed between short skirt and rolled stocking as she edged into the seat, her strong hands at the wheel.

"Good-by!" he said.

"So long," Alma called back above the din.

The car hesitated, sounded volleys of backfire and rumbled away noisily.

Peter went back to his place at the door under the morning glory vines. For a long time he sat there, huddled in himself, nursing the hot wound. Except for the thumping pulses in his painful arm his world was a vast emptiness smothered in stillness. The vacancy in his cabin loomed ominously at him, clutching at his heart. There were chores to be done but nothing seemed worth doing.

After a while familiar sounds came to him out of the quiet. His cows were ambling home, their meager bags tossing from side to side as they approached with patient, slow movements. Their heads were at the fence, soft eyes looking into his dooryard, soft muzzles demanding food and drink.

"Mmmmmm!" they called gently, asking him to milk them, water them, feed them.

A thin stream of milk poured down but no foam came up in Peter's pail. His head propped against a cow's thigh, he worked laboriously with one hand, missing the pleasant, everyday rhythm of milking time. Finally it was finished, fresh milk put away in shining pans, sour milk fed to screaming pigs.

From a mow in the barn he brought skimpy forkloads of fodder and dropped them painfully over the fence. The animals ate the feed with eager appetites and looked for more, not regarding the agonizing handicap against which he toiled.

He took his pincers and went tramping

in the soggy untidiness of his littered barnyard. He gathered lengths of wire and carried them to the tool shed. Looking back at the scarred yard where the banquet had been he remembered the happy heifer that had gone away capering friskily across his acres.

Seated in his doorway he lighted his pipe and watched the sun sink like a great red ball. Evening was closing in on him. Across the fence his cows were chewing their cuds, all their wants satisfied. His own want stretched itself vaguely into the future, to some undefined time when the something he was reaching for would be there to soothe him.

Into the stillness there came a call from a cottonwood tree. The redbird had come to say good-night. Peter could see his bright visitor in the faded leafage, its crested head poised high in lonely dignity as it recited its evening orison, an appealing little song about being aloof and alone with a secret no one shared. He summoned enough energy to whistle back to the bird. The success of that effort brought him suddenly to his feet. He had caught the elusive note! He whistled again. Again he got it. The bird was acknowledging his call. They kept it up for several minutes, call and answer piercing the quiet like some secret rune which only the initiate could understand.

The bird flew away. Evening enfolded the lonely cabin and the brooding cottonwood trees. Far away lightning flashes played bright patterns on the sky.

EFFIGY

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

YOU had not thought that she was dead,
So quietly she lay asleep,
Tall candles at her feet and head,
And none to weep.

The devious smiling ways of pain
Were all too subtly intricate;
That year the cooling summer rain
Fell very late.

Now is there frost upon the leaf,
A white-rimmed silence in the wood;
The maple strips her crimson grief
For calmer mood.

THE CO-ED: THE HOPE OF LIBERAL EDUCATION

WITH SOME REFLECTIONS UPON HER MALE CLASSMATES

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

NOT long ago a man with whom I had roomed at college came to visit me and during his stay expressed a desire to observe me perform as a teacher. The motive that prompted him was no doubt malicious, but it was quite forgotten before he had sat through his first class. For he and I had gone to one of those monastic Eastern colleges where few women ever get past the visitors' gallery at the commons, and now for the first time he was seeing co-education. I expected him to say something appropriate about the lecture I delivered, for I had talked about Coleridge, and Professor Lowes's book was hot from the press; but he seemed to have forgotten that I had been any part of the hour's diversion. As we strolled across the campus he tried vigorously to reduce to order the confusion that his experience had brought him.

The first coherent idea that he voiced was, "Good Lord! I was expecting a college, not a sample room. That front row! It looked like the hosiery window at a spring opening or the finale of a Vanities first act. What do you teach 'em, dancing?"

A moment later, "Educational patter from the little ash-blonde: 'Does a poet know what he is writing or does he just tap the subconscious?' That's what happens when you expose a predestinate chocolate-dipper to Psych A."

And then, "How can a man teach with a roomful of beautiful girls listening to him? Do you expect the men to keep their minds on Coleridge? And you can't be ass enough to want girls who look like that to handicap themselves with an education."

Later still he settled matters to his satisfaction. "Don't tell me you even try to teach 'em anything. You've got a living to make, and you merely elect to make it talking about Coleridge to a chorus of ravishing girls who all their life long will continue to associate Coleridge with henna and *Narcisse Noir*, and who merely use your classroom as a convenient place to pry luncheon-dates out of susceptible males. It's an old delusion that you can educate women. You're not fool enough to think that even one of that ballet has any idea that Coleridge wrote poetry, or what poetry is, or gives a damn, anyway. Sure! I saw 'em putting down pages of notes. You'll give them A when they come back to you on the final."

It was all very amusing. It reminded me forcibly of the day, some five years before, when I faced my first co-educational class. The offer of the position had reached me on a desert ranch, where I was working for my board and where even the pittance the Dean offered me seemed munificent. I traveled two thousand miles and bolted from the train-shed directly to a room containing thirty-five freshmen who were waiting to be told what to do for their first college assignment. I was on the rostrum before I fully realized that Atlantis was,

after all, a co-educational university; and the sight of "that front row," crammed with new fall creations and shiny with French-nude stockings, appalled me. For the moment I wished myself back in the Idaho desert, untempted by an instructor's salary fully half as large as a milkman's, eating mutton three times a day, and rejoicing in the only beard I have ever owned. I was not long from that Eastern college, you see, and I knew all about the higher education of women. I knew that Middle-Western universities were contemptible from the point of view of scholarship (the knowledge had been confirmed by my being hired to teach at one). I knew that girls went to such places primarily to find husbands who didn't live in the old home town. I knew furthermore that women didn't belong to the class of *educabilia*, which included in fact only a distressingly small percentage of males. And I knew, finally, that most women didn't pretend to take education seriously and that the few who did were not only æsthetic atrocities but also the most saddening numbskulls to be encountered anywhere by a vigorous mind.

To be sure, several of the graduate schools of my own university admitted women; and there was a regulation whereby students of a neighboring women's college might very occasionally enter an undergraduate course. That I had been in a philosophy course which one of these rare specimens attended probably contributed to my idea of her sex's mentality. She was so homely that we called her "The Pure Reason," and she was eternally interrupting the professor's lecture, no matter what it concerned, with the stern question, "Is that reconcilable with Kant?" She was miserable whenever his language descended to intelligibility, and her distress at his mild, unworldly witticisms so saddened him that he gave them up altogether.

I could not see, after a desperate glance, anything corresponding to The Pure Reason in my first class. Quite the contrary. There were fully as many men as women in that class, but I was not aware of them. I could see only women, and they were all staggeringly beautiful. It could not be possible that such stunning girls would even pretend to take an interest in intellectual matters. They were undoubtedly a frivolous and giddy crew who would ogle me out of passing grades and coax me into letting them go free of assignments, and chatter and make up their faces during my most solemn flights. The room seemed oppressive with femininity, and I was quite sure that such an atmosphere, however favorable it might be to nature's designs for the perpetuation of the race, was frost and blight and mildew to that orderly discipline of the mind which I considered education.

Well, one learns, and I wonder now that in the moment of shock I did not recall the empirical fact that nine-tenths of the truly wise people I had known were women. Even if I had, at that stage I should doubtless have contended that wisdom was something apart from education, some derivative from the nebulous function which is called intuition.

Before long, however, I began to realize that not all my pupils were beautiful, and with that first discrimination began a series of readjustments which quite reversed most of my preconceptions. The whole point of this article, which is a recantation, is my discovery that the greater part of the education which the modern college manages to achieve, in the intervals between endowment campaigns, football championships, and psychological surveys, is appropriated by the very sex who presumably do not belong to the *educabilia* at all.

The women, these scatterbrained co-eds, are better material for education than the men and readier at acquiring it, and are also the chief hope for the preservation of the values which were long declared to be the ideals of liberal education.

II

Here I must make one or two stipulations. It must be understood that I speak entirely in generalizations, having no space to take account of exceptions, and that I generalize about the average student, not the exceptional one. To judge the colleges on the basis of the superior student—two per cent of the enrollment—would be foolish, and to attempt a differentiation between superior men and superior women would be more foolish still. Above a certain level of intelligence there seems to be little fundamental difference between the sexes, so far as their work in college is concerned. The tendencies with which I am now concerned are those of the mass, the undistinguished young folk who are the backbone of the colleges; and I am speaking of the tendency, not of any given individual who may oppose it. It must also be understood that I am generalizing from my own experience. I have checked it so far as possible by the experience of others, but without much finality on either side. A publicly expressed opinion on this subject is rare, since it exposes one to the headlines and editorials of the press, the recriminations of a dean who is harassed by officious associations, and an avalanche of letters from the nation's cranks. It is easier to get a privately expressed opinion but it is also more likely to be conditioned by the accidents of the week. The Kappa Alpha weeper may have cried Professor Smith out of a passing mark for a sister half an hour before he defies the whole University Club to find him one co-ed who ever did a lick of work. Or Professor Smith may have married his brightest senior and so wedded an idea that the co-eds, as a sex, comprise the upper three-fourths of the intellectual scale, to the complete exclusion of the men.

The first observation is that the old debate is over, and the old problem of what aim a college education should have, if not solved, is at least settled forevermore. Even ten years ago the battle between the humanists on the one hand and the vocationalists on the other was still vigorous. Its outcome though unmistakable was not yet achieved, and the dwindling but vigorous defenders of liberal education showed no signs of panic. To-day, after ten years that have telescoped a century of evolution and have left the American colleges completely bewildered, hardly even the tradition survives. Not eight colleges in the country even pretend to champion the old ideals or to adapt them to post-war problems; and of those that do pretend, the loudest-voiced has done more to injure the cause than any dozen of its most Rotarian rivals.

By and large, the American college is now a training-school. It is engaged in preparing its students for their vocations. It is a feeder for the professional schools, on the one hand, and for business, on the other. Primarily it provides training for salesmanship. In the mass, young men come to college to learn how to sell. In the mass, they are not interested in the kind of education that is generally called liberal—or humanistic or cultural or intellectual. The man who comes to college to-day is not there to grow in wisdom, or to invite the truth to make him free, to realize his fullest intellectual possibilities, to learn the best that has been said and thought, or to fit himself to any other of the mottoes carved above his college gates. He is there to get through the prerequisites of a professional school or of business. In either case he is righteously intolerant of all flapdoodle whatsoever that does not contribute directly to the foreseen end. Anything which undertakes to make him more efficient he will embrace with as much enthusiasm as he has left over from "activities" which are the organized hokum of college life. Anything else—be it anthropology or zoölogy or any elective in between—he will resent and actively condemn. He'll be damned if he's got time to waste on wisdom—or knowledge

—or truth and beauty—or cultural development—or individuality—or any of the other matters with which the colleges used to be concerned.

One who speaks to the college man of a different kind of education meets not the derision his opponents might have cast on him before the War, but an incomprehension, a complete failure to understand his language that is a thousand times more conclusive. Such an outcome was inevitable from the moment that the higher education became democratic, and its original momentum dates from the establishment of State-supported universities. But whereas, in spite of its democratic power, the really powerful authorities were opposed to the development as late as 1917, those same authorities have been since then its most enthusiastic leaders. Where the ideals of liberal education still survive they are cherished by aging and solitary men who can never head an educational body or sit on a president's throne. The administrations have gone over wholly to the popular cause. Recently the President of one of our largest universities said flatly to his faculty, "The students are our customers and we must give them what they want." His language was more forthright than that of most of his peers, who adopt the terminology of Service, but unquestionably he expressed the philosophy of most of them. With this policy in the throne-room the faculties in general whoop up the process. Ask any college teacher which departments have their budgets ratified without a murmur of complaint. Ask any department-head what courses he must stress to the trustees who guard the purse-strings. Ask anyone what the dominant ideas of his campus are and what professors are picked for the key-positions in the faculty committees. The colleges have gone out to give the student what he wants. And what he wants may be defined as courses that are thought to provide training in efficient salesmanship.

This is, however, education from the point of view of men. The women—those lovely co-eds whose stockings so disturbed my friend—are another matter. In the mass, they see no need to prepare themselves for law or dentistry and feel no call to become expert at selling. Their lives still have room for the qualities that education once dealt with. They have time for wisdom—and knowledge—and truth and beauty—and cultural development—and individuality. That is why they are so significant for the future if society has any use for liberal education and expects the colleges to have anything to do with it.

III

The canons of liberal education—if I correctly interpret its champions—may be summarized as receptiveness to new ideas, freedom from prejudice or other emotional bias, insistence on factual or logical demonstration of everything presented as truth, ability to distinguish between appearance and reality developed somewhat beyond the naïve faith of the uneducated, refusal to accept authority or tradition as final, and skepticism of the fads, propagandas, and panaceas that may be called the patent medicines of the mind. To abbreviate some centuries of definition still farther, the liberally educated man is supposed to possess an intelligently discriminating mind. The avenues by which this desirable possession may be acquired need not be scrutinized here. It suffices to remember what attributes have been considered the desiderata of liberal education and to estimate their relative distribution between the sexes in the colleges of to-day.

According to ancient theory, women's judgment is swayed by emotional considerations to a far greater extent than that of men. The daily routine in the colleges quite controverts the theory. It is the men, for instance, who die for dear old Rutgers. Here at Atlantis we have just emerged from a period of athletic failure which has given me an excel-

lent chance to observe the passions in their natural state. I have seen many men in tears because the football employees of Utopia, that university of poltroons, had walloped our own; but I have never seen a co-ed leaving the stadium other than dry-eyed. The bales of themes that have rolled in upon me demanding a sterner athletic policy, bigger salaries for bigger fullbacks, in order to vindicate Atlantis as the best college in the world, have been without exception the work of men. The idea that the worth of a college is to be judged by the success of its football team is a man's idea. So is the idea that Atlantis is the best college in the world. A man is not satisfied, it seems, unless he can assure himself and the world at large that the college he attends is clearly superior to all others: a co-ed does not bother her mind with such infantile rationalizations.

As with football and world-leadership, so with the other functions of the college. Some years ago a newspaper, during a dearth of excitement, discovered the foul taproot of Bolshevism and the dead hand of Lenin (its own phrases) in an Epworth League at Atlantis. The organization that promptly had itself photographed kissing the Stars and Stripes, to prove Atlantis free of that moral plague, was a fraternity, not a sorority. The parade of patriotic youth carrying posters that damned all Bolshevists to the American Legion was entirely male. Male, too, were the petitions praying the President to redeem Atlantis before the world by expelling the Epworth League—they originated and circulated among the fraternities. So jingoism widens out: the co-eds think, the men throb. It is not enough that Atlantis is the world's-champion university with the loveliest campus and the most modern gadgets from the school of education. America, as the nation that is graced by Atlantis, must necessarily be immaculate, inimitable, and in all ways supreme.

Every year passionate organizations in the colleges pass hundreds of resolutions condemning the un-American conduct of some hapless professor who has suggested that the English plan of government is better than the American plan, that the Germans have a better civic policy, that the French eat better cooking, that a Japanese has thus far done the best research in this or that, that a Portuguese preceded a native Bostonian in sailing round Africa, or that the Mona Lisa is clearly superior to a fire-insurance calendar. Everyone who knows the colleges will recognize the phenomenon as one of the weariest bores of campus life. How many of these resolutions come from co-ed organizations? I have yet to observe one. It was a man, I remember, who refused to find any literary value in the Old Testament—obviously there couldn't be, he said, for it was written by a bunch of kikes.

In my survey of contemporary literature I deal perforce with much fiction and poetry of the day that, in method, is Freudian, and with much that is behavioristic. In general, the men are antagonistic to it. They object to both Freud and the behaviorists, partly on the ground that they are new, but mostly on the ground that they are unpleasant. The young male is affronted by the public discussion of sex-motives though he is a whale at discussing them in private, and he is much more deeply affronted by behaviorism. Consequently, he does not consider whether they are true, but merely loathes them. Now this is proverbially a feminine response, and it exhibits with admirable clarity one of the crucial functions of intelligence. The person who says, for instance, "I'd hate to think that Freud is right" betrays an essentially ignorant attitude of mind; the seeker after truth has nothing to do with liking or hating and the only intelligent question is, Is Freud right? But this ignorant, or proverbially feminine, response in my advanced class is confined to the men. The dispassionate point of view is inva-

riably that of the co-eds. They do not unthinkingly accept the new literature. They welcome it as an interesting phenomenon, something to be analyzed and appraised without preconceptions. That, I submit, is the intelligent, the educated attitude.

Perhaps a few examples are relevant. It was a man who rejected *Elmer Gantry* because it must be bad art since Sinclair Lewis could not possibly be sincere in such a biased and contemptible book. The tangle of fallacies displayed by this earnest senior was the kind traditionally ascribed to the feminine mind which cannot think impersonally; yet it was a co-ed who in class informed him that a man who differed from him was not necessarily insincere, asked him what an author's sincerity had to do with his art, and criticized *Elmer Gantry* from an intelligent point of view. It was another man who in amazement and disgust pronounced Mr. Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* an utterly untrue book, the phantasm of a diseased mind. It was a co-ed who checked off on her fingers the analogues of Anderson's characters whom she had observed in her own home town and named a number of Russian and French novelists who, though respectable in her opponent's eyes, used precisely the same method. It was a man who called Katherine Mansfield "nasty-minded" and found no moral teaching in her work: it was a co-ed who put him in his place. Finally, after we had read *Ulysses* it was the men who pretended to understand it and, without pretense, condemned it utterly—but the co-eds who admitted that they could not understand it but found occasional passages of magnificent prose and tentatively accepted the method as valid.

This, however, is all literary criticism. I am, perhaps, betrayed by the limitations of my subject? Not if I correctly observe the adventures of my colleagues. Is the campus stirred by a protest against the atheistical teachings of the zoölogy department? Then the howl is sure to be traced to some embryo revivalist from the Red-Flannels Belt—someone whose sister is not in the least appalled. Does the Dean have to listen for some hours to complaints against Mr. Dash of the history department, who has suggested that economic considerations somewhat influenced the wisdom of the Fathers in 1787, and so is patently subsidized from Leningrad? Then the complainant is Bill Juicy, the pride of Sigma Sigma, who would die the death rather than hear Hamilton traduced. At that very moment Alice Apple, with whom Bill has a heavy date to-night, is writing a report for Mr. Dash's class and adding in a postscript that Mr. Dash must be wrong about Jefferson, for Alice cannot believe that even Jefferson could be so consistently high minded as Mr. Dash maintains. Or the large class files out of University Hall where Mr. Circle has been lecturing on Watson's theory of conditioned response. Bill Juicy lights a cigarette and ponders the lecture briefly. It's all a bunch of hooey, for if Watson is right then Bill can't think for himself. And that, in the face of Sigma Sigma's united stand for compulsory military training, is absurd. Bill dismisses Watson—whom he will thereafter associate with a brand of shock-absorbers—and goes to the fraternity house to find out whom to vote for in the class elections. But Alice, who also lights a cigarette as soon as she is screened from the Dean of Women, is also pondering. If Watson can establish his thesis; if those experiments Circle talks about are exhaustive, then—well, it's going to chase Mr. Dot of the Ethics course and Mr. Starr of the Social Progress course into a corner they'll never escape from. H'm—it rather knocks old Dot's idea of the Moral Will into a cocked hat.

IV

In various courses I have taught the wide expanse of English literature from Chaucer to James Joyce, but, apart from the tittering bromides of Polonius, I

have found only one sentiment that appealed irresistibly to the male students in the class. That is the declaration in which Pope plumbed the depths of Bolingbroke and dredged up the assurance that whatever is, is right. It is the hoariest and most awesome conviction of the Babbitt mind, and its acceptance by the college youth of to-day is a broadly farcical commentary on our times. Here, I realize, I run counter to the shibboleths of the newspapers, which intermittently grow hydrophobic over a rebellious generation. It would be delightful and encouraging if the newspapers were right, but they are not. The wave of revolution that Mr. Coolidge discerned from afar when Vice-President never broke among our classic halls. How should salesmen-to-be revolt against anything? If whatever is, isn't right to the last electron, then the future is unsure and efficiency is imperilled. It must be right, and the bozo that says it isn't must be extinguished with the full police power of undergraduate taboos. There need be no apprehension about college men among those shadowy personages who are assumed to be interested in the preservation of the established order, for college men are sound to the core. Beside the conservatism of a fraternity, a Director's meeting of United States Steel would have a pronounced Bolshevistic tinge. A caucus of the Republican Old Guard is distinctly radical in comparison with the men of a normal American college. They are not only instinctively reactionary, but even consciously so—and with an unctiousness that would appall the editor of the *Wall Street Journal*.

I have just said that this condition is farcical, and to my low, pedagogical mind, which studies the American scene without rancor, it is precisely that. But from another point of view it is pitiful and, indeed, tragic. For youth is the gallant season when the milk bill is of less consequence than certain spears and the glory of dashing oneself against them. Youth satisfied with anything is youth curdled with the hope of selling bonds. There is a time for the slaying of dragons and the pursuit of Utopias. I must maintain, even, that a fair share of revolutionary thought is essential for the full development of intelligence; for soil is made fruitful by plowing, and dynamite in deep-blast charges is acknowledged to be the best means of breaking up the clods and setting free the chemistry of creation. Ideally, college should give young minds four years of splendid intoxication. Made drunk with the freedom of ideas, college students should charge destructively against all the institutions of a faulty world and all the conventions of a silly one. I need not say that they do not.

My courses in advanced composition are an outlet for the ideas of the students who take them. In five years I have had a number of dissenters. I have had themes that inveighed against war and against marriage, themes that advocated an immediate proletarian revolution in the United States, themes that spoke highly of free-love or anarchy or communism, compulsory education in birth-control or the unionization of the farmers, military despotism or the creation of American soviets. One might focus on these themes—the work of some fifteen or twenty persons—and feel gratefully sure that all was well with the colleges, that such bright if momentary enthusiasms were evidence that college youth remained generous and undiscouraged. I might not dissent from such a judgment, but I must add that of the fifteen or twenty only one was a man.

I do not mean to suggest that the coeds as a group are radical, but only that the college radical is more apt to appear among them. And I do insist that, as a group, they are more liberal than the men, less terrified by the prospect of social or intellectual change, and less suspicious of novelty. They seem to take for granted that in whatever is there must be, *ipso facto*, a great deal of nonsense. They are willing to ex-

amine what is proposed in place of it. The men merely set up a yell for the police or what, intellectually, corresponds to the police.

Above all, they are interested. The college man lives up to the type that has been created for him by the humorous magazines in that he seems perpetually bored. His is not the boredom of cynicism, not even of the callow cynicism of the cartoons, but the boredom that is usually called Philistine. Show him that the principles of Mr. Blank's course in "Business Psychology" will enable him hereafter to close a sale, and he will cast off his lethargy and dig; but through courses in the Greek thought of the Fourth Century or the social institutions of Medieval Spain he wanders somnolent and pathetic, a weary, grumbling low-brow who has been cruelly betrayed into registering for what rumor held to be a snap course. The excitements and the ecstasies of the intellectual life are not for him. He has no hunger for those impractical, breathless, dizzying wisdoms that add stature to the soul. But the co-eds, whether self-consciously or not, are really interested in living by the higher centers of the brain. Education retains, for them, something of its old adventurousness; and, for them, there is still some delight to be had in the pursuit of intellectual ends which can never, by any conceivable means, be turned into commissions. The sex is proverbially curious—and curiosity is no poor synonym for intelligence. And no doubt another proverbial attribute, stubbornness, is responsible for the other virtue that remains to be dealt with. Skepticism seems to be indispensable for education, but the college man neither possesses it nor respects its possession in others. He relies on the commercial honesty of the institution that accepts his tuition: surely no professor would accept money for saying something that was not true. A textbook cannot lie, and a professor will not. Logic, evidence, experimentation, and verification are all very well, no doubt, but an uneconomic waste of time. In a pinch, I would undertake to convince a class of men of nearly anything, merely by repeating many times that it was so because I said it was so. One does not teach women in that way. One painstakingly examines all the facts, goes over the evidence, caulks the seams of one's logic, and in every way prepares oneself for intelligent opposition. It may be the devilish obstinacy of the sex. No doubt it is, but also, whatever its place in the ultimate synthesis of wisdom, it is the beginning of knowledge.

All this narrows down to one very simple thing. Democracy has swamped the colleges and, under its impetus, college men tend more and more to reverse evolution and to develop from heterogeneity to homogeneity. They tend to become a type, and, our civilization providing the mold, the type is that of the salesman. The attributes that distinguish it are shrewdness, craftiness, alertness, high-pressure affability and, above all, efficiency. There seems to me little reason to believe that the tendency will change in any way. I have not, indeed, any reason to believe that for the Republic any change is desirable. The mass-production of salesmen, we may be sure, will not and cannot stop. But, at least, there is one force that moves counter to this one. The co-eds, in general, develop into individuals; and, in general, they oppose and dissent from the trend of college education. I do not pretend to say whether their opposition is conscious or merely instinctive, nor can I hazard any prophecy about its possible influence on our national life. But if, hereafter, our colleges are to preserve any of the spirit that was lovely and admirable in their past, I am disposed to believe that the co-eds, those irresponsible and over-dressed young nitwits, will save it unassisted.

THE FAR-EAST'S REACTION TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION

BY ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

IN OUR Western World almost all intelligent observers of international affairs are now alive to a problem which, for want of a better name, we call the problem of "East and West." The name is inadequate because there is no reason to suppose that the Chinese and the Hindus, for example, have much in common beyond the fact that they both differ from Americans or English peoples. It may well be that Chinese and Hindus, Muslims and Russians all have fewer positive points of contact with one another than each has with our Western civilization. It is certainly true that we class them all together under the common name of "Orientals" because, in our present mood of self-confidence, we "Occidentals" inwardly believe that our civilization is the only civilization that counts in the modern world, and that the division between those who are and those who are not within the pale of Western society is the most important division to-day in the ranks of mankind.

Historically, it is very possible that we may be mistaken. When seen in the perspective of many centuries (that perspective in which we ourselves can see the histories of Ancient Greece or Ancient Egypt), our own history, which to us seems the culmination of human evolution, may present itself as one incident, and that not the most important incident, in the long tale of human endeavor. However, we are not concerned very deeply with this rather speculative question of the figure which we are likely to cut in the eyes of our remote successors. Our first concern is to understand, and make the best of the actual world in which we find ourselves; and, from this more practical point of view, our rule-of-thumb division of our world into "West" and "Non-West" is probably the right one. For, after all, the ascendency of the West in the world—though it may date only from yesterday and may be destined to pass away to-morrow—is a potent fact to-day, a fact which at this moment is dominating the lives of all other societies that have come within range of us. Confronted, as they all are, with this identical and most urgent problem, it is not surprising to find that a number of non-Western peoples who differ widely from one another are, nevertheless, reacting to the West in similar ways.

We become aware of this as soon as we turn our attention from distant horizons to the foreground of current events.

At this moment, for instance, to most English people—and probably to most Americans likewise—the words "East and West" call up the picture of an upheaval (turbulent, dangerous, and obscure) in China. This Chinese crisis is so acute that the foreigners who are actually involved in it find it difficult to see it in perspective at all. The onslaught of the Chinese Nationalists upon treaty rights which have been in force for more than eighty years has aggrieved and bewildered local foreign opinion. On the strength of these treaties, foreigners have settled in China, invested capital there,

and given every kind of hostage to fortune. In the third and fourth generation they have come to take the treaty basis of all this for granted, and have assumed that the Chinese were taking it for granted on their side. "What has happened to these good Chinese?" the foreign resident in China is asking. Somebody must have come by stealth and poisoned their minds. The foreigner in China looks about for the enemy who has sown the tares, and thinks he has discovered him in the Bolshevik.

Now there is no reasonable doubt that the Bolsheviks (or, more accurately, one wing of the Russian Communist Party) are doing their best to add fuel to the flames wherever they find a conflagration—not only in China, but in other non-Western countries and indeed in any part of the world. There is even less doubt that they feel flattered and exhilarated when Westerners take their mischief-making seriously; but when we consider that the present regime in Russia is only ten years old, we must admit that, in denouncing it as the cause of all the trouble, we are taking it too nearly at its own valuation. Ten years of even the most consummate Bolshevik propaganda cannot account for the anti-Western movements in China or elsewhere, because, so soon as we begin to examine the history of these movements, we generally find that we can trace back their antecedents for the best part of a century. And what, after all, is the secret of the Bolsheviks' undoubted power to captivate the minds of other Orientals? In the first place, they find the soil already prepared; and in the second place, their preaching appeals to Oriental audiences because the Russians themselves are an Oriental people who have been longer and more deeply involved with the West than most of their fellows and, therefore, possess the prestige of being pioneers on a road on which the rest are finding themselves constrained to follow. In other words, Bolshevism —so far from being a diabolical external cause of the anti-Western movement in the contemporary world—is simply one manifestation of that movement itself; and if it appeals, say, to the Chinese, that is because there is a kind of "pre-established harmony" between the Russian and the Chinese states of mind under the common pressure of Western civilization.

II

This similarity of reaction towards the West, as between peoples far removed from one another in space and widely differing in their social heritages, is very striking. The present writer first approached the modern problem of "East and West" by making a first-hand study of Turkey in 1921. As he follows current events in China with this background in his mind, he finds himself perpetually astonished at the way in which recent history in Turkey is repeating itself in China now. All the leading characters and the decisive situations seem to be the same in the two dramas. In both we find the conflict between the militant Nationalist and the "Old Turk" (or "Old Chinese"). The Nationalist, intoxicated with the new wine of Western doctrine, makes war upon his own Oriental social heritage, in the name of liberty, equality, fraternity, the rights of man, and other Western slogans, as vigorously as he makes war, in the same cause, upon "Western Imperialism." As for the "Old Turk," he has been chastised, poor fellow, for a century past with the whips of Western criticism and has gradually accustomed himself to take his daily thrashing more or less stoically. But even the worm will turn; and so your "Old Turk" shows fight when the younger generation of his own countrymen begin to chastise him with scorpions. The result is civil war: in the one case, Mustafa Kemal and his "Defense of Rights" Party at Angora against the Ottoman Sultan-Caliph at Constantinople; in the other case the Kuomintang at Canton against the Chinese Northern "War Lords."

In either case, the unlucky foreign residents in the distracted Oriental country suffer severely from the chaos which interrupts their trade and threatens to sweep away their treaty-rights. In their natural agitation they are tempted to take sides—at heart, if not avowedly—with that one of the two contending parties which is the less truculent in its denunciation of foreign privileges. On this principle, the party which finds favor with the foreign community is, of course, the old-fashioned faction, which is now so busy fighting its losing battle against the youthful forces of Nationalism that it has no energy to spare for a crusade against foreign privileges. In the fond hope of securing the foreigner's support in the civil war, the "Old Turk" even resigns himself to the final humiliation of stooping to conciliate the powerful "barbarian" whom he has always secretly despised as well as feared. He lets it be known that if God and Fortune and the Foreigner assist him to conquer his presumptuous Nationalist rival, the foreign community need have no fear that its established rights will be challenged by the victorious champions of the old order. And the foreign community, in their indignation and alarm at the militancy of the new Nationalism, actually take the professions of the "Old Turk" at their face value (a mistake against which they should have been forewarned by all their past experience of the country). They take the "Old Turk" under their patronage (just when he is on the point of going under); they exert themselves to discover hitherto unsuspected virtues in his character; and, after persuading themselves, they seek to persuade their home public and their home government, not only that the "Old Turk" is "not such a bad fellow after all," but that in backing him they will be backing a winner. For at this critical juncture the foreign community, in its alarm and bewilderment in a situation where all its old landmarks seem to have disappeared, develops an extraordinary "will to believe" and an almost uncanny faculty for "backing the wrong horse."

The result of all this is apt to be a cruel disillusionment for both these ill-assorted eleventh-hour allies. The "Old Turk," now fighting with his back to the wall, finds the foreigner a broken reed. The Nationalist, conquering in the sign of a new and invincible idea, sweeps the old order away, and the chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh come not to the "Old Turk's" rescue. The "Old Turk" despairs and disappears, and then the foreign community suddenly find themselves confronted with the accomplished fact of a Nationalist victory—the very calamity which, up to the last moment, they had been declaring impossible. On the other side the Nationalist, flushed with his triumph over the enemy in his own household, feels no inclination to deal gently with the foreign community, who had been abusing him and prophesying his defeat so long as the issue of the civil war appeared to hang in the balance. When he was in a tight place the foreigners had shown no friendliness towards him. Why should he show consideration towards them now that the positions have suddenly been reversed? At this stage, the foreign governments overseas may find themselves called upon to take a hand in the game by providing protection for the lives and property of their nationals in the particular Oriental country in question.

This is the plot of the play as the present writer has seen it acted in Turkey; but for "Turkey" write "China"; for "Old Turk" write "Old Chinese," and you have the drama which is unfolding itself in the Far East at this moment; or for "China" write "Russia," and for "Nationalist" write "Bolshevik," and you have the Russian tragedy as it unfolded itself from 1917 to 1920. An American observer of international affairs will probably discern the same plot and the same characters, under another list of dramatis personæ, in Mexico and in more than one republic in Central America. Among non-West-

ern peoples all over the world the reaction to the West seems to be developing along parallel lines.

In this perspective Chinese Nationalism reveals itself, not as an artificial product of Russian propaganda during the last ten years, but as part of a wider movement with deeper roots and a longer history. In the same perspective, incidentally, the foreign treaty rights appear, not as a self-evident and permanent part of the order of nature, but as an essentially transitory regime—no more than a single chapter (though a chapter which could hardly, perhaps, have been dispensed with) in the history of the contact between the West and China or the West and Turkey.

III

This analysis, however, may not pass without criticism from students of Far Eastern affairs. "Your generalizations," they may object, "are much too sweeping. With the extraordinary contrast, under our very eyes, between the reaction of China and the reaction of Japan, we can hardly be expected to accept the proposition that the reactions of the non-Western peoples to Western pressure obey any identical law." Such criticism would be to the point; and an examination of the likenesses and differences in the history of Chinese and Japanese relations with the West offers a promising line of advance for penetrating deeper into the general problem.

Down to the first half of the nineteenth century the history of these relations ran parallel. During the first four centuries of intercourse, both the Chinese and the Japanese Governments remained masters of the situation. They regarded the Western seafarers as just another swarm of "barbarians from the Southern Sea"—uncouth, ingenious, demoniacally energetic and, therefore, potentially formidable, though actually rendered innocuous by their small numbers, the extreme remoteness of their homelands, and their inveterate habit of fighting among themselves on account of trivial and incomprehensible differences of religion and nationality. No doubt these perverse barbarians had something to teach the civilized world. A Japanese feudal lord might profitably set his armorer to make a reproduction of a Portuguese matchlock; a Japanese ship-captain might profitably adapt to his own craft the rig of a Dutch East-Indiaman; and Chinese literati, including the cultivated Son of Heaven himself, might deign to show an enlightened interest in the curious astronomical apparatus constructed for them by the Jesuit Fathers. All these, however, were superfluities, with which Far Eastern society could readily dispense at need; and Far Eastern governments had no use for the South Sea barbarian if he showed an inclination to give trouble. Accordingly, the Chinese and Japanese authorities, during those first four centuries, were careful to keep the intercourse between their own peoples and the Western seafarers at a minimum; and they had no hesitation in terminating it abruptly and completely in the interests of high policy.

The Japanese Government, for instance, after it had admitted the new barbarians for about a century and had sent more than one mission to Europe in order to investigate how these barbarians lived at home, eventually arrived at the conclusion that the bad outweighed the good in Western culture, and that it would be a misfortune for Japan if this dubious and exotic way of life gained a permanent foothold in the land. Thereupon the Japanese Government gave all Japanese converts to Roman Catholicism the choice between recantation and martyrdom, and expelled all European missionaries and merchants from the country, under pain of death if they attempted to break the ordinance of exclusion. Only a handful of Dutch merchants were allowed to keep up a restricted and carefully regulated trade; and these Dutchmen had to submit to being segregated, like pariahs, on a tiny island, where they were subjected

to most humiliating conditions. The Chinese Government, animated by the sense of security and habit of tolerance which are apt to become traditional in ancient world-empires, was slower to act and less drastic in the action which it finally took; but it was too much for the Emperor's patience when a special emissary of the Pope arrived in China in order to censure the tactful Jesuit missionaries for having taken up the position that the Roman Catholic faith was not incompatible with the Confucian rites. What would civilization come to if the Confucian foundations of morality and culture were to be assailed in the name of a preposterous barbarian superstition? The "Battle of the Rites" sealed the fate of the Jesuit Mission in China; and all the efforts of the unfortunate Fathers to repair the mischief only staved off for a quarter of a century the final official veto upon the continuance of Christian propaganda in the Celestial Kingdom. By the opening of the nineteenth century the position of Westerners in China had become little less unfavorable than their position in Japan. Broadly speaking, the principle established in both countries at that time was exclusion, tempered by precarious and restricted admission on terms which no spirited barbarian could be expected permanently to endure if ever he had a prospect of forcing the Chinese and Japanese Governments to revise them. The English—into whose hands the lion's share of the restricted foreign trade at Canton had passed by this date—happened to be spirited barbarians, and they did resort to force in the so-called "Opium War" of 1839–1842. The results of this trial of strength confounded the Chinese and possibly astonished the English themselves. From that moment onwards the relations of China and Japan with the West began to develop on divergent lines.

IV

The War of 1839–1842 was a sign that the Chinese Government had lost control of the situation. In reality, no doubt, it had potentially lost control long before, by failing to face the fact that the "South Sea barbarians" had developed a genuine, if outlandish, civilization of their own and, therefore, could not, with impunity, be treated forever as though they were still uncivilized beings. Had the Chinese Government recognized this betimes and revised its policy towards the Western merchants accordingly, it is probable that the War of 1839–1842 would never have been fought; for while it is perfectly true that there were grave faults on the English as well as on the Chinese side, the situation could have been put right by friendly co-operation between the two Governments if the Chinese Government had persuaded itself to deal with the British Government on equal terms. As things turned out, the Chinese paid a tragic but inevitable price for their delay in adjusting themselves to new realities. Because they had persisted too long in assuming a superiority which had lost its justification, they were suddenly cast down by force into a position of inferiority which was equally unsuited for providing a permanent basis of relations between Far Eastern and Western Society.

The War of 1839–1842 was only the first of a rapid series of blows—wars followed by dictated treaties followed by further wars followed by harsher peace terms—which, in less than a quarter of a century, transformed the relations between China and the West almost beyond recognition. In 1839 the Chinese had still been looking down upon the Westerner as a "barbarian" admitted on sufferance to the outer courts of the Temple; by 1861 the Western resident in China, entrenched behind his new system of treaty rights, was looking down upon the Chinese as a mere "native" in a China where the privileged foreigner had become the lord of creation. It has been suggested above that these so-called "unequal treaties" were a necessary chapter in the history of the contact

between the West and China. They were necessary because the Chinese authorities had failed to remain masters of the situation created by contact; and the inevitable penalty of this failure was that they ceased, for the time being, to remain masters even in their own house. The forcible ascendency of the Western Powers over China continued to increase throughout the nineteenth century, until, in the last decade, it looked as though the territory of the Chinese Empire might actually be partitioned—not, perhaps, between all the Powers concerned, since the United States held aloof altogether from the scramble for leased territories and zones of influence, while Great Britain and France only followed reluctantly in the wake of their more land-hungry peers—but between Russia, Germany, and Japan. This danger was averted, not so much by the efforts of the Chinese themselves as by the working of the balance of power. Russia's expansion in China was brought to an end by the Russo-Japanese War; Germany, as an imperial Power, was eliminated from the Far East by the Great War; Japan was induced to renounce her ambitions of further political expansion at China's expense by these post-war changes in the general system of international relations which were registered in the acts of the Washington Conference.

Meanwhile the Chinese reaction to the West had begun, at the moment when China's political prospects seemed darkest, with the misguided activities of the Boxer Movement—a movement which addressed itself, blindly and fanatically, to the impossible enterprise of casting out force by force, without attempting to understand the West or to discover why Western physical power, when measured against Chinese physical power, had proved irresistible. During the quarter of a century which has elapsed since the suppression of the Boxer Rising by the joint military action of the Powers the Chinese reaction has taken a more promising turn. Mere negative anti-Westernism has given place to a more constructive Nationalism, which recognizes that China can only hope to shake off the external yoke of Western "Imperialism" in proportion as she acquires the inward discipline of Western civilization. To an outside observer this would appear to be the right aim for the Chinese to set themselves; and much ground has been gained if they have learned to hold that aim steadily in view. It is obvious, however, that they are still far from the goal; and their natural human impatience to get rid of the "unequal treaties" before they have completed the laborious training required if they are to raise themselves to a true equality with the Western peoples, has evoked among the foreign residents in China an equally natural human intransigence towards the demand that they shall relinquish their privileges before the Chinese have demonstrated by deeds that these privileges are no longer necessary for the foreign residents' well-being. Thus in China—though a glimmer of daylight is beginning to show again—we are still very far from being out of the wood. The same drama that in Turkey ended on a note of catastrophe is being played, at this very moment, on the Chinese stage; and we can only hope devoutly that the outcome may not prove so catastrophic as the Turkish precedent portends.

V

When we turn to the modern relations between the West and Japan, it is certainly true that, at first sight, no greater contrast to the modern relations between the West and China could well be conceivable. Up to the present moment the Japanese Government appears not only to have retained its mastery over the situation created by contact with the West—a mastery which the Chinese Government lost nearly a century ago—but to have taken permanent rank among the Great Powers of the Western World.

The Japanese have reaped the reward of avoiding the error of statesmanship into which the Chinese permitted themselves to fall. Treated by the Chinese as virtual barbarians themselves, the Japanese governing class found it less difficult than the Confucian literati of the Celestial Empire to look upon the "South Sea barbarians" with unprejudiced eyes. Accordingly, the nineteenth century had barely entered upon the second half of its course before the Japanese began to perceive that these fellow-barbarians of theirs had suffered a sea change, and that the policy of exclusion, which had worked well enough when first applied in the seventeenth century, could not be maintained with impunity now. Their quickness of perception was extraordinary. It sufficed that an American squadron should cast anchor in a Japanese harbor and that an international flotilla should knock to pieces some forts, belonging to recalcitrant feudal clans which had been guilty of firing upon foreign shipping, for the Japanese governing class to realize that if their country was to retain her mastery of the situation, she must be prepared to alter her relations with the West completely, and that, in order to do this, she must further be prepared to make a thoroughgoing revolution in her own national life.

Accordingly, the Japanese governing class began deliberately to "Westernize" the life of the Japanese people before the Western Powers had time to take Japan by storm, as they had taken China by storm between 1839 and 1861. They could not, it is true, avoid the unpleasant transition-phase of "unequal treaties" altogether, since Japan, too, had to open her gates to foreigners prematurely by yielding to diplomatic pressure if she did not wish to see those gates burst open by cannon balls. In Japan, however, the "unequal treaties"—originally imposed, as they were, by a diplomatic pressure which was at any rate less humiliating than the employment of military force—were got rid of, again not by force but by agreement, before they had had time to push their roots deep down into the life of the country. In Japan, the yoke of the "unequal treaties" had no sooner been accepted than the Japanese set themselves laboriously to reform their administration, their law, and their judicial procedure; and they carried through their reforms with such effect—producing not only new rules and regulations but men with a new standard of education and probity to make these regulations a living reality—that the foreigners were compelled by the logic of the facts to admit that the Japanese, through their own exertions, had rendered foreign treaty privileges no longer necessary. Hence, in Japan, the difficult transition from hostile isolation to free and friendly intercourse on equal terms was successfully accomplished in less than half a century, whereas in China it has already been in progress for the best part of a century and the end is not yet in sight.

These facts give the measure of the difference between the Japanese and the Chinese reactions in recent times. It remains to consider how the difference came about; and, in considering this question, we shall find ourselves led to remember that the history of the relations between the Far East and the West is not yet at an end. Just as, during the first phase of intercourse with the West, the reactions in Japan and China proceeded on more or less parallel lines, it is possible that in the final phase the present contrast may disappear or else that, if it persists, the respective positions of the two parties may be reversed.

Why, during the present phase, has Japan handled the situation with such brilliant success, while China, up to date, has made on the whole such a dismal failure of it? The most obvious explanation is offered by the difference in the nature of the Japanese and the Chinese governing class. At the time when Japan had to meet the impact of the modern West she was under the rule of a hereditary aristocracy with a tradition

of fortitude and loyalty, an experience of statecraft, and a habit of command which were more enduring, and more important, than their cultural heritage or their technical training. Hence, the Japanese governing class were able to exchange the Confucian and Buddhist cultures for Western culture, and to adopt industrialized methods of warfare in lieu of the methods of the medieval men-at-arms without ceasing to be the Japanese governing class. They were able to adapt themselves to the changes required by a new international situation without forfeiting their authority over the Japanese people. Hence, the Japanese Revolution, deliberately inaugurated by the Japanese governing class in the eighteen-sixties, has hitherto been a carefully ordered and controlled revolution from above downwards. In the strict sense, it has been no revolution at all, but a rapid, systematic transformation of every element in the national life except the ruling element at the top, which has continued to direct this deliberate process of change, as it had directed the deliberate state of suspended animation in which it had chosen to keep the Japanese people during the preceding two and a half centuries. The true Japanese Revolution has not yet occurred. It will come, if it ever does come (and there are now certain portents of heavy weather in the air) on the day when the Japanese governing class ceases—not to wear two swords and study the Chinese classics—but ceases to govern the Japanese people.

In China the governing class which had to meet the impact of the modern West was of an entirely different character. It was not a hereditary aristocracy with an inherited class tradition. It was a professional civil service, recruited—in the most democratic manner conceivable—by a system of competitive examinations in a classical culture which was accessible to any boy with the talent to excel in it, however poor or humble his parents might be. *Prima facie*, this Chinese system of government was a much more advanced and enlightened system than the Japanese. It would be surprising if it were not so, for China was the fountainhead of Far Eastern civilization from which Japan had drawn in comparatively recent times. On the other hand, it is evident that when the phase of isolation was drawing to an end, and when the most important political question for both China and Japan was ceasing to be "What is the ideal type of governing class from the standpoint of the internal life of a country?" and was coming to be "What is the best type of governing class for meeting the impact of a formidable alien civilization?" then the Chinese civil service was at a considerable disadvantage as compared with the Japanese aristocracy. The Japanese aristocracy could change its cultural and technical environment without losing its identity; but the corporate identity of the Chinese civil service was founded not on descent and family tradition but on a cultural heritage; and it could not renounce its Confucian background without committing suicide. Hence, at the critical moment, when the Japanese governing class was able to take the path of salvation, the Chinese governing class was confronted with the hard choice between two alternative paths of destruction: to perish by accepting Western civilization or to perish by rejecting it. It was only human that the Chinese governing class should choose the second of these alternatives, under which its doom was not immediate. Yet, though not immediate, it was inevitable for all that; and the Chinese Revolution of 1911 was the direct consequence of the loss of mastery which first became patent in the war of 1839–1842. The Revolution of 1911 overthrew much more than the Chinese Empire; it overthrew the whole Confucian way of life, in which the civil service that had governed that empire for more than two thousand years had lived and moved and had its being.

We can now state the cause of the difference between the Chinese and the Japanese reaction to the modern West in a few words. While Japan has been adjusting herself to the West by a revolution from above downwards, China has been compelled to attempt the same adjustment by the far more difficult process of a revolution from below upwards. The Chinese governing class was incapable, by its nature, of taking the initiative in the ordeal of "Westernization." Therefore, the Chinese governing class was bound to lose control over the situation created by contact; and, therefore, also, the Chinese people was bound to sweep the traditional Chinese system of government away before it could begin to take the necessary initiative on its own account. It was for this reason that the Chinese Revolution started nearly half a century later than the Japanese, and that during the sixteen years that have passed since 1911 it has been so chaotic, while the first half-century of the Japanese Revolution has been so orderly.

In this phase Japan, thanks to an accidental harmony between her own historical evolution and the problem set her by the advent of the West, has been confronted with a far easier task. The Japanese Revolution has so far been conducted by a governing class with an unbroken tradition of political experience in a country in which there are no deeply rooted foreign treaty rights to complicate the situation. The Chinese Revolution has so far been conducted, like the old Chinese Government, by students who are men of the people; but nowadays these students are inspired by Western ideas and not by the Confucian culture, and instead of navigating inland waters that had been explored by two thousand years of Confucian political practice, they have had to launch their new ship of state, without experience, upon a dangerous and uncharted sea. In the course of working out the adjustment between China and the West they are having to improvise a new system of government; and they are confronted with a system of treaty rights which has grown with time until it now overshadows the national life of the country.

Thus, the fact that the Chinese Revolution is being carried out from below upwards, and not from above downwards like the Revolution in Japan, appears to be the key to the critical situation in China to-day. It makes the present phase more difficult because it makes temporary chaos inevitable; but it also makes the more distant outlook more hopeful because, if the belated attempt at "Westernization" in China does, after all, succeed, the new order is likely to rest upon broader foundations there than the adjustment which has been imposed on Japan from above by her Elder Statesmen.

China is in the middle of troubles which Japan has so far managed to avoid. It is possible, however, that the troubles of Japan have been postponed rather than averted altogether. The Chinese and the Japanese reactions to the West, when they have both run their full course, may turn out to have been less different from each other than they now appear.

A NEW ADVENTURE FOR MILLIONAIRES

THE DUTY OF WEALTH TO PUBLIC SERVICE

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHEN the voters of the State of New York retired United States Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., to private life in November, 1926, they interrupted a most striking example of long service by one family in our public life. General James S. Wadsworth fell at the Battle of the Wilderness—one of the best of the volunteer generals from civil life. He had been nominated for Governor of New York in 1862 when in the field. His son, James W. Wadsworth, was a Congressman for sixteen years, representing the Genesee Valley district in which his family for generations has lived as landed squires in exactly the English style, with thousands of acres in their possession. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., was a soldier in 1898, served for six years in the New York Legislature, and for twelve years as Senator.

There is no reason to believe that Mr. Wadsworth's defeat is anything but a temporary interruption of the public service of this remarkable family. But the fact that it is one of the few with a record covering three successive generations in public life brings up the question anew: Does wealth oblige in the United States? Does it bring with it a sense of responsibility to the State and a readiness to serve the public? Are our families of an elder wealth or the numerous possessors of newly won millions as eager to find satisfaction in entering public life or devoting themselves to causes affecting the public weal as those similarly situated, let us say, in the English motherland?

These questions suggest themselves as one travels through the land and sees on every hand evidences of great wealth. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco are no longer the exclusive habitat of the millionaire. The eleven thousand men and women of this financial class reported to the income-tax authorities for 1925, reside in many portions of the country; no less than two hundred and seven of them had each an *annual income* of one or more millions of dollars. Doubtless many others who are not thus listed because of skillful arrangement of their fortunes and investments, belong in the millionaire class. When one considers the magnitude of this group and studies it as a whole, despite a number of praiseworthy exceptions, the verdict must be that the bulk of its members utilize their wealth primarily to amass more, or for the purpose of getting as much pleasure as possible out of life. They flit from New York, or some other city, to Florida or California for the winter months, spend spring and fall on their farms, and put in the remaining months at the seashore, or in the mountains, or in wandering about Europe. Of all nomads they are the most nomadic; if they occupy one of their many houses for three months consecutively it is an event. But their very restlessness and instability prove that after a certain amount of money has been acquired the limitations on the life of pleasure are insuperable. There is certainly a limit to the number of polo ponies,

yachts, automobiles, and homes one person can use in the course of a twelvemonth.

Most of these wanderers of wealth consider their duty to the country discharged if they order their secretaries to send checks to some churches, the newest cathedral, or the community chests, or the special charities they favor with their patronage. The agencies which they believe insure public peace and the maintenance of the existing social order do not, of course, appeal in vain—one of our richest women has collected all the radical journals she can obtain for the purpose of horrifying herself and her friends by this evidence of the spread of the red menace and bolshevism. The great new system of military training in colleges and summer camps wins their support not because they know whether it has or has not military value, but because as members of the Detroit Board of Commerce recently put it, "adequate preparation for war is the bulwark against revolution"—recent Russian history to the contrary notwithstanding. When checks have gone to these and to our security leagues, the annual hegira from home to home or hotel to hotel can be taken up with the satisfying conviction that one has done everything which can rightly be expected of a good and loyal American citizen.

But the public service languishes and so do the deeper causes which have to do with other things than superficial prosperity and keeping the workers and their unions in their proper places. Infinite are the opportunities for great and useful public service in and out of office; usually the appeal goes unnoticed by the rich. By that is not meant, of course, that any vision of a progressive America contemplates a government by, for, and with rich men any more than it spells a government exclusively by, for, and with manual laborers. Nor is it intended to suggest that a Congress and an administration filled with men of means, bearing historic names, with enough wealth to put them beyond reach of that pecuniary temptation to which members of the Harding Cabinet yielded more or less criminally, would be the ideal organization of our public life. Nor does it assume that the scion of a house which has amassed its millions through the sale of automobiles, or chewing-gum, or a new drink, or the movies, or by fortunate "flyers" in Steel Common or General Motors is thereby equipped with the attributes of a statesman. A well-rounded democracy demands representation of all groups. The mere sudden possession of great wealth often turns the head and raises personal selfishness to the *n*th degree. But it is a fact that there are now plenty of families who, like the Wadsworths, have inherited and possessed wealth for generations whose members apparently place the achieving of more riches, or a social success at Palm Beach above all other pursuits in life. If they have time to give thought to our public affairs, that time is spent in abuse of Congress and the devout wish that America beget a Mussolini to give us a one hundred per cent efficient despotism so that we might have a perfect officialdom entirely obsequious to wealth, keeping its hands entirely off private business, and ready to relieve every American of the fatigue of giving a single thought to politics, or government, or the relation of either to the economics of the day.

II

But there are exceptions? Of course. There are a number of men of inherited wealth in our diplomatic service where private means are, generally, essential if one would be a minister or an ambassador. There is still a Hamilton Fish in Washington—one of the third generation of that distinguished family. The new Assistant Secretary of War for aviation is the son of an admired and popular former member of the firm of Morgan—the late Henry P. Davison, and the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy is a

nephew of Theodore Roosevelt. The son of the late Robert Bacon, once Secretary of State, is a Congressman from Long Island. United States Senator Robert L. Gerry, of Rhode Island, is of the lineage of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He has recently inherited additional millions from his father, who gave his life to the aiding of the child victims of the social system of the metropolis. There are still millionaires enough in the Senate and House, though their presence there is more often due to a desire to protect vested interests and advance their welfare, or to safeguard special privileges, than for any other purpose. Yet even when one recalls the superb public service of Gifford Pinchot, of George D. Pratt as Forestry and Game Commissioner in New York, of Stephen T. Mather, the devoted and able head of our national parks, of Thomas Ewing as Patent Commissioner, and other men of wealth and family tradition, the list remains discouragingly short.

For this, it is true, certain defects of our political system are in part responsible. The great school of statesmanship in England is the House of Commons. No Englishman has to go hat in hand to a political boss to obtain a nomination; nor does he, if elected, have to pay an annual contribution, sometimes in excess of his salary, to the treasurer of Tammany Hall, or some similar organization. Because most men will not thus demean themselves, the representation of the greatest American city in Congress comprises nothing but political and civic mediocrities—the average New Yorker cannot to-day mention the name of a single Congressman from his city. Some years ago the descendant of a distinguished Virginia family, Francis Burton Harrison, bitterly resented a journalistic criticism of him for taking a seat in Congress. Had his family not been in public life for years—generations? Must he give up thought of further service because he was a Democrat, lived in New York, and Boss Murphy picked the Congressmen? Murphy, he swore, had never given him orders. But he could not deny, when taxed with it, that his annual check of five figures went into the Tammany war chest alongside the toll paid by the prostitute, the gambler, the drug-peddler, the law-violating liquor dealer, and all the rest who at that time, at least, supplied Tammany with the sinews of war.

Again, when a young Englishman enters the House of Commons, it is within his power to make a name for himself with his maiden speech—provided he has the requisite talents. Pitt entered the House at twenty-one, Charles James Fox at seventeen. Winston Churchill, who ranks as the ablest debater in Parliament to-day, made his mark quickly enough. It was not merely family prestige which made him a member of the Government at twenty-six, but his own talents. In the United States a young man may enter the House as soon as he reaches the legal age, but even if he had the eloquence of Wendell Phillips he could not command the attention of the country. Nor could he rise to a position of influence in Congress except by long service—it has taken Nicholas Longworth, a man of means and family, twenty-three years to achieve the Speakership; and he could not have risen to that position under our committee system if he had not stood in with the ruling Ohio political machine and come from a safe Republican district. The American custom of choosing a Representative only from the district in which he lives makes against long and useful political careers; in England a constituency may ask any British citizen, irrespective of his residence, to represent it in Parliament. Actually the American House no longer attracts much talent; whereas the Senate, for which any resident of a State may offer himself at the primaries, appeals to-day to men who desire to serve their State and their country. There they can quickly make their mark—and one reason is the very rule of unlimited debate which Vice-

President Dawes seeks to have abrogated. With the State legislatures no longer of any interest, the Senate is the only remaining legislative body where men can freely measure their abilities and their talents with one another, and win a national reputation.

As for the public service as a whole, outside of the diplomatic service, the army and navy, and some of the scientific bureaus, there is as yet no great appeal to the young American of independent means. One of the merits of President Roosevelt's administration was that the charm and power of his personality and his interest in public service drew into public life a group of young men who enlisted under his personal banner. That group has largely disappeared with the lapse of years. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, was too shy, too self-centered, too suspicious, and too cold to draw around him a group of acolytes. When he did unbend he could be the most entertaining and charming of men. Had his career not ended in disaster and the wreck of all his hopes for the peace and for those domestic reforms for which he contended until compelled to devote all his time to the War, he would still have left no body of young men in the public service inspired to work on in his spirit—the Democratic Party remains extraordinarily destitute of fine political timber in House, Senate, the federal service, or the various States. The extent of the desire to serve the government should not, of course, depend upon the personality and personal attributes of a leader or leaders. In a community of ideals the youth of the land should, as is the case in England, offer itself of its own volition for the legislature, the government, the colonial service, and all the rest.

Not with us is this the case, so far as those favored by fortune are concerned. Our tremendous industrial expansion, the extraordinary fascination of the money-making power, the possibilities of continent-wide—yes, world-wide—business conquests, the economic winning of the West, these have all turned the favored youth of the land—whether favored by fortune or by the possession of fine family traditions of public service—into business fields. So the wonderful Adams family of Massachusetts has disappeared from public or semi-public life with the deaths of Charles Francis, Henry, and Brooks Adams. Only one Roosevelt son seeks a public career; as yet in our public life there is no family successor to Henry Cabot Lodge, or Elihu Root, or Joseph H. Choate, or Charles E. Hughes—as Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., has bravely, and promisingly, succeeded his father. The Vanderbilts have never contributed a member of their family to public life, with the exception of one military man. Neither have the Astors, nor the Goelets, nor many other families. Many of their members have taken life seriously and worked hard. Some, like Archer M. Huntington, through their public benefactions to arts and the sciences, have rendered most estimable service. Others, like the members of the Dodge and Osborn families in New York, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have largely devoted themselves and their means to educational and social welfare undertakings which illustrate their generosity, their sense of social responsibility, and their ability to subordinate wealth to its proper place in a man's or woman's life. But the roll of those who go in for political service remains amazingly small, even in Massachusetts, so full of the Puritan traditions and the descendants of the Pilgrims. When Harvard or Yale can report the appointment or election of four or five Harvard or Yale Senators or Ambassadors, the alumni weeklies of those great institutions are almost moved to the publication of extra editions.

III

Public office itself is not, of course, the only test. Endless are the opportunities for those who can afford to take

small salaries and devote themselves to the betterment of society and the State through those ever-increasing organizations which we Americans are compelled to create in order to keep our public machinery functioning clearly in some degree and in order to mop up the wreckage of our social system. No sooner do we create a new situation such, let us say, as probation in the courts, than there must be created a private society to see that the probation system is properly carried out, that the judges do their duty, that the cause is properly presented and not maligned in the press. In innumerable instances private initiative has to fill a vacuum deliberately left by the State. So Miss Lillian Wald and her Henry Street Settlement have created that extraordinary system of public nursing which would plainly be monopolized by any State primarily concerned with the health and welfare of the individual citizen—has not Governor "Al" Smith officially urged New York to begin the socialization of the nursing and medical professions and to take over the supplying of milk to the cities upon the ground that it is as much the duty of the State to see that each child gets clean milk as to provide pure water?

Endless are the philanthropic organizations—and yet their support is nothing like what it should be. Take the great work of the late Thomas Mott Osborne. A man of large means, he threw himself into the political life of the State only to find himself baffled. Then he found in his crusades for the prisons great opportunity and complete personal satisfaction. The abuses he uncovered cried to high Heaven for redress. Everybody who has ever come into touch with our prisons knows that they are the antithesis of what they ought to be; that they breed crime but do not cure it. Were there recruits in number to hold up Mr. Osborne's hands? Did young men of wealth and family, free from the necessity of earning their living, rush to his support? They did not; aid, pitifully small and inadequate, came from other sources. Then there are our Indians and our Negroes. The Indians continue to be robbed, maltreated, denied the rights of citizens such as a fair trial in court, or the right to will away their property, or to say where and how their children shall be educated. The plight of our colored people still calls for the bestowal upon them of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution. Here, again, are unlimited opportunities for unofficial public service. Who responds? Even the descendants of the Abolitionists have largely fallen away.

The scions of wealth, the inheritors of family traditions, surely see no patriotic call in causes like these. Patriotism has come to mean for them—where it exists at all—a singing of the National Anthem; a demand that everybody support the Administration in power whether right or wrong—as to that they will not undergo the mental effort necessary to an inquiry; a belief that the Constitution is inviolable—except where one chooses to violate it because of a personal appetite or desire; and the comfortable feeling that loyalty is synonymous with upholding the army and navy at all times and places.

Study old social conditions and new political theories? By no means. The rest of the world may be in flux and in a deadly grapple with economic conditions that change over night, but ours is a perfect form of government, better administered than any other country—save only the Italy of Mussolini. The young men of this type cannot understand why Bertrand Russell, the heir apparent to a great British title, or Oswald Moseley, husband of so distinguished and rich and titled a wife as Lady Cynthia, or Lord De La Warr, direct descendant of the Lord De La Warr who founded Delaware, or Commander Kenworthy, who some day will be Lord de Strabolgi, or Lord Thomson, or the son of Stanley Baldwin, and so many others of wealth, position, and rank should be giving themselves to making

over radically the society in which their lives are lived so happily and so richly. Englishmen like these, and many similar ones in the Conservative camp, feel the call of duty, often to humanity when not to the State alone. With them nobility does oblige. With them wealth connotes social responsibility and duty. With them family tradition indicates public service as the ideal career.

With us, as a whole, the similar class, I repeat, feels no obligation in peace time save to minister to its pleasure and salve its conscience with its doles to charity. Even from their own point of view this is folly; they ought at least to detail one in every ten among them to devote himself to public life. If they could but fix their eyes upon anything else than the social columns, the stock market, the great villas in Florida, the palaces on our northern seacoasts, it might occur to them that no society will in the long run permit the piling up of riches by the fortunate few at the rate and to the extent which is happening to-day; that the huge Juggernauts of industrialism, built up in this and other countries, are becoming economic supergovernments which already challenge the powers of the State and bid fair to dwarf them. Were these multi-millionaires to care and to ponder they would not be content with endowing colleges—often in exchange for honorary degrees—nor with establishing such great foundations as are banishing epidemic disease from the face of the earth, or making the life of the professor less of a poverty-stricken career, or rewarding and stimulating research. These Americans might also ask themselves why the masses of people everywhere are dissatisfied with their government and their social conditions. If they then set themselves to seeking really to discover the answers to that question they might find that they had embarked upon an adventure which would pay them far richer dividends in content and happiness than flirting in Florida, or dancing at Deauville, or yachting in the Mediterranean.

HOME FIRE

A STORY

BY MARGARET AYER BARNES

HOW did she manage to do it on the alimony? That was Philip Mayne's first thought on re-entering Marion's little drawing-room and taking his familiar stand before the smoldering fire. Nine years since he'd seen it. It wasn't the same drawing-room, of course. Very different, this little apartment parlor, in all essential respects, from their old suburban living room. Then, he'd had his job in the bank. Now, her slender share of his fluctuating income as an erratic journalist and critic couldn't take her very far.

But Marion had always been thrifty; and the atmosphere of the two rooms was strangely alike. There were the books, hers and her father's, lining the walls from floor to ceiling, their red and brown, their green and gold bindings decorating the room like the warm, blended tints of some old tapestry. There were the nine daffodils—Marion would have nine, of course, neither six nor an even dozen—in the glass bowl on the piano. He knew where the other three were. He knew as well as if he'd seen them—in Marion's bedroom, on her dressing table, in the little silver vase he'd given her the Christmas they were first engaged. The idea, then, had been that he would always keep it filled with one perfect rose. He hadn't long, of course, but Marion had nearly always managed to find a posy for it. Yes, the other three would be there.

There was the old Arundel print over the fireplace, Botticelli's wistful Aphrodite on her fluted shell, drifting uncertainly ashore from her cold, green sea to meet unknown, unsought desire in the leafy woods. Not his idea of Venus. Never had been. But Marion had always loved her. She said that the newborn goddess would have looked like that. She had as much to learn from men as they from her. A wistful Aphrodite, thought Philip with a little twisted smile, was a more appropriate patron to preside over the interview before him than any more urgent goddess. He felt old and wise and infinitely disillusioned. Wistfulness exactly described the quality of his feeling toward Marion. A timid, tender yearning toward belated reunion that was practically untouched by passion. He had put the illusion that was love behind him forever.

"Mrs. Mayne asks you to wait," said the maid on the threshold. Philip sank nervously into his old armchair and suppressed a restless gesture toward his waistcoat pocket. He'd like a cigarette. Perhaps a Lucky'd bring him luck. But no—one didn't smoke a casual fag at a moment like this, waiting to see one's former wife after an interval of nine long years. Not in her very parlor. Waiting . . . and hoping that she'd take him back.

Yes, everything was surprisingly the same. But it wasn't just the objects in the room, vaguely familiar as they all were to him. It wasn't even the faint breath of Marion's favorite perfume that hung reminiscently in the circumambient

air. It was something much less tangible than any of these things. A manner of drawing the armchairs cosily around the tiny hearth, of placing the lamps on tables just where you'd want the light, of planting cigarettes where they came easily to hand, of setting the little scene for comfort and intimacy and confidential talk—that was somehow his former wife in its very essence.

Nice, it would be, to have a home again. A home—like this. The nostalgia born of the haphazard years spent casually in impersonal club bedrooms and barren bachelor flats welled up in Philip's heart. Why had he wearied of it all before?

He hadn't wearied, really, of his home, but of the dull routine on which it all depended. Leaving the bank each day at half-past four, catching the five-fifteen, reading *The Evening Star*, with other bankers. The bankers' train, it was. Lucky to get it. Lawyers and business men caught the fifty-five. No one but he had thought it was absurd. Coming in again on the eight-nine. Reading *The Morning Sun*, with other bankers. Lawyers and business men on the seven-fifty. Good Lord, what a life! Bar the ten months in Oklahoma that had been his war, he had endured it for five mortal years—because of Marion. It had seemed heaven when he took it on at twenty-four, unwitting victim of the biologic urge toward marriage!

What hadn't he hoped for when Marion said she'd marry him? Her great brown eyes, her scarlet petal of a mouth, her slender, tremulous hands had seemed to promise all the heart of man could desire. He'd been so sure that he could teach her love. He had, of course. She'd loved him, in her way—that he knew. She'd brought two babies into the world. What had gone wrong between them? Was it just that marriage couldn't be romance? Illusion vanished when dreams became reality?

Well—he'd try to make it go, this time, if she would take him back. Perhaps he could. Hope sprang eternal, thought Philip, the critic, with a detached smile for the riddles of the human heart. Somehow, in ceasing to be reality, Marion had become once more a dream. Couldn't he persuade her to let him try again?

It wouldn't be too easy. For Marion was an uncompromising idealist. The last woman in the world to understand how man could slip and fall. Mistress of her emotions, always. His happy-go-lucky attitude toward life had always startled her. She had to stop and think and talk things out. He was content to feel. On the road to emotional fulfilment they had always tripped and stumbled over differences in thought. With all her humor she was essentially serious. Full of illusions on human conduct, but unsustained, when it came to the personal pinch, by his cynical sympathy for the foolish frailties of poor mortality, wandering, always, in a world of dreams, pathetic, too, with the childlike pathos of all idealists caught in a world of compromise. Not happy, he was sure.

But happiness, as viewed at twenty-four, was more than one asked of life at thirty-seven. The glow of romance had faded, but surely he could kindle the flame of sentiment on the domestic hearth. The serenity of a Darby and Joan existence together with the children was theirs for the taking. The children were his talking point. Surely she'd think of them. They must have meant a lot to her, of course; since her father's death, especially. Curious he'd thought of them so seldom. Well—he'd been a busy man. Babies they were that day he went away, so little thinking that he'd not come back. Big children now. Philip glanced eagerly about the room, rising once more to his feet on the hearth rug. She must have pictures of them, somewhere about.

There was the boy in the gold frame beside the daffodils. Philip approached the picture with a flutter beneath the waistcoat that surprised his disillusioned self. Attractive lad—but like his mother's people. His grandfather, the old professor, all over again. At sixty-

five the dear old gentleman had kept just that look of childlike candor. The boy liked his boarding school. Marion had written that, in thanking him for his offer to take over the payment of the child's tuition. Curious to think that was his son. He'd never thought of how he'd look—a boy in tweeds, with freckles and a wide disarming grin.

No pictures of the girl about. She was at home, of course. She would be ten in April. A little girl, with fluttering petticoats above bare knees. In pigtails or in curls or with the sleek, cropped head that children now affected. A small daughter. Appealing thought! Philip checked his tender speculation with a derisive smile, checked also, a second time, that instinctive gesture toward his waistcoat pocket, and moved again toward the fire. Moodily he kicked the crumbling log. It fell asunder in a shower of sparks. Was he turning sentimentalist after all these years? Well, it was a sentimental situation. You couldn't get away from that, though his own approach to it had been practical enough.

Stupid to stay apart—that had been his thought. Just stupid, when the flame which had separated them had so long ago died down to feathery ashes. Even the ashes no longer remained between them. The various winds of doctrine, blowing through his breezy life, had long since whirled away the last of them. What had it been but a blaze of excelsior at best? Hot and brilliant enough for the moment it lasted, more exciting than the smoldering embers on a domestic hearthstone, but not a conflagration, in retrospect, to be taken seriously.

Well, he'd never done that. Not even at the time. He could reassure Marion on that point. Letty's place in the scheme of things had always been quite clear to him. But he had been a fool. Plenty of other men would have managed the whole affair more quietly, would have had their cake and eaten it too. It was a phase he had passed through, but he might have passed through it with less uproar. He saw that now quite clearly.

Letty was but a symbol of the general revolt of the period. He had gone in for Letty in the giddy intoxication of having escaped the bank, of having discovered a new world, his world, the one he was made for. If it hadn't been for that play he'd written he might have been a vice-president of the Midland Loan and Trust Company that minute! After nine years the sense of escape was still vividly with him. God, how he'd hated that bank! And then—his play! The key to freedom! A fluke! Tossed off in a summer holiday! He'd never done another which had run a week. But that one had sufficed. It had unlocked the door of the Midland's vault; it had carried him to New York to supervise rehearsals, and thanks to Letty, bewitching little actress that she was, it had run for three delirious years while he found firm footing in journalistic circles and acquired recognition among the *intelligentzia* of his generation.

Letty had just happened, as it were, on the side—effulgent Letty, so blonde and so beautiful, picked from the chorus by that inspired Jew, his manager, to play his glittering heroine, with what unerring witchery and distinction! Before the rehearsals were half underway he had fallen a victim to her childlike charm. He had been young and careless. By the time his play had run a month they were notorious on Broadway, where such notoriety is not too easy to achieve. Well, if he'd made her a star, she'd made him a journalist, burned the last bridges between him and the return to the bank. Notorious rakes are not the stuff of which vice-presidents are made! Letty had literally ferried him across the Rubicon, and he was correspondingly grateful. She was playing Juliet, now, in London—the divorced wife of a British peer. He'd plucked her from the chorus, but she'd saved him from the Midland Loan and Trust Company. The affair was long over, and the

obligations, thought Philip with a grin, were mutual.

Marion had never argued, but she had divorced him. Discreetly and decently, with every possible consideration for his feelings and his reputation. She'd gone back with the babies to her old father, the astronomer, on the university campus, and waited those two years required by Illinois law to prove desertion.

He had stayed in New York. At first for Letty and then for fun and, finally, because it was the place to stay if you were interested in writing. It was the place, preëminently, where things happened. Things of the mind, at least. It had seemed to him, fresh from the mental stagnation of the Midland Loan and Trust Company, a great adventure of the intellect to live there. He had never quite lost that early sense of glitter that was really gold, of careless, lavish luxury all around him, and freedom to think unquestioned the thoughts which popped up unbidden in the mind. That was what New York had always meant to him—ideas rampant, on a field d'or! Of course, to be fair, there *were* bankers on Wall Street. But, thank God, he didn't know them!

Marion would like New York . . . if she'd consent to live with him again. She loved ideas, generated her own, too, and clung to them a trifle tenaciously. But very good ones they always were. Would she consent? She must be thinking of it, since she let him come. Why *didn't* she show up? Nervous work—this waiting. Marion was never late. Could she be nervous, too? Good sign or bad? Surely she would at least consider what he had to say. What would he say? He hadn't thought it out. Discuss the children soberly, of course—she'd have them on her mind. And tell her, honestly enough, thank God, she was the only woman that he'd really loved. That was, of course, what she would want to hear.

A footfall in the passage whirled him about on the hearth rug. And there she was in the doorway. Marion! But how different! Really, how very different! Not any older. Younger, in fact, but not at all the same. It was the style of course, absurdly suited to her slender figure. He hadn't thought that she would change like that. That cropped brown head, that awkward, boyish grace, the short red frock, long ear-rings, cordial smile! She stepped to the hearth rug and held out her hand.

"Sit down, Phil dear, and have a cigarette. Don't look so scared!" Her voice was just the same. He had forgotten it—that soft contralto note which faltered to a laugh. She sat, herself, beneath the golden lamp. "Put on another log. Tea'll soon be here. Or will you have a drink? I'm sure you've lots to say."

He had. But somehow nothing would come out. He gazed, as in a spell. This, then, was what he'd thrown away. His wife. She must be thirty-six. She didn't look within ten years as old. Younger than when he'd left her. But it was the style. With a devastating sense of his own gray hairs and a total forgetfulness of his lean, cadaverous charm, Philip clung desperately to that assuaging thought. And yes—it *was*. For even in the mellow glow of golden lamplight, her face, itself, was older. The great brown eyes a tiny shade more gaunt. The mouth a scarlet petal no longer. Emphasized with a stroke of artificial red, that cleverly matched the wine shade of her gown, it seemed a quivering wound, now that she'd ceased to smile. It *did* quiver. Marion was nervous, too. She passed the cigarettes across the hearth rug. The slender, tremulous hands were unchanged. She wore his wedding ring. His heart leaped up as he noticed it.

"You're—looking well." She broke the little pause.

"I'm awfully gray."

"What's the odds, since you're a man? It's most becoming. You look distinguished, Phil. You *are* distinguished. I should congratulate you. I always read your stuff."

"Does it amuse you?"

"Yes. It's so like you. It's kept me—well—in touch."

She had the advantage of him there, he thought. In touch was just what he wasn't! How little he knew about her life! Pleasant, it must have been. She'd stayed so young and pretty. Full of—experience. Other men, of course. He hadn't thought of them. All her old campus beaux. And new ones, too. That fellow in the archæology department who taught for the love of it. He was quite a boy! A packer's son, with leisure on his hands. He'd always hung about Marion's tea table. She must have had her adventures. Absurd of him to think he'd find her as he was himself, bored with a life emotionally void, still intrigued with the past. But yet, she'd never married. He'd take a plunge.

"You know, of course, you're prettier than ever?"

"Now, that's disarming of you, Phil! Of course I don't believe it!"

"How could you stay so young?"

She lighted her cigarette before she spoke, quite calmly. But her voice was faintly shaken with emotion.

"It's living makes us old. I haven't —lived much."

"You haven't—lived?"

"Not really, Phil. Not lived a life like yours. I've existed in a state of suspended animation, rather like Snow White in her glass casket. Father was the seven little dwarfs rolled into one. He took beautiful care of me. But the campus was very like the enchanted forest. It wasn't life."

"The prince never entered?"

"Well—he never broke the casket!" She laughed a little unsteadily. "Princes can't be what they once were! I've never found them all they're cracked up to be."

"And yet you let me in?"

"Perhaps I didn't understand your role. Have you come," she asked, naïvely, her gravity belied by a latent twinkle, "in the capacity of Prince Charming?"

"Marion," he said, "I've come to make amends. I've come in all humility to ask you to forgive me. Do you think you can?"

She looked at him quite gravely before she spoke.

"I think there's nothing, really, to forgive."

"You mean—you *have* forgiven?"

At this she went to the heart of the matter at once, with characteristic candor. No beating about the bush.

"One can't help love. It strikes one. Or it doesn't. Like lightning."

"Yes," said Philip doubtfully, determined to match her generosity with his own. "But one needn't court the thunderbolt by walking abroad in the storm." Facing her wide, attentive eyes, he felt a slight embarrassment. He smiled disarmingly and took refuge in a note of levity. "I rather forsook my lightning rod, you know. I might have been more particular about my—insulation."

"I don't think that," said Marion quite firmly. "When we love, we love. Some of us more than once. And we can't help it. Here comes your tea. You won't have a cocktail?"

"Thanks, no," said Philip. Though perhaps he needed one. He felt strangely shaken.

"You take your tea the same?" He nodded gravely. The maid had left the room. Marion laughed up at him over the poised sugar tongs. "Oh, Phil, my dear! Can't you smile? It *is* a little funny! Dropping in the same three lumps after all the years!"

He laughed at that and resumed his seat in the armchair.

"More things than the three lumps are just the same," he said.

"But some are very different. I'm very different, Phil. I hope I've come to understand. I've thought a lot, and suffered. As you have yourself."

Stirring his tea, Philip discreetly reviewed his past for signs of suffering. His few Byronic moments in the throes of the Letty incident seemed in retro-

spect hardly worthy of the name. Aside from them he had passed nine busy, interesting, if latterly somewhat lonely, years. He felt a bit ashamed. It *was* a man-made world. Women always drew the short straw in the lottery of the emotions. Marion *had* suffered. You could see it in her eyes and in that different mouth.

"My dear," he said, "I haven't suffered as you think. My suffering is still ahead of me. It's waiting for me around the corner in case you turn me down."

She was looking at him steadily.

"Just what have you come to ask of me?" she said.

She seemed terribly self-possessed—mistress of herself and the situation, disconcertingly adequate, somehow withdrawn into her brittle, brilliant shell of modern fashion. But she intrigued him as never before. He looked long into her wide brown eyes, glimpsed there, he thought, for a moment, before her gaze fell before his own, the faltering ghost of the old Marion, softened, victimized, delivered into his hands, perhaps, by the potent spell of their mutual memories.

"Remarriage," he answered gently.

"Aren't you a bit—abrupt?"

"It seems abrupt to you. Impertinent, perhaps. But not to me. I've thought of it so long." He rose and tossed his half-smoked Lucky in the fire. He was in for it now. He stood looking down at her from the hearth rug. The battle was on. He'd stand or fall by what he'd find to say. He'd fire his big gun at the start.

"Marion," he said, "You are the only woman that I've ever loved."

She frowned and put her teacup down.

"Oh, Phil! You needn't say that to me! Really, you needn't! I'd rather you didn't. You can be quite honest. I'm sure I'll understand."

"I *am* honest," he protested eagerly. "You know I loved you."

"Yes. In a way." Her voice was slightly shaken. "There are so many ways of loving."

He dropped down beside her on the little sofa.

"Marion, you know what's been between us! But I won't deceive you. Until I saw you now I didn't know how much I loved you still. You—you are enchanting me all over again. If you really understand—you must know that."

"Yes," she said softly, smiling back into his eyes, a faint flush rising in her cheeks. "Yes. I know that."

He seized her hands.

"Marion—no other woman has ever counted!"

"Don't say that, Phil. You don't have to, really."

"I want to say it."

"No, you mustn't. Don't deny the past. You must keep faith with—everyone."

"With whom—but you?" he asked. Her eyes were bright with happiness. But she answered steadily:

"With her, my dear. With—Letty."

He gave a great start of astonishment.

"Letty? Do we have to speak of her?"

"I think we do. Unless you'd rather not."

He drew back, a little chilled with amazement.

"Just as you like. She wasn't in my thought."

"She must be always there. In her own corner."

"Dear, you don't understand."

"Indeed, I do." She drew her hands away. "Listen to me, Phil, while I explain. Just for this once. Then if it hurts I'll never mention it again. But you must know my thoughts. I couldn't live with you, unless you did."

He caught rapturously at the phrase.

"You *will* live with me? But . . ."

"Wait," she said. "For I do understand."

What if she did, he thought. A small thing, understanding. Of so remote a past. Here was Marion again, stumbling over thought. Why not be content to feel? Succumb to the intoxication

of the moment. Let explanations go! They would come later in the intimate and tender confidence that was a part of every human passion. He'd tell her about his life, of course, and learn all hers. But now—why talk? Why resurrect the past?

"Philip," she said, and took his hand again, "Philip, I wasn't the right wife for you. There's something in me that restrains expression. It checks me now. I'm just—a little person to whom nothing much can ever happen. I'm not up to the great roles. I know you felt that lack. But I know—I know there's a world of the emotions that I never entered. A world well lost for love. You tried to take me there, but I hung back. And so you went with her. And she became the woman of your life. You were right to take that happiness. I don't begrudge it to you."

The woman of his life—light, laughing Letty! Dwarfed by the perspective of the years, to what insignificant proportions had her lovely little figure dwindled! But Marion was going on, her face alight with sympathy:

"There's an Olympian stage, Phil, that I've never known, with heroic figures moving about on it, motivated by tragic passions. In books—in history—I've recognized them always. You took your place among them. She did, too. I wasn't up to it."

"Marion—she didn't."

"Oh, my dear—she did! She loved you."

"And she left me."

"That was my fault."

"*Your* fault?"

"You know it was. If I had given you freedom right away, you could have kept her—saved her—married her, Phil, and been happy. But I couldn't, though I knew I should. At first I was too angry to be generous, and then it was too late. When you were free—she'd left you."

Fortunately, reflected Philip wisely. The timing of his divorce had always seemed to him a signal example of God's mercy. He might have been—rash. For the moment of Letty's departure had had its pangs. Ephemeral ones, however. His hatred for the young actor-manager with whom she'd gone had long since faded to a tacit sympathy. He'd had to deal with Letty, too. Adventure with Letty could have but one ending. Married her? Good Lord! If he had he'd now be in the ignominious position of that British peer! What hadn't that ingenuous lordling been through while the ancestral coronet crowned Letty's golden curls? And even after?

"I knew I was wrong, Phil. And father told me so. He said you should be free. He thought me most unwise."

He would, thought Philip, with a tender smile for the old astronomer, standing with his silvery head in the stars, remote, withdrawn from every practical issue of this mundane world. A precious pair of visionaries both! Touching to think of them, secure in their domestic corner, thinking they understood, trying to be fair, talking of him and Letty as of Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Paolo and Francesca! Touching—but absurd!

"I was angry and humiliated and very resentful. I was furious, Phil. Nothing more exalted. A dog in the manger for two long years. I spoiled your life. You're very generous to forgive me."

"Dear heart," he said, "there's nothing to forgive. If you'll condone the fact that I was untrue to you, you needn't think of Letty."

"I want to think of her," she answered. "I want to share your thought. Oh, Phil, you can trust me to think kindly! I've schooled myself to that."

"Don't think of her at all. She's nothing to me, now."

"She's nothing to you—now?"

"And nothing then—but brief intoxication and delight. The madness of an hour."

"An hour?"

"Well—a year, if you'll be literal." A note of irritation crept into his voice.

He felt a trifle badgered. He had long preferred to underestimate that madness. He was a clever man, but Letty had made a fool of him, of course. A public spectacle. And the role of fan-carrier was not, in retrospect, a grateful one. He liked to think of Letty now as a moment's ornament.

"Philip, don't be bitter. Letty had her trials, too, I'm sure. If she was false—"

"'She wasn't false, but she was fickle,'" he quoted lightly. "Letty meant well, my dear, and indubitably she had a way with her. But she wasn't serious, except where her own career was concerned. Letty was an artist. She made my play. For that I'm eternally grateful. She made my winter, also, my first one in New York. My second, too, with a difference. I'll always think tenderly of Letty, but she was not an experience to be taken too gravely."

"Philip—she loved you."

"As you just said yourself," said Philip, with a smile, "there are so many ways of loving! Letty was a practical little party at bottom . . . though she didn't look it. She loved herself best. And why not? Don't we all, in the last analysis? I was a rung in her ladder. So was the young producer she decamped with. Such affairs wear themselves out, Marion. I wasn't too considerate. We were thoroughly irritated with each other long before she left me."

This was, he felt, a just and generous statement of the facts, and one to which Letty, to do her justice, would be the first to subscribe. It ought to close the subject forever. But Marion was looking at him strangely.

"*We* were thoroughly irritated with each other," she said, and her voice was troubled, "before you left *me*. Do you mean to say that this—this second—experiment wasn't any more successful?"

"It was certainly less important," he protested, lightly.

"Oh," she said. And the monosyllable spoke volumes. "Then just why *did* you leave me? If not for love?"

"My dear—I was twenty-eight. Please do remember that. I was young. I was foolish. And I thought myself the devil of a fellow. I succumbed to temptation and I went for excitement. I'm not proud of the incident. But better men than I had done the same before me. You must never think that a Letty takes the place of a wife."

"I don't know why not," said Marion with spirit, and rose as she spoke. "Lots of Lettys have in the past. But, as you say, better men than you may have run off with them."

This was disconcerting. This was unbelievable. It had the splendid insanity of a nightmare. Meticulous Marion, standing on her own domestic hearthstone, waving the brilliant bedraggled banner of loose, lovely Letty before his incredulous eyes. But surely he could explain her mistake.

"My dear," he said, rising in his turn, and walking the length of the room before he could decide just what to say. "My dear, Letty isn't worth all this rumpus. She didn't deserve the devotion of a lifetime. And she didn't want it. Nothing would have bored her more. Behind the footlights Letty is an actress of parts, with her eye on the future. Elsewhere—she lives for the moment."

"We can leave Letty's character out of this discussion," said Marion hotly. "I'm thinking of yours."

"My dear—I apologized. And you said you forgave me."

"I didn't know what I was forgiving! I thought—I thought we were discussing the grand passion. Something beyond forgiveness. Something serious and precious and eternal. Something nobody's business but your own."

"Marion," he said practically, taking his stand by the piano, "Marion, what *is* a grand passion? I've never seen one."

"Obviously," she retorted, "if you could wreck my life and warp your own for—excitement."

"It was *very* exciting," he pleaded disarmingly. And again in extenuation, "I was twenty-eight."

"What a fool I've been about you," she commented briefly, "for nine long years."

How pretty she looked, tense and erect in the firelight!

"Please be a fool about me still," he said. But she disregarded utterly this engaging appeal.

"My dream of an Olympian stage," she went on bitterly, "with you stalking about on it, an heroic figure of romance! The paradise in which I pictured you! With the world beyond its gates, well lost for love! How I've envied you, Phil, and envied her the fulfilment of that experience, and conquered that envy at last, through passion and prayer and tearful nights and sheer force of character! What a fool I've been!"

"Marion," he said, "I've never seen an Olympian stage nor met heroic figures of romance. The world is much alike, everywhere. There is no paradise. Or a very ephemeral one, at best. We're not fit for it long. Poor human nature is the angel with the fiery sword that drives us out into the streets again, and locks the door against our return."

"With the same Eve," she commented with cynicism. "Aren't you beckoning me to paradise, now?" She had him there. He was. And himself as well. The disillusion of a lifetime was dissolving in the magic solution of her charm. Curious the hold that this passionate little Puritan had upon him. She was so pretty. And she was his wife—or had been.

"Marion," he said, returning to her side by the fire, "don't quarrel. We could be so happy."

She shook her head.

"Impossible," she said.

"Why did you see me, then? Why did you let me come?"

"I thought I understood your point of view. I thought of us as fellow-victims, Phil, devastated by the great emotional experience that had overtaken you, unaware. I thought it had justified itself through sincerity and passion. My life has been drab and dreary enough because of it; but I thought yours, at least, had proved a splendid disaster."

He was looking at her very tenderly.

"Life isn't like that," he said soberly.

"Some lives are. I pictured you all these years tossing desolately on the high seas of romance. I always hoped you would come back to me. To a tranquil harbor, Phil, after the storm of living. And now you have come—only to say that it was just—a squall, that it didn't even rock the boat. You shock me, Phil. You really shock me!"

"But it *was* a squall, my dear. That's all that happened. One can't control the winds of heaven."

"'There's nothing either good or bad,'" she quoted earnestly, "'but thinking makes it so.' It *should* have been a tempest. You should have felt it one. How *could* you take it lightly? How could you leave me without loving her? Or, having loved her, how could you forget her? Phil—you're a trivial person."

He felt he wasn't. But how could he explain? Anger rose in his heart, but mainly against himself. How had he bungled this interview? There stood Marion, angry and desolate and infinitely pathetic, as he was himself. Loving him still, he thought. But how could he be sure? Like a lost child, she was, bewildered by the infinite complexity of life, yet looking at him with hard and angry eyes, refusing his hand, as that of a stranger offering to guide her home.

"Marion, no woman ever yet refused to take her husband back because he didn't love his mistress."

"Well, I'm refusing now. You're not the man I thought you."

"Then I must go?"

"I think you must."

"Marion—we could be happy."

"We might have been," she said. "But never now."

"Marion, you are a fool!"

Tears glittered in her eyes.

"I know that, Phil. I know that now."

"Marion, I want to kiss you."

She shook her head.

"Just once, before I go."

She shook her head again.

"Marion, I'm coming back. You're *such* a fool! I'll never give you up."

The tears rolled down her cheeks, but she ignored them.

"Please go," she said. "I find this—very hard."

"I find it—devastating," he replied. His face was strained, but with the word a smile flickered once more across his lips. "*This* is my tempest. There's one ahead in every life, I fancy. For me, at last, all the storm signals are flying. I'm coming back, Marion, and if all you want is a shipwrecked mariner crawling up to you out of the breakers—"

"Phil—don't be—funny."

"I was never more serious. I'm coming back. In more romantic guise."

She shook her head.

"It's no use, Phil. I couldn't give you what you want."

"Well—you could give me tea," he said.

She smiled wanly at that, over their clasped hands. But her despairing eyes did not relent. And so he left her.

It was only when he was on the street again that it occurred to Philip that he had never mentioned the children, nor thought of them, after the dazzling apparition of the new Marion had flashed upon his sight. The children! His argument. His talking point. His son and daughter! He stood quite still on the windy Chicago corner, overcome with shame. What sort of father was he? What must Marion think of him? But an amazing, immediate realization brought instant comfort. For, come to think of it, she hadn't mentioned them herself. Nor thought of them, he'd swear, after she'd looked at him. Philip's spirits rose, mercurially, at a bound. The children were a secondary consideration, ignored, forgotten, in the stark emotion of their personal reunion. Only two lovers could have felt like that.

Marion was strange, incalculable, beyond all reckoning, wandering, disconsolate, in her world of dreams. But still—disconsolate. He'd have to fight. Perhaps he couldn't win. But he'd go back. And she would give him tea. And he would tell her all he hadn't said that afternoon. And she . . .

Incredibly less old and wise than just and hour ago, Philip, the disillusioned, with quickened step and lightened heart, pursued his way in exaltation. He was in love again, thank God!

THE ART OF BALLYHOO

BY SILAS BENT

IT IS common newspaper shop talk that big news is bigger now than ever before. This depends, of course, on what one means by bigness. On any basis of authentic valuation the sinking of the *Titanic* was a bigger story than the Snyder-Gray murder trial in New York; the World War Armistice a bigger story than a transoceanic flight; yet neither got so big a "play" in the press. The news is no bigger now, but the headlines are; and the volume of space accorded to outstanding events, even though of minor social consequence, is greater.

News standards, like conventions of morality, are subject to change. Styles as well as standards change. We have fashion in news. The saxophone of sex is as characteristic of the journalistic orchestra as the short skirt of feminine attire, and it is a jazz theme. Psychologists assert that sex should occupy the center of attention only during adolescence. If that is so, the preoccupation of the American newspaper with this topic may account in part for a sort of perpetual adolescence found characteristic of its readers. The trait is manifested not only in the avidity with which pornographic detail is devoured but in the glorification of short-lived newspaper idols. The truth is that the press has developed this characteristic while developing a new technic of salesmanship and showmanship. It has evolved new methods of display. Just as a shop may devote its entire show window to a single enchanting fur, so the press concentrates public attention on a single thrilling news event, even at the expense of other more important happenings.

Not always is this discreditable. Everyone must have observed during recent years an outcropping of stories dealing with the world's scientific advance. Television and "osiso" have supplied first-page material; a short while ago they would have been delegated to the weekly and monthly magazines. Radio telephony is but an extension of electrical principles and appliances with which the public has been made familiar; but the first transatlantic conversations got more newspaper space, easily by one-hundred-fold, than the discovery of radium in 1898, although that discovery shook the scientific world, and upset forever the "law" that matter was inert. The circulation manager of one great New York newspaper has asserted with confidence that scientific news sells more papers than a good crime mystery.

The reason for this is not far to seek. The people of this country, having vanquished the last frontier and having achieved a commanding eminence as a world power, politically and financially, have turned in upon themselves. The extravert is manifesting some of the attributes of the introvert, if I may venture to employ what Dr. Ira S. Wile (himself a psychologist) has called "the transcendental nomenclature" of warring psychological sects. In the recognition of this change of base, newspaper publishers have been far tardier than the publishers of books. Long before scientific news (excepting possibly eclipses of the sun) had a fair showing in our newspapers, the Homeric musings

of Henri Fabre on the insect world were being translated and greedily devoured on this side of the water. Outlines of history, of literature, and of philosophy, biographies, and popularized expositions of technical subjects sold on a comparatively large scale long before the daily press awoke to this new appetite.

Even then the awakening was partly due to the skillful prodding of press agents, who enabled the man of science to meet the newspaper reporter on a common ground, without fear on one side of being made to look ridiculous, on the other side of having the heart cut out of any story submitted for a visé. The publicity man, familiar with news values and familiar from intensive study with the scientist's work, proved in this instance a valuable intermediary. Employed as a rule by a college, university, or research laboratory, he acted as a necessary reportorial auxiliary. It is about the best thing that can be said for him. The practices of the guild as a whole have been of such doubtful character that there has been a movement to professionalize it and establish a code of ethics: that is, to put upon a higher plane what newspaper men are wont to call space-grabbing, and to sanctify the ballyhoo of commercial commodities.

II

Never do the events and policies and possibilities and movements with which the press concerns itself represent a cross-section of existence at one moment, or for one day. William James has put before us in a vivid passage the disjointed order of the world. "While I talk and the flies buzz," he said, "a sea-gull catches a fish at the mouth of the Amazon, a tree falls in the Adirondack wilderness, a man sneezes in Germany, a horse dies in Tartary, and twins are born in France." He was making the point that mere contemporaneity of events forms no rational bond between them, and that we are forced to break them into definite sequences and tendencies: into histories, into arts, into sciences. Newspapers break them also—these chaotic happenings of the world—into certain patterns. None of the incidents James thought worth mentioning is newspaper news, excepting that the birth of twins might have been chronicled in a French provincial journal. If the twins had been born to the Queen of Spain the news would have been put upon the cable. Evidently the newspaper man is governed by certain codes and standards which, although gradually variable, are potent while in effect. Owing to this, one notes day after day a certain sameness in the press: a sameness not of content but of effect.

The elder Joseph Pulitzer once dictated for a subordinate a memorandum which dealt acutely with the kind of news he thought a metropolitan daily should print:

> What is original, distinctive, dramatic, romantic, thrilling, unique, curious, quaint, humorous, odd, apt to be talked about, without shocking good taste or lowering the general tone, good tone, and above all without impairing the confidence of the people in the truth of the stories and the character of the paper for reliability and scrupulous cleanness.

That was not all Pulitzer thought a newspaper should print. He was a great crusader. He told his men never to be satisfied with the mere news, and he was capable of directing the preparation of a full-page editorial which in itself would be distinguished news. So far as his memorandum defining or describing news is concerned, the cat is now out of the bag. I beg you to note that nowhere in this memorandum did Pulitzer designate social importance or economic or historical magnitude as a factor in the news. The paper which follows his prescription—and most of them do—need not instruct or inform us. The elder James Gordon Bennett, father of yellow journalism in this country (although his offspring was not christened until the Hearst-Pulitzer war gave it new vitality), was fond of saying

that the newspaper's function was not to instruct but to startle. If he had added that a part of its function was to entertain, he would have covered his ground. The favorite Bennett-Pulitzer-Hearst brand of trivia has the quality of firecrackers. It both surprises and amuses. It is pyrotechnic, and sometimes, like a Roman candle or a rocket, arouses naïve wonder and delight.

This is news in lighter vein. The heavier stuff must deal with sex, violence, conflict, mystery, or suspense: one of these, or a combination of them. Such newspapers need not contain a line of useful information. Only casually do they make us aware of the unseen world. A member of the Pulitzer staff, on the basis of a questionnaire sent to editors of national reputation, selected the ten biggest stories of 1926 (all of which fitted neatly into the Pulitzer formula), and noted the significant fact that only four of the ten stories was of any real social or historical consequence: the general strike in England, Mexico's attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church, and two transpolar flights. This gave an authentic informational value of forty per cent to the big news of a year. But observe, if you please, that the polar expeditions had the thrill of romance, suspense, and danger; that the Mexican story involved religious strife, which is always good newspaper-selling stuff; and that the strike in England had to a high degree the dramatic quality of conflict. Readers of the daily press must jump for joy at such crumbs of significant information about their invisible environment as come their way.

III

We need not consider here the newspaper as an avenue of advertising ballyhoo. It is enough to say that automobile manufacturers have gravely discussed the need of a "tzar" for their industry, to set a mete and a bound on their claims. Sales managers, for instance, complained that the boasts of mounting production had caused prospective purchasers to pause, in the hope of heavy inventories and lower prices. Advertisements intended to convince the public that this or that car was becoming immensely popular tended to defeat themselves. Ballyhoo often has this boomerang reaction. Editorial soul-searchings sometimes take the form of doubt as to whether this or that story has been overplayed, and downright despair at the protest of the Constant Reader.

Before we go farther we may look for a moment at the reported "suicide wave" among school and college students. This did not run to such great lengths as were threatened before a damper was applied from an unexpected quarter; but while it ran the going was fine, from the newspaper standpoint. It will serve very well as an illustration of the origin and development of a fortuitous ballyhoo.

Two students, sons of men nationally known, destroyed themselves within a brief period. This was enough to set the press casting about for an epidemic of such suicides. Obscure cases at a distance, which would have been ignored in ordinary circumstances, suddenly assumed first-page importance. Each new instance was blazoned as an addition to the "suicide wave" among students.

"We have waves of news," says William Lewis Butcher of the New York State Crime Commission, "and we think we are having waves of crime." This passage of the report of his subcommission, which studied the relation of the daily press to crime and the administration of justice, is worth quoting more at length, as bearing on the wave of news about student suicides.

> The average person is always unduly impressed by that which is prominently displayed and which has unusual attendant circumstances or which has been brought vividly to his attention in some other way. Consequently, the average reader of newspapers is oftentimes led to the belief that a crime wave is in progress because he has been reading an

unusual amount of crime news. This distributive tendency is largely the result of the exigencies of the newspaper business. Crime news is an ever present source of newspaper "copy." It can be used when other sorts of news are not readily available. It is probable that if careful compilation should be made of the actual number of crimes committed over a period of weeks and months, and if this should be compared with the amount of crime news published during the same period, it would be found that the amount of news bore no direct relation at all to the actual amount of crime.

Such a comparison is precisely what was made in regard to the so-called "suicide wave" among students. A statistician for a life insurance company stepped forward coolly with the facts, showing that in truth the percentage of suicides among persons under twenty years of age had been falling off quite steadily for sixteen years, the period covered by his investigation. Instead of a "wave" there was a subsidence!

No newspaper had the good grace to display this significant utterance as prominently as it had displayed student suicides, so far as my extended observation went. Some of them printed it as a "shirt-tail" to a current suicide. Meanwhile the editors of Sunday supplements had been interviewing psychoanalysts, preachers, deans of colleges, physicians, and professors about the "wave." Was it a post-war neurosis? Was the break-up of the home to blame? Was prohibition, mayhap, at the bottom of it? If not, what have you? All this pother, mark you, about a phenomenon which was no phenomenon because it did not exist, as any newspaper could have informed itself had it been more concerned with the truth than with preying upon the fears of a multitude of parents, and suggesting self-destruction to an extremely suggestible part of the population. A thirteen-year-old school boy hanged himself and a physician who investigated the case said that clearly it was imitative. The boy had succumbed to newspaper suggestion; and a part of the press was so callous as to headline the tragedy as "imitative" suicide.

The statistician's statement had the effect, at the height of this hysteria, of a bucket of cold water. But the press could not with dignity, or would not, stop discussion of student suicides. The more self-respecting newspapers stopped speaking of them as an epidemic or wave. Had the ballyhoo been permitted to continue, there would indeed have been a wave. And it would have come as the result of a circulation-building stunt.

IV

The "suicide wave" was fortuitous, as I have said. Newspaper publishers count such incidents as windfalls in their trafficking for mass attention. There are certain kinds of news which are a stand-by of the circulation go-getters; sports rank in the forefront of these.

M. W. Bingay, managing editor of the Detroit *News*, once said that the press created the Frankenstein monster of public interest in sports and then worshipped their handiwork. Will Owen Jones, editor of the Lincoln, Nebraska, *State Journal*, as chairman of a committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, reported recently that a fair standard of pay for sport writers would do much to eliminate venality. His committee had investigated more than one hundred newspapers, showing that an average of ten columns daily was devoted to sports, with twice or thrice as much on Sundays. One-half of these papers were giving more than fifteen per cent of their reader space to this sort of matter, and the percentages ran as high as forty and fifty. "Some have 'no limit' to the space devoted to sports," the report said, "while the editors of other papers admit that they try to prevent their sporting departments from 'going hog wild' but are quite worn out with the process."

The amazing efflorescence of free publicity for paid sports has come within the last fifteen years. The

sporting editor has extended his domain from a column or two through whole pages and whole sections. I confess a weakness for prize fights, baseball, and racing *as spectacles;* as subjects of newspaper reading matter I can do without them. Yet in any catalogue of news this sort of stuff ranks second. Only business overtops it—and not even business in many papers. Business may be the first spontaneous interest of the American people; but I venture to dispute that measurements of biceps and dope on selling platers is the second. This is quite obviously a cultivated, an artificial appetite. The newspapers have bred a sport fandom to build circulation. There are at least one hundred and sixty-six morning dailies in this country, praise be, which do not print odds on horse races nor guesses as to which will win this race or that. Those which continue to do so must pay a price in the loss of public respect. *Editor and Publisher,* a weekly paper about newspapers, has spoken its mind freely on this subject. Let me quote from an editorial:

> Is a newspaper in any wise justified in publishing "selections," which in effect means that a dopester in the employ of the paper is attempting to "sell" horses to readers?
>
> Is the circulation gained worth the expense of the wire service, composition and first-page displays, crowding legitimate news from the best editions of the evening papers?
>
> Is this good circulation? . . .
>
> Is horse racing, as at present constituted in this country, a huge bunk of a gullible public? . . . Does race news pay?

This house organ of the press has been no less candid in its condemnation of the methods by which newspapers whip up interest in prize fights, and give acres of free space to commercial enterprises of dubious character. Dempsey the Mauler—never better than a second-rate pugilist because he never learned how to defend himself—is apotheosized in a *World* editorial as "a sort of legend with us, a superhuman colossus of brawn"; as "likeable" and "picturesque," although he maintained his title for years chiefly by a studious avoidance of the prize ring. The *New York Times* asserts editorially that Babe Ruth "wears the laurel amid the deafening plaudits of the American nation" because he knocked three home runs in a World Series game.

For certain screen stars the ballyhoo has been almost as loud. Much comment was caused by the difference in space accorded by the press to the concurrent death and funeral of Rudolph Valentino and Dr. Charles W. Eliot. The President Emeritus of Harvard, commonly called our first citizen, got perhaps one line to the movie sheik's column in the newspapers. But how, newspaper men may ask you, is the press to megaphone the death of a former college President? How many newspaper readers know Dr. Eliot? How ballyhoo an intellect? For Valentino there were mobs, riots and a press agent. Q. E. D.

So many letters of protest flowed in on the press during the Valentino vociferation that one newspaper felt moved to offer editorial justification of the space accorded to the occasion; and its justification (precisely as in the later furor over a transatlantic flight) was that the behavior of the crowd afforded a remarkable insight into mob psychology. The picture thus conjured up, of metropolitan news editors poring over the pages of Le Bon, Trotter, Horace M. Kallen, and Everett Dean Martin, in order to determine the precise significance and, therefore, the number of columns to be allotted to the rioting and smashing of a plate glass window by sorrowers for Valentino at an undertaker's "parlor" is illuminating. Who shall say now that journalism is not a profession? Newspapers, be it understood, do not pander to the crowd, but afford an opportunity for study of its psychology.

Incidents such as this are reminiscent of the "compassionate superiority" noted by Matthew Arnold as character-

istic of the London *Times*. What he said may be repeated here as applying to our most eminent American journals. We may well compare the daily press to "a gigantic Sancho Panza, following by an attraction he cannot resist that poor, mad, scorned, suffering, sublime enthusiast, the modern spirit; following it, indeed, with constant grumblings, expostulation, and opposition, with airs of protection, of compassionate superiority, with an incessant by-play of nods, shrugs and winks addressed to the spectators; following it, in short, with all the incurable recalcitrancy of a lower nature, but still following it."

Following, not leading; following with winks and grimaces (in order to study its psychology), whether the path be to the bier of a movie sheik or the murder trial of a corset salesman.

V

Charles A. Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris, and the subsequent flight to Berlin of Clarence Chamberlin with Charles A. Levine as passenger, provoked a still more striking journalistic demonstration. Lindbergh was young, good-looking, and modest. He went it alone, and he set a new distance record until Chamberlin surpassed it two weeks later. Neither was the first to make a transatlantic flight in a heavier-than-air machine. The palm for that had gone eight years earlier, June 15–16, 1919, to Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown. Their flight, an historic occasion, unquestionably merited a great deal of newspaper attention; but it was not so momentous, to my notion, as Louis Bleriot's hop across the English Channel in 1909, when flying was still in its pinfeathers. To get off the ground in an airplane in that day was an adventure. Improvements in the motor and the machine, and the hazardous exploits of World War aces, took the edge off the spectacle. Aviation ceased to astound the sophisticated.

Yet even before Lindbergh accomplished his goal, when he had merely set out from Long Island, the newspapers of this country set up such a bombination as might greet a world-shaking event. For weeks the press had been whetting the public appetite for this thrill, whether Lindbergh or some other supplied it. The appetite grew by what it fed on. This much, at least, of mass psychology the newspaper man knew. To the mere hop-off the *New York Times* gave a front-page headline of three eight-column streamers, and thirty-seven columns of space, including more than a page of pictures, while it could spare but one column to a jail sentence for Harry F. Sinclair, multimillionaire prime mover in the Teapot Dome scandal, who had resorted to every delay and evasion his wealth could command. The successful completion of the flight moved the Cincinnati *Post* to a two-line first-page block-letter headline five and one-half inches in height.

The return of the aviator to this country provoked even more surprising typographical and photographic orgies. In a single Sunday issue of one paper there were one hundred columns of text and pictures about this flyer. In reporting his welcome by New York City the *Times* used fifteen pages, the *American* ten, the *Herald Tribune* nine, the *World* eight, the *Mirror* and *News* (which are tabloids), twenty-three and sixteen pages respectively. The *Times*, which had devoted three pages of its Sunday rotogravure section to the double Armistice celebration (the celebration of the premature and of the correct report that the World War was ended) devoted that number on two different occasions to Lindbergh, and to his homecoming gave five pages!

The *Evening World* called this flight "the greatest feat of a solitary man in the records of the human race," and the *Ohio State Journal* ranked the aviator, who had followed a watery path well blazed by other fliers, "among the great pioneers of history." "He has exalted

the race of men," shrieked the Baltimore *Sun*. And the *New York Times* was moved to ask editorially, "What was the greatest story of all time? Adam eating the apple?" (Readers of the Bible may have recalled that this story was told in less than seven hundred words.) "The landing of the ark on Ararat?" (Amply reported in less than four hundred words!) "The discovery of Moses in the bulrushes?" (Fully covered in less than three hundred words.) . . . "But Lindbergh's flight," the editor concluded, "the suspense of it, the daring of it, the triumph and glory of it—these are the stuff that makes immortal news."

Suspense, daring, triumph, glory: here we have an abbreviation of the Pulitzerian formula. Lindbergh would have been the last to assert that he had done anything to compare in reckless daring with the feats of World War aviators; he had taken no new chances, and even the distance of his journey was quickly surpassed. His modest and attractive personality, however, was a Golconda for newspaper exploitation. How profitably they worked the mine may be guessed from a glance at some figures. On the day the flight was completed the Washington *Star* sold 16,000 extra copies, the Washington *Post* many thousands above its average. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* reported that it was "cleaned out early." The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, which had helped finance the flight and was entitled alone of them all to financial reward, gained 27,000 circulation. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* sold 40,000 extra copies the day the flight was completed, and the San Francisco *Call* doubled its street sales. Similar results were noted in Denver, Oklahoma City, Seattle, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, and Minneapolis. In New York City the *Evening World* increased its sale, its circulation manager said, by 114,000 copies in a single day, and the *Telegram* announced that its total of 380,000 papers was a clean 100,000 ahead of the sales at the time of the Gray-Snyder murder verdict. The *Times* sold from thirty-five to forty thousand extra copies daily while the excitement continued, and the *World* reported that on the Monday after the flight its sale was 68,000 above the corresponding day a year before.

A clipping bureau, reporting on the whole country, estimated that in the first four days more than 27,000 columns had been given to the flier, which makes conservative a guess that in all enough words were printed about him to fill four volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

In the first four days 220,000 more stories, according to the clipping bureau, were printed about the Lindbergh flight than about the death of Woodrow Wilson, which had set a previous high record for peace times. It may be supposed that the public's purchases of papers bearing the tidings of the former President's death arose from genuine respect and affection. But it would be absurd to suppose that the excitement over Lindbergh was entirely spontaneous. "Newspaper talk," according to the *Times*, was "the sole cause of the vast assemblage" to welcome the flyer. The effect of the newspaper talk on a suggestible population was varied. Thousands took their pens in hand to write letters to the editor. "A great modern fairy tale" one of these volunteers called the story. Preachers took Lindbergh as their topic, and commercial commodities as well as zoölogical exhibits were named for him. A former Justice of the Supreme Court united with the Secretary of War and the Governor of New York State in dithyrambic pæons. Time and again his flight was compared in importance with the Armistice; and vastly greater space was devoted to it.

The Government of the United States took advantage of the fanfare to victimize this somewhat shrinking young commercial air-mail carrier. When newspaper men interviewed him in Paris, Ambassador Myron T. Herrick was

present to signify by a nod or a shake of the head whether he should answer this question or that. He was brought back across the Atlantic in a naval vessel, the *Memphis*, flagship of Vice Admiral Burrage. Among the newspaper men aboard was the *New York Times* reporter who was writing the aviator's "signed" stories. (The stories were printed in thirty-odd newspapers, and presumably were accepted as coming from Lindbergh himself.) This reporter, and the others aboard, found that their material was censored. Even a bulletin must have the O.K. of Commander Bagley. Not since the end of the World War had any American newspaper man submitted to censorship. What was the Navy's interest in this story? Lindbergh was not consulted as to what should be deleted. The Commander of the *Memphis* took it upon himself to say what should and should not be made known to the American public.

The Navy's interest in the Lindbergh dispatches, of course, was that some of its officers had belittled transoceanic flying, and wished now to draw a red herring across the trail. The Army's interest, and the administration's, was a patriotic predilection for the spotlight.

Lindbergh's father had denounced the World War, had declared that "we have been dragged into the war by the intrigue of speculators," and had written a book, *Why Is Your Country at War?* The *New York Times* had counted him fortunate not to be under indictment for sedition. The son refused to wear a colonel's uniform sent out to him on the *Memphis;* but he was taken first to Washington, nevertheless, that the Government might identify itself with him, and him with the Unknown Soldier. He found his flight made the occasion for a demand for more flyers and better preparedness; he even found himself echoing these phrases! Willy-nilly, he was made a colonel in the Air Corps Reserve of the United States Army. Addressing this modest young man at St. Louis, the Secretary of War said:

> You have almost alone reunited in spirit and soul nations whose sons shed their blood in a common cause, peoples who through mutual misunderstandings seemed to be drifting apart when the world most needed a recrudescence of the valorous spirit of comradeship which sent men of different tongues and different races into the hell of battle. With common purpose and common courage, you flew from the night as a harbinger of international good will.

And the press, which had exploited and victimized the young man to fatten its circulation figures, lent its cordial co-operation to his exploitation for the praiseworthy purposes of diplomacy and militarism.

During all this time Lindbergh signed no commercial contracts, although vaudeville and motion picture promoters were eager to make him and themselves rich. At the crest of the newspaper-bred hysteria about him he failed to reap a harvest of millions. He had witnessed the sudden economic inflation of other personalities; he had seen how the journalistic deification of "Trudy" Ederle and "Red" Grange and "Babe" Ruth and various prize fighters had thrown tangential fortunes into their laps. If the newspapers profited, in higher milline advertising rates, how much more did these temporary idols of a gullible and suggestible populace profit! Compared to their annual earnings at the height of their pulp-wood acclaim, the President of the United States drew a meager wage. It was true that with the waning of the paroxysm earnings fell off. Ours is a restless populace, and ever a-tiptoe for another thrill. In a channel swimmer, a bathing beauty, a tennis star, a pugilist, a motion-picture actor, it may find vicarious triumph and an escape from the commonplace of machinery; and the newspaper undertakes profitably to provide the escape.

VI

The organized ballyhoo which I have been describing had its real beginnings

in the last decade of the last century. We may trace its trends by glancing at the results of two surveys, one made in 1899, the other in 1923. In each there was set down the space allotted by sixty-three leading American newspapers to various types of news. During this twenty-four-year period, there was a decline of 77 per cent in editorials, a decline of 180 per cent in letters to the editor, and a decline of 275 per cent in society items. Let us look now at the figures for certain categories of news, for advertising and illustrations.

General and political news, each increased 1 per cent—no ballyhoo there; business news increased 4 per cent; foreign, 9; sports, 47; crime, 58!

Meanwhile advertising was increasing 47 per cent, and illustrations 84 per cent.

Three years before the first of these surveys was made, at the time of the St. Louis cyclone, the *Globe-Democrat* had never—even on an occasion so important as a Presidential election—printed a headline more than two columns wide, in type which would be considered inconspicuous in these days. The paper had become powerful and famous under the management of J. B. McCullagh; but on the day of the storm (of all days!) he was unable to get to his office. The duty of getting out the paper thus fell to a youngish assistant. The cyclone was a story of importance anywhere in the United States. In St. Louis, what with the great property loss, the death toll, the narrow escapes, and heroic rescues, and the freakishness of the cyclone itself, it was by all odds the greatest story of a generation. The young assistant rose to the occasion. In the composing room he found some huge wooden type, intended for use in posters and handbills, and out of it he constructed a headline calculated to shock the most phlegmatic.

When McCullagh reached the office the next day the young man, so the story goes, spread the paper before him with unaffected pride. How did he like that headline? The Managing Editor gazed at it for some seconds in silence. Then, "It's a good head," he said; "it tells the story; but that type—I was saving that type for the Second Coming!"

For convenience this headline may be accepted as marking a mile-stone in American journalism. Other newspapers had used type as big and black, but no newspaper so conservative as the *Globe-Democrat*. This was in 1896; and it was not long until the press, which before had merely cried its wares, learned to shriek them. There was a riot of type and a bedlam of layouts. The Spanish-American War period witnessed the height of that fanfare. There came subsequently a stretch of comparative quiescence, until the World War so completely deranged all standards of news value and methods of news display that the American press seemed unable to recover a normal and sound judgment.

These happenings cover less than the span of a generation. Let us move back something more than a century, that we may have the advantage of better perspective, and see what happened when the Battle of Waterloo was fought. The London *Times* announced Wellington's victory in less than a quarter of a column. No one will pretend that this was adequate from the modern viewpoint of enormous headlines and floods of poppycock, but the *Times* had no apologies to offer: indeed, it put the news of one of the world's decisive battles at the *bottom* of a column. In the fall of 1926, and again in the spring of 1927, it was nothing unusual to see, in New York newspapers, as much as twenty columns devoted to a single day's proceedings in two second-rate murder trials. The first was second-rate because the victims were an obscure clergyman and a janitor's wife; the other because, even from the newspaper slant, there was never any real mystery in it, and but little suspense as to the outcome. Napoleon's defeat in 1815 was announced to a triumphant nation in about three hundred words; whereas to report the Hall-Mills case a single newspaper required twice as many

words as Will Durant needed to tell *The Story of Philosophy*.

On the very day of the signing of the Armistice which ended the World War, the German Empire was overthrown and the Kaiser fled from the Fatherland into Holland. I do not believe the press has ever been asked to lift into public view on any other day so great a load of news. The *New York Times* met the emergency, so far as first-page display went, by the use of four eight-column "streamer" headlines. Eight years later, when Tunney defeated Dempsey, it headlined the event with three eight-column "streamers." This was not news perspective. If the Dempsey-Tunney prize fight were put into proper perspective with the events of Armistice Day it would become invisible to the naked eye. Already its details have faded from the memory of all but sport fans. Not news perspective, this ballyhoo of the "cauliflower trade," but a development in the exploitation of a suggestible people.

James Melvin Lee, head of the School of Journalism at New York University, thinks news of informational value, instead of concentration on paid sports, screen stars, aviators and channel swimmers, could be made to pay. "Crowded as is the New York field," he writes (and surely what he says would prove true in less crowded fields), "it would, in my opinion, support a newspaper which adopted as its motto, 'All the news that's important.' The experiment of producing a paper living up to that motto has never been made in the United States. Some of the foreign newspapers which feature not 'what's interesting,' but 'what's important' more than break even from their sales."

But news of genuinely instructive and informative character remains of a clearly casual nature. The inflation of matter appealing to unconscious passions and hungers continues. The news which startles, thrills, and entertains is still blown up as vigorously as the toy balloon of Queen Marie's visit. Thus does the American press exemplify day by day the grandiose, the brobdingnagian art of ballyhoo.

ILLUSION: 1915

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

THE French house I sought was seen, as I turned a corner, remote in a diminishing avenue of noble trees, Below the hush of midsummer was the vibration of many wings. The bees were in the limes. I could smell the nectar of that tree; it is full summer when the limes are flowering and the bees get drunk. I found that a pleasant confirmation of the season, for to me that summer was hardly authentic. The house was set deeply in a long perspective of foliage, as though I stood in the June of one year and saw distantly the pale ghost of the old chateau in a silent June of the past. I wanted to reach that house, but it looked as though I could get no nearer to it than the murmuring summer in which I stood. I could only look back to where it was secluded in the silence of a forgotten year.

A confusing idea, but then it was a confusing summer—a summer doubtful with its aspect of immemorial continuity, yet suggesting bleakly a subtle yet disastrous interruption in the life of the earth, as though everything appeared to be the same, but we were being cheated with only the bright illusion of familiar things. What had been always behind them had gone. It was June, 1915. If in one of the arbors about me, where stood white statues pensive with ancient secrets they would never disclose, I had surprised a furbelowed lady who ought to have been living only in a picture by Watteau, she might have been more startled than myself. I should have felt that I was the intruder, and should have withdrawn at once from a June which did not belong to me. Not my June. Not a lady for me, but only for a gentleman in satin breeches and a brocaded coat. And from one of those arbors, in a scene which was still and haunted, a figure did suddenly emerge. It came out briskly, gave me a direct but not a startled look, and turned towards the chateau. It had a Cockney face, and its khaki dress was unrelieved by any ornament except the blue-and-white armlet of a British signaller. It seemed to have no doubt about its year.

So I judged that, after all, I might not be lost in another age. Anyhow, others were lost there with me; or perhaps in a celestial dreaminess the gods had become careless and had muddled the sunlights and affairs of far different times. For a Sikh, with a rifle which was only a toy in his giant's grasp—a giant in a black beard—was patrolling the balustrade of that French house above a moat in which waterlilies floated. The Indian sentry reached the limit of his beat and paused to regard the figure of Aphrodite, who stood below him with a foot coyly poised over the water she had been about to enter since Louis Soleil was king. War? Not even though a bearded Sikh was contemplating Aphrodite. There was no war. There was but an occasional and inexplicable flutter of the air. The air sometimes shook; the summer day was quite peaceful, but it was not accurately fitted to the earth, it was not quite firm on its base. There was a sense of insecurity in it, as though it might be withdrawn from us because it was a mistake, being the summer of another age and place.

Nor did the interior of the chateau reassure. The frail old furniture was understandable, and the ormolu, the crystal candelabra hanging from a painted ceiling, and the tapestries—they gave the right suggestion, for a summer noon, of the serene continuity of pleasant human things. The ladies of the house looked down into the room from their frames of heavy gilt, which hung on the walls, and one of them, the portrait near me, of a girl of 1779, seemed as surprised as myself to observe soldiers below intent upon typewriters, and the coming and going of British officers.

One of the officers came to me. He knew my name, and met me as if I were one of that household, though I had never seen him before. "They telephoned from headquarters about you this morning. We were beginning to think you were lost. The battalion you want is somewhere near Neuve Chapelle, but you'd never find it. It's rather altered up there, since the attack, and it's an unattractive corner. But we've got a guide for you—here he is, too. Lieutenant Jones . . ."

The lieutenant was boyish, and had the awkward candor of shyness. He smiled, and said, "I offered to take you before I knew where you wanted to go. Shall we start at once? It's fairly quiet there now, so we'd better get it over."

We had a brief run by car through an uninhabited country, and then, for no reason that I could see—but perhaps reason was not there—the officer hid the car by a hedge and said we must walk. We took a straight road through an avenue of poplar trees. There was a stagnant ditch on either side of it and limited views of level meadows. The hot sun was there, but if his light had been green, and so the land had had that sinister complexion of the spectral vistas we may see through colored glass, it could not have been more forbidding. It was an earth changed in nature. We were alone in it. There was enchantment here, and we had no clue. We approached a large pool of blood and separated to walk round it. Its extent alarmed me, but, except that my guide must have seen it to have avoided it, he gave no other sign that he admitted its existence. It lay in front of an estaminet. The door of the inn was open, and beside the door was a chair; but nobody was in the chair; nobody sat in it contemplating that mystery in the middle of the road. The estaminet was deserted. There were houses and sunlight but no people.

The distance was thudding heavily. The horizon was loose perhaps, and was bumping on the earth. Ahead of us, almost lost in a clump of trees, were the red roofs of secretive farm buildings. There were ragged gaps in the tiles. As we neared the farm there was a crash, as though a boiler plate had fallen from a great height onto paving stones and was at once inert. Two columns of black smoke, which had not been there before, stood over the farm. The road, which was scattered with holes, continued straight on with indifference, though a tree had been lifted by its roots athwart it. There was a row of trees that were bundles of white splinters, and beyond them we came upon the first men. Six were lying on the ground, and two other men were bent over them. The faces of the men on the ground were averted and their eyes closed. They did not want to look at us or at anything else.

The ugly but intermittent sounds were not so distant as they had been when we reached another group of farm buildings, scattered among plantations near a road crossing. The trees about them were motionless in the sleeping afternoon, as though guarding a secret. The walls of one of the old barns, a structure so weathered that its rufous brickwork had the surface of dusty gray stone, were riven, and the edges of the new gaps were bright red. From somewhere not so far away there came a noise which might have been of an idle boy rattling a stick along a fence. An officer, to my surprise, came to a door of a barn which I had thought was empty. "Come in," he

cried. "They spray that road with a machine gun. Can't you hear it?"

Under the rafters of that partially dismantled building was a man who laughed when he saw me, though we had not met for years. His amusement was caused, most likely, by my unexpected appearance, which he accepted as another absurd feature of the common phantasy. He himself, an Oriental scholar, in that place, as a soldier, was not easily believable; but I took him in as one of the irrelevances which are quite consistent anyhow in prolonged and vivid nightmares. It was the last place where one would have expected to see him, yet there he was; and he laughed again, as he came forward, because his quizzical temper thoroughly relished the waywardness of this resort and this coincidence. His blue eyes were merry.

"Have you gone mad, too?" he asked. "What brings you here?" He gossiped, presently, about our circumstances. "There's a war on up here, but who's making it, except ourselves, beats me. I think it is between us and the spooks. You haven't noticed any so-called Germans about, have you? I haven't seen one yet"—he flinched and grimaced at an explosion outside—"but that sort of thing all day long has to be accounted for."

We set off together for his own place, which he said was near, though long before we reached it—mainly through a serpentining trench—my sense of direction became dizzy and was restricted merely to up and down. The earth was decrepitating in the heat; that was rifle fire. The deep drain meandered aimlessly, with yellow charlock and scarlet poppies vivid overhead against the blue sky. We climbed out to hurry across a road, and entered another drain, which traversed the foundations of extensive ruins, and there we waited, on our hands and knees, while the ruin ahead of us was smashed a little more. When the dust and smoke had settled a little we hurried along, and soon emerged into a village.

Nobody else was in it. It seemed proper to find it was deserted. It was acrid with damp mortar and smoldering fires. Some of the houses lay piled across the street. That village had come to its end, and the only proof that life had ever known it was a child's doll stretched out on its back in an attitude of abandoned grief near the mummied carcass of a cow. We went across the churchyard—just one vacant Gothic arch of the church was standing—and strode over gray rubble, splintered coffin boards, and a few disinterred sleepers in nightgowns who had come to the surface again indifferent as to how they slept. As we got through that square a spasmodic growling sped at us through the silence and burst in violence by the Gothic arch. We descended hurriedly a long flight of stone steps to a cellar. My friend Reynolds then sat on a soap box and laughed once more, a little too long. "This is my home," he said. "I share it with a surgeon. I think he'll lend you a bed for the night." Reynolds pointed to a stretcher in the corner.

The cellar was immense and gloomy, and our privacy was a corner of it, screened by some sacking from the battalion aid post, which was the remainder of the cellar. Just then we had the place to ourselves. Reynolds was eager for news; yet as I began to speak the cellar shook in a series of spasms, and a tin bowl on the floor trembled and whined. We waited, and soon the cellar became deep in the still earth again.

"We're all right here," Reynolds speculated, "because if that stairway goes there's another way out. Perhaps I'd better show you where it is."

We had a look round, and saw the other stairway, a pile of bandages, and a wine-bin in which there was nothing but a cat which was glad to meet us. Then there was no more to do but to return to the kitchen table. That was loaded with documents, neatly piled under shell-noses. Reynolds took his tunic off, inspected the topmost documents, and filled his pipe.

"Now you've seen this place, perhaps you'd hardly believe the trouble I took to get from India to it," he said. "They said men were badly wanted, so I supposed I ought to be quick. The results surprised me. My patience had to mount a lot of monuments—it was patience which sat on a monument, wasn't it?—well, I was kept waiting a devil of a time on each one I came to. Authority is a funny old dear, and tried to keep me from the delights of this hole as long as possible. But one day I got as near to this as Marseilles, and I was despondent because I thought all would be over before I could have some. Orderly!"

"Sir!"

"Bring two drinks. I say, have you seen Major Weston to-day?"

"No, sir. He was killed last night, sir."

Reynolds rose and stared at me. Then he sat down again. "Bring the drinks, Richard," he said.

He sat, while waiting the return of the orderly, playing a tattoo on the table. Then he spoke to himself. "There it is," he said. He murmured across to me in doubt. "I tell you I *spoke* to him last night. I *spoke* to him." He looked at me as though I ought to confirm that a little conversation with another man might sometimes fail to render him invulnerable.

The orderly returned, methodical as at a London counter, and then silently vanished as though he had passed through a wall.

"Well, here we are," said Reynolds, in a subdued way. "I was telling you how I got here, in a hurry, to join in the war before it was over. They shunted me in trains and lorries about France for weeks. I began to believe they had attached me to a battalion which didn't exist. Everybody knew promptly where it was, but it was never there, though sometimes it had been. I did find it at last, though, and reported myself. The adjutant said, 'But where's your sword? You can't parade without a sword.' So I went to a farm, and sent to London for a sword, and slept in an out-house under some fowls while waiting for it. At length it came, and I reported myself again. 'You've got a sword,' said the adjutant. 'You cannot parade with a sword. The order is that all swords must be returned.'

"It is all like that," Reynolds assured me. "The only thing to do here is to shut off your intelligence and hope that the next thing to happen won't be as idiotic as everything which has happened before. I got into frightful difficulties at first through trying to be reasonable. One day some headquarters or another sent a stern demand to know why we were using so much chloride of lime. I suppose they thought we were stealing it. I don't know. Anyhow, a divisional headquarters has no reason to use chloride of lime. So I told them what we did with it. That made matters worse. That made them suspicious. The colonel told me I'd better send an officer up to the latrines just to satisfy them with a report. The young officer was gone so long that when I remembered the chloride of lime again, because the report had to be made, I got nervous, and went to look for him. There had been a bit of shelling. I found him. He was in a crater. We had to waste some more chloride of lime."

Here Reynolds' narrative was interrupted. There was a shuffling on the stairs, and a whispering, "Take 'is legs." "I got 'im." A little group of soldiers moved across the cellar and laid one of their number on a bench. The others arranged themselves along the same form in various attitudes of lassitude and weary indifference. They were muddy, gaunt, and unshaven; all that was clean and bright about them was some bandages. Several attempted cigarettes with a slowness which allowed a match to burn out before it was used. They paid no attention to us and, after a steady glance at that array of cripples who seemed resigned to anything that could happen, Reynolds called out to

them that the medical officer was expected in at once. They did not answer. Some of them turned reproachful eyes on us, but they neither spoke nor moved. Other footsteps sounded on the stairs, hard and deliberate, and the M. O. and two assistants entered. Reynolds watched the scene for a while, called out that if help were wanted we could give a hand, and readjusted more privily the canvas screen.

"That goes on all day, off and on, if it's only a quiet day. When they're busy I clear out—I can't stand being looked at like that, when I can't do anything. We haven't had as many to-day. But I don't like the look of that fellow on his back, do you? His feet are too loose. Sometimes the feet tell you more than a man's face."

There was groaning in the far corner, and Reynolds waited. He began his tattoo on the table. We sat, looking at the floor.

"No." (It was the voice of the M. O.) "No. Leave that man. You other fellows all right now? Better make your way to the transport while it's quiet. You'll do, till you get to the hospital. Lucky beggars. Hop it. Off you go."

The shuffling began again, and when that had ceased we heard the Medical Officer instructing his men where to put the soldier who remained. The doctor came over for a gossip with Reynolds before venturing out, and then once more we had the gloom to ourselves.

"Can you make anything of it?" asked Reynolds, with an inconsequence which was not altogether innocent.

"I find it a bit bewildering."

"There's no sense in it, none at all. Those fellows who have just gone out to hobble through shell-bursts in the hope of finding salvation—I wonder what they make of it? They never say a word about it. You might as well ask the horses—but some of the horses sweat through funk. It's very queer. Once a horse has had a dose of it, he trembles whenever he hears a gun. Trembles and sweats. But he goes into it when told, all of a lather, and so do we—all of a lather."

"It seemed to me when on my way here," I told him, "that the whole thing was just an illusion. The country didn't look real. Sometimes I wondered whether it was there, or whether I was there."

"I know. Most of the fellows feel that way. But don't be fooled by it. It's as real as stupidity. At first you think it's all rather an imbecile joke. That's why some of the best of the young 'uns die too soon. They go about showing it no respect, just as though the silly business was only pretending to be there. But there it is, all right. It is fatuous moonshine stuff, but it has got us in irons, and so you'll jolly well find. Here comes its Hermes—one of its envoys."

A despatch rider entered, saluted, handed over his token out of the blue, and went. Reynolds read the message, sighed, and placed it on one of the piles. "You get the notion, too, that you are lost in it, that nobody knows where you are, and could never find you. But the gods have got us taped. They know all about us, and if they told you to put your head in a bag you'd have to do it. You can get killed for two reasons—for being an idiot, and for refusing to be an idiot.

"One day, when we were just back in some particularly unpleasing rest billets—most of our rest, by the way, was shelled to hell—the colonel came to me. 'Look here,' he said, 'the general has sent a message that a French colonel is to visit us on urgent business, though I don't know what he wants, and we are to treat him mighty fine. But there's no food fit to eat. He'll be here to-night. Just scout around for something tasty, will you? Luckily we can make him drunk, if he's that way inclined. And, I say, I wish you'd let him have your bed. His A. D. C. may have mine, as yours is the best.'

"We blessed those Frenchmen for nuisances, but we made ready for them,

and our mess cook made a really presentable table of the stuff we had. Then we waited, wondering what these fellows were going to be like, for we'd seen nothing of the French, but had a huge respect for their military qualities. Most of us were only civilians turned soldiers. I think even our colonel had been a solicitor, in another life. Only the adjutant was a regular. So we were a bit nervous about it.

"At length he came, this French colonel—a tall portly man in a blue uniform and brown bulging gaiters, accompanied by a slender young officer, very stiff and correct. The French colonel had one of those hunting horns round his shoulder—you know the sort of thing—you see the curly instrument in comic prints of French sportsmen out after partridges. He didn't take that trumpet off. Only his cap. His bald head was pale, but his big round face was red and very hearty, with lots of chin, and a long grizzled mustache which would have been straight and fierce if he hadn't laughed so much. He laughed, and stamped with one foot, or patted his sides with both hands, very free and friendly, and then pulled out his mustache. A cheery card. But his pale young A. D. C. was prim. Prim and silent. Never said a word. Smiled faintly and ironically when spoken to. 'Yes?' he would say. Only that. Seemed to think that it was all rather a bore.

"Not a word about the business of their visit. Only rich laughter about nothing in particular. We began dinner. The French colonel wore his hunting horn. We pretended not to see the thing—we sort of behaved as though a hunting horn at dinner was the custom of the country, especially in war, and we didn't want our curiosity to betray our ignorance. The young French officer hardly looked up, and if he did it was to stare at the wall over the head of the man opposite. I suppose he found the crudities of a British table unentertaining, but that duty was duty.

"His colonel was different. He was enjoying himself—we happened to have a Burgundy of a good year—and our young fellows played up to him on behalf of the regiment and the good name of England. After one bout of merriment, which was so happy that we all joined in, that stout Frenchman rose, put one foot on his chair, and blew a tantara on the horn. Then he sat down again and went on.

"Of course we took no notice of the fanfare. Pretended we had heard nothing. The French colonel's A. D. C. paid no attention to it either. We thought perhaps it might be the custom of the Frenchman's regiment, some ancient right won in battle. Now it was the proper thing for the colonel of that regiment to do—to wind the horn at intervals during dinner. Maintain a link with the glorious past.

"That lusty colonel was full of funny stories, and at the end of a good one, when he'd got us all going, he'd rise from his chair and give a fanfare solemnly. I noticed our orderlies looked a bit surprised, but they didn't laugh. As for our own colonel, he was so polite that he appeared to have been as deaf to it as the young French officer.

"The fun got very lively after dinner, and I must say our youngsters thoroughly enjoyed this Gascon, who was certainly enjoying himself. He loudly approved our whiskey. Then, in a sentimental mood, he mentioned his wife. Ah! He would show why France would fight, but yes, till not a German was this side of the Rhine; that or death. He was very grave. Gentlemen, you shall regard this. Then he put his hand inside his tunic, and pulled out what might have been a pack of cards. But he tugged at the pack too hard. The cards shot across the table. I was a little shocked. Photographs of women. The scatter showed a collection of heads and busts, and not a few legs. But the fine old fellow was entirely unembarrassed. The sort of thing which might happen to any man, you know. He began sorting

them out, quite coolly and indifferently, and was evidently looking for a particular photograph.

"For the first time that evening the severe young Frenchman condescended to take an interest in what was going on. He rose and leaned over the table, and intently inspected the varied collection of ladies. His curiosity was genuine. Suddenly he pointed an accusatory finger at a portrait. He spoke at last. 'That is my wife,' he said to his colonel.

"Without a pause he struck his colonel in the face. The big fellow collided with a chair behind him, and over it went, and so did he, with a great banging of brassware on the stone floor of that farmhouse. Our colonel was horrified. We were all alarmed. We stared at one another. What happened when a French officer hit his colonel in the eye? What ought we to do when they were guests? Nothing in the King's Regulations about that.

"Somebody was assisting the French colonel to his feet, but he rose lightly, shook with laughter as he pulled his tunic straight, and went through a door into the night. Outside, we heard him play a bold tantara on his horn, a salute to all stags, I suppose. Presently he came back.

"As he entered he was met by his junior. They embraced each other and kissed. I looked away at our colonel. I didn't know where to look. Our superior seemed to be bemused. He was, I thought, tottering on the verge of lunacy. He stood by the fireplace, looking at our guests, and fumbling at his mouth in wonder. We all acted, I must say, as though we had witnessed nothing unusual. Nothing had happened but what might have occurred in any well-regulated mess in wartime. We were jolly well controlled, I think.

"A little later we conducted them to their rooms. But when they had gone none of us said a word about the evening's performance. We affected casually a pretense that we were now immune to surprises. Well, a subaltern did speak. He said to our colonel, 'Do you think he plays that trumpet at night, sir?' But our colonel did not answer. We put the lights out.

"Next morning at breakfast we were very moody. The Frenchmen were late but nobody remarked it. I think we were all in doubt. Had anything happened the night before? After a bit our colonel called across the table to me, 'Look here, Reynolds. I am right, am I not? There were two Frenchmen with us last night?'

"'Yes, sir. I think so. I had the impression myself, but as nobody else seemed to remember it I thought I might have been mistaken, and so kept quiet.'

"'All right,' said the colonel. 'That settles it. I was wondering myself whether I'd been dreaming, but as you've got the same idea there may be something in it. If they were here last night, they're here now. You and I will go and greet them. Come along.'

"We went up to our colonel's room first. The bed had been slept in, but no French A. D. C. was there. So off we went to my room. And no French colonel either. My bed had been used, but there was no other evidence, except a hunting horn hanging over the knob at the head of the bed. 'Well, I'm damned,' said our colonel.

"Funny thing was, none of the orderlies had seen those fellows go. Nobody had seen them go. And we never heard another word about it. Never knew why they called. What do you make of that?"

I didn't attempt to make anything of it. As an episode of the world of war it was as meet and proper as an Oriental scholar making British reports on chloride of lime in the cellar of a French farm. While Reynolds and I sat smiling at each other, filling our pipes, the tin bowl on the floor began to complain again. It trembled and whined. The cellar began to be convulsive. Somebody fell headlong down the stairway.

THE MYTH OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

A BEHAVIORISTIC EXPLANATION

BY JOHN B. WATSON

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WHY is the "unconscious" so popular to-day with psychoanalysts and certain psychiatrists? They have written so much about it that even the layman, if he lost his unconscious, would feel as disturbed about it as did Peter Schlemihl when his faithful shadow departed in the keeping of the devil.

The physicians popularized the "unconscious" because they needed something to help them explain so-called "mental" diseases. If we had asked a psychiatrist of the eighties to tell us about "mental" diseases, he would have declared them to be the result of degenerative changes taking place in the brain. Whether these changes were due to an infection of some kind, to the growth of invading tissue, to faulty metabolism, to chemical deposits in arteries and veins, or to some destructive chemical process possibly instigated by the body itself ("auto-intoxication"), he might not have cared to venture an opinion. Dementia præcox and paranoia were diseases similar in some ways to typhoid fever and malaria. One of the difficulties in holding this view was the stubborn fact that pathologists were unable, when the patient was examined after death, to find where and how the brain was diseased. Nothing seemed to be wrong with the body or with the brain.

At first Bleuler, and then more completely Freud, introduced the idea of *a diseased mind in a healthy body.* Freud had been trained in the mysticism of mind then current—of mind as a thing or entity distinct from the body. He had been trained too as a physician, and that meant he had to think in terms of *disease entities.* Since there was nothing wrong with the brain in these "mentally" sick individuals, then there must be something wrong with the mind. There must be a true pathology of mind. There must be *some festering spot,* some deteriorating agent present, eating into the tissue of the mind. Since the physician could not locate the festering spot in the so-called "conscious mind" of the patient, Freud invented a substratum to mind in which he could safely place all "mental" troubles. This substratum he called the *unconscious.*

Just why Freud should have resorted to voodooism instead of falling back upon his early scientific training is not clear. He was particularly well versed in the Old Testament and widely read in folklore. One cannot help but accuse him of having been much influenced in his youth by the fable of the devils who took flight into the Gadarene swine at the command of the great master therapeutist with a few mystic words. With his religious and medical background, is it so strange after all that he gave us the kind of unconscious he did? Just as a sharp object when swallowed gets lodged in the stomach and goes on creating organic disturbance until cut out or thoroughly encrusted over, just so at times "sharp perceptions" or "ideas" (those we can't "bear to entertain")

sink into the stomach of the mind—the unconscious. There the foreign body stirs up trouble until removed by the scissors and scalpel of the analyst (psycho-analysis). If the body can be infected, so can the mind.

Since the advent of behaviorism in 1913, with its emphasis on the genesis and growth of behavior, analysts have sought to claim that Freud was a *geneticist*. Nothing was farther from the truth. Freud's early writings do not mention the words "habit-formation" or "conditioning," and yet he was familiar with the work of the Russians and of the animal psychologists throughout the time he was maturing his own theories. *His theory of the unconscious is a theory paralleling completely the old concept of disease entity.*

Behaviorism when it appeared could find no mind-body problem, because it takes no account of anything which cannot actually be observed. The behaviorist finds no "mind" in his laboratory, sees it nowhere in his subjects. Would he not be unscientific if he lingered by the wayside and idly speculated upon it? Just as unscientific as the biologists if they were to linger over the contemplation of entelechies, engrams, and the like. Their world and the world of the behaviorist are filled only with facts—with data which can be accumulated and verified by observation —with phenomena which can be predicted and controlled.

If the behaviorists are right in their contention that there is no observable mind-body problem and no observable separate entity called mind, then there can be no such thing as consciousness or its substratum, the unconscious. Freud's concept borrowed from mysticism and the nature of bodily discord breaks down. There can be no festering spot in the substratum of the mind—in the unconscious—because there is so far no evidence that mind exists.

If there is no mental infection—no unconscious to be infected—what can the behaviorist find in natural science to account for the objective behavior facts observed by Freud?

II

In the place of the Freudian unconscious the behaviorist substitutes the *unverbalized*. He has a contrasting term, too—the *verbalized*. This substitution of the unverbalized for the unconscious is not just another wild speculation. Let us prove this by examining human behavior.

The child at twelve months of age is given a new world—a world of words. He masters this world slowly. Every object he plays with is named. Even objects heard and seen but not touched are named—the sun, the moon, the stars. The process by which we *build in* words is called "verbal conditioning." Each word comes finally to call out the same response that the appropriate object itself would call out. It matters not at all what the object is called. A group of children could form a wholly new and fantastic language just as quickly and just as easily as they can learn the language of their parents. We must dislodge the age-old belief that there is some peculiar essence in words as such. A word is just an explosive clutter of sound made by expelling the breath over the tongue, teeth, and lips whenever we get around objects. We condition our children to make the same explosive sounds when they get around the same objects.

The natural course of events from the second year onward is to learn the object and the spoken word together, then the object and the printed word, and next the object and the written word. Words in any of these forms become substitutable each for the other and for the object around which this verbal conditioning was originally built.

But does this process continue until the word-world shows a point for point correspondence with the object-world? Not at all; and why? Because our teachers—that is, our parents, nurses,

and adult companions—haven't themselves a word-world as large as their object-world. Just as they are limited in this respect just so do they limit the children. And why are the parents limited? Because in the status in which they live there has been no necessity—from the standpoint of obtaining food, shelter, and sex—for *building in* a larger number of words than they have. Doctor Rivers showed years ago that many of the primitive tribes have no words for certain parts of the spectrum which we constantly name. Again the Chinese musical scale leaves out certain notes we include in ours. Their notes and intervals consequently are different. Yet a stretched string vibrates in China just as it does in the West.

We may call that part of the individual's object-world which he constantly manipulates with his hands, feet, and body but does not name or attach a word to, his *world of situations;* and his own responses to them which he does not name, his "unconscious" world, or, in the behaviorist's terminology, his *unverbalized world.*

Consider for a moment what people mean or at least should mean when they say they are *conscious* or have *consciousness.* They mean in the words of the behaviorist that they can carry on some kind of brief sub-vocal talk with "themselves" behind the closed doors of the lips. We get into the habit of using "ourselves" as an audience very early in life. It begins immediately after words, phrases, and sentences are first learned and continues for a considerable period thereafter. All children, according to our observation, at first think aloud. Thinking aloud disturbs society. The child who does it is considered unsocial and in need of subduing. The subduing process ends in sub-vocalization. This robs us of our audience, and to compensate for that we build up a *verbal fiction, a straw man, and put him up in front of "us" to talk to* —which is what the child does when he talks to his doll. The fiction of "ourselves" is equivalent to our doll playmate—and still many of the introspective psychologists go on writing books about the "self"! If this does represent the thing psychologists call consciousness, it is clear that it is always a *completely verbalized affair.*

We must then draw the inference that while a large part of our world is *verbalized,* a still larger part remains possibly forever *unverbalized.* What are the unverbalized components of human behavior? We have (1) the unverbalized world of the man who was trained to be a *silent* man. The child brought up in isolation or among taciturn parents or in groups where verbalization is frowned upon never even as an adult learns to verbalize his world or his acts. He cannot tell you in words what he can do. He can act only when brought face to face with objects in their appropriate settings. This is typical of the behavior of animals. It is typical of the behavior of many primitive peoples; of men like Jack Dempsey, Calvin Coolidge; of a great many athletes and acrobats. They could not tell you if their lives depended upon it how they do certain things—their word-world just does not correspond to their object-world.

Next there is (2) the unverbalized world of each of us made up of the activity of the unstriped muscular and glandular parts of our body (intestines, lungs, blood vessels, the viscera generally) and of the stimuli which call forth the activity in these parts. The happenings and goings-on in our body, and the mechanical, chemical, and glandular stimuli which call forth these happenings, are probably as great a world as that made up of objects (named, of course) which call out visual, auditory, olfactory, and gustatory responses in us. Yet this whole world remains unverbalized even in the adult. We do not know how to start to name these acts or the stimuli which call them forth. Words for them have not been built up. Society makes no demand upon us to

name them. This whole world we may call the unverbalized world of the emotions.

Then we have (3) the world of infancy which is totally unverbalized for the first year and remains practically unverbalized until the end of the second year. This is the period when many thousands of reactions are built in, both manual and emotional. The general patterns of reactions to mother, father, sister, brother, nurses, to his own body and to other people are built in. It is the period when temper, tantrums, fears, rages, dependencies are all established. This two-year period is probably both somatically and behavioristically the most important part of the child's life.

If all of this sounds reasonable—as it does to many—may we not say that the *unverbalized* of the behaviorist is a scientific substitute for the *unconscious* of the psycho-analyst? If so, the mystery of the unconscious would straightway disappear. Many of our acts—possibly most of our acts—and the stimuli which call them forth have no verbal correlates because the social environment of the individual has offered no possibilities for conditioning word responses—or at best faulty and inexact methods. To understand the lack of verbalization we must study how the individual is built up from the *squirmings* we see in the child at birth.

This can be made clearer by examining how the infant builds up its nest habits. In observing the two-year-old only child brought up by an unscientific mother we find that the child cries unless held in the lap of the mother, will not eat unless fed by the mother, will not play with its toys unless in the room with the mother, cries when the mother leaves the room. It will not be bathed except by the mother. It will sleep only when in bed with the mother. It will cease crying when slightly injured only when the mother binds up its wound and kisses and fondles it. Up to two years of age there has been no verbalization beyond a few dozen nouns and pronouns. Verbalization begins; it clusters around the mother just as its manual and bodily activity clusters around the mother. In a similar way the gut reactions (emotions) have their center of reference in the mother. Manual, verbal, and emotional reactions are tied together by this one, all-exciting stimulus (she is really a complex situation at all times).

Here we have a rough picture of the genesis of a mother fixation. We will suppose this unwise mother continues to rear her child. She gives her little organization about sex—the mother has heard nothing of mental hygiene. The unwise training is continued. It hardens, becomes set. Under social pressure the girl gets married to a man who knows little about the art and science of marriage. After the honeymoon she begins to use every device to be constantly under her mother's roof and in her mother's presence. Married life means nothing—the girl cannot break her nest habits. The mother dies, the husband leaves her, and she goes into the hands of the analyst. The assumption here is that this whole realm of her relationship to her mother has remained *unverbalized*. The genesis of her behavior is clear to the behaviorist—it has been a genetic process built in by her environment. No mystery need be made of it, no hypothesis of the unconscious need be assumed, no hypothetical factor such as suppression or repression need be lugged in. Talking to her in terms of the "unconscious," of "repressions," "limitation of libido," of "incest complex," and the like, leaves her cold. She has no words to correspond with her behavior towards her mother except the conventional ones tolerated and extolled by society under the guise of the beauty of mother love. She did not and could not have ever conversed with herself about all this. Hence she was never "conscious" of her behavior as being incestuous. Hence her conscience never hurt her (unless some analyst disturbed her by telling her about it). Hence

there was no dropping of a thought—too bitter to entertain at the "conscious" level—into the cesspool of the unconscious.

The behaviorist would say that in such cases straight *unconditioning* was indicated, then *retraining*. He would say farther that the process of retraining must be comparable, to some extent at least, with the time it took to wind the patient up in this way. When the analyst begins to talk of such cases in terms of psycho-analysis, when he puts the patient on a couch day in and day out and lets her wander over miles of barren verbal territory in an effort to reach her unconscious and to straighten it out, I am strongly reminded of practices in the ancient art of white magic.

The behaviorist's unverbalized is throughout a scientific concept. It has a common sense origin and growth. We know that most fears in man and animal are developed in the simplest kind of way long before verbalization begins. Starting with loud, sharp sounds and loss of support as the unconditioned stimuli, we build in fear of furry animals—fur-cotton wool—hair of the human body—of water—of moving trains—high places, bridges, trestle work—enclosed and open spaces, and the like (many of these by hypothesis!). Along with the actually conditioned responses we have the transferred fears about which there need be no mystery since such "transferences" are always obtained in every experiment where the animal is being taught to respond differentially. Again—and here at first sight the process seems more obscure—we have conditioned fear responses of the first, second, and succeeding orders. Conditions become so complex that the original genetic source of these types of responses—from the two unconditioned stimuli—can with difficulty be traced.

From equally simple beginnings love and rage responses grow—and long before words are put on.

Finally we have the still more complicated types of response where the individual has been successively conditioned to respond emotionally in more than one way to the same stimulus or situation—*e.g.* where the daughter responds to the caresses and kisses of the mother, to her noisy behavior when drunk or quarreling, and to her as a hampering, restraining stimulus. Love—fear—hate responses to the one stimulus. Surely we do not need the "bivalence" and "multivalence" theory of the analysts here or any unconscious to understand the reactions of the individual who does not respond to group-behavior patterns.

Not one of our hypothetical subjects in whom such unverbalized organization has taken place can *talk it out* until the analyst *talks it in*. There is nothing to talk out—no unconscious to be reached. Our belief is that the analyst should talk it out only long enough to get the main features of the patient's biography, part of which he can get from associates. Nor is he by talking it out or analyzing dreams approaching any traumatic injury or festering spot in the unconscious. He is or should be watching and noting verbal behavior objectively. His attitude should not be different from what it would be if he were watching and recording her movements as she goes about the room, her eating habits, and sex habits. When observation is complete enough the physician can make a diagnosis of the genetic factors which have been operative in producing the deviations he observes in her behavior. Then his prescription, couched in the terms of the steps she should take for retraining, should come next. It is this unconditioning and retraining that should take time—not the analysis. At present the analyst, at least for an astonishingly long time, re-educates her or attempts to re-educate her only or mainly along verbal lines. He won't even admit that he himself is re-educating her. Her re-education according to the behaviorist's belief must be along manual, verbal, and visceral lines. She must be given a new manual life with a new verbal life and a new visceral life. Her old sets of

habits will not work. But talking by itself will never give her this needed new equipment.

III

It seems unfair to the developing child not to bring his *word-world* up to a higher state of usefulness than is now done in schools. Every time I question young children, or even college graduates, I am struck by their dumbness—by their inability to tell how they do things and to manipulate verbally their material and social world. Why can't we teach the child from the beginning to verbalize his manual activity? Why not throw away textbooks—give brief verbal or written problems—then let the child work out his problem in chemistry, physics, agriculture with his hands and write and talk out his technic as he goes along.

Talking without being able to translate into manual behavior, or acting manually without being able to translate into words, does not give complete integration. Here is an example. In front of me are the complete parts of a pendulum clock. One child can glibly talk at great length about this or any other clock, but at a superficial level, slipping almost immediately into the æsthetic values of the clock, history of clocks, etc. But he cannot put the parts together. He knows clocks in terms of words only. In contrast, another child of the same age, deft with his hands, can take these cogs, escapement, wheels, pendulum, and springs, and put them together. But when I cover the clock up and ask him about the inside of the clock and how the parts are put together, I get no response. He is dumb. He has no words. I have a third child in front of me, equally deft with his hands and with his words. He puts the clock together. Again I cover it with the cloth. He tells me correctly about every part—how they are put together and how they function when put together. In other words, he builds me a perfectly good verbal clock.

In my opinion the third child—by nature no better fitted than either of the other two—has outstripped them by a distance comparable in some respects with the span that separates man from the orang. With a word-world adequately substitutable for the object-world, he is to some extent master of his own destiny, independent of the world of sights, sounds, smells, and tastes.

Is it too unattainable a social ideal to believe that every man, woman, and child should be trained about his own organism as thoroughly as the last boy was trained about the clock? We could very quickly teach them enough anatomy to give them a thorough working notion of the body, nervous system, heart, lungs, liver, kidney, glands, sex apparatus. Then we could teach them enough physiology for them to grasp what the function of each main part is and how the various parts function together. Shouldn't we do this early and so thoroughly that no old wives' tales can ever again find a lodging place? Isn't it more important for them to get this early—this exploration of themselves—than to get their literature, geography, history, chemistry, and physics, important as these subjects are?

Next we should teach the rudiments of hygiene (what many call "mental hygiene"); show them in the simplest terms how infantile unverbalized behavior arises and how it is carried over into adult life; teach them about fear, love, and anger reactions; work out with them how the individual behaves in depressions. We should teach them what exhibition-behavior is like; how easily seclusion-behavior develops; we should explain invalidism and other nascent psychoses. We should teach them first how to recognize these reaction patterns in others and then, most important of all, how to recognize them in themselves by watching and tabulating their own behavior.

A boy or girl taught in this way could check his own behavior three or four times a month. "For days I have fought with my parents. Two or three times

in the last week I have been depressed and have tried to find excuses for not going to school and doing my other work." Or, to change the picture, "I have been getting entirely too boisterous and loud—too excited—driving the automobile too fast—taking too many risks and dangers in swimming and diving." Or again, "I find I am avoiding people more than I used to. I like to get in a corner and read. I don't go out on the streets very much." Or once more, "I find that I am going with girls very much less than I used to and that I have begun to chum with boys in the neighborhood."

Having taught them to observe their own behavior in this way as they observe the behavior of others, can't we next teach them what to do when their records show that they are getting into jams? In other words, give them the essentials of corrective hygiene. For example, "All my work has slowed down. I am lacking in pep, don't care whether I go to see anybody or not. I have been leading a humdrum existence. Things haven't gone right at home. I guess I'll talk to my physician. He will probably tell me I had better pack up and go for a week's fishing or hunting and that when I come back I'd better change things around a bit, try to find more interesting jobs, get some hobbies going that I have been flirting with for a long time, and try to reach some satisfactory decision about my sex life which has been bothering me lately."

I would give this training before the fourteenth year, since at this age the great mass of our population gives up its schooling. Can young children get all this? I am hopeful of it. My business experience has opened my eyes to how simply things can be put to the public, how nearly all the worth-while truths of science can be set forth in homely words.

Unless the child has a word organization—a word for every situation, and unless the stimulus can arouse a verbal reaction simultaneously with the manual, which in turn acting as a stimulus can arouse a substitutive manual reaction, how can the larynx (and its related musculature) ever become dominant? To-day we are predominantly a verbally-reacting animal. This means that the laryngeal segment is the repository of most of our social and ethical training. Now if the stimulus does not activate this segment, "precepts," "shalls," and "shall nots" can never arouse socially acceptable substitutive reactions. It seems to me that almost the whole of ethics hinges upon the extent to which the child can be verbally organized.

You can see the behaviorist's goal: every boy and girl by the age of fourteen to know his own organism and its reactions as, in my example, the boy knew his clock. This would lead the organism to be *behavioristically self-correcting*, just as the body unaided (unless too pronounced an infection sets in) heals its own wounds. The youth of fourteen trained in this way may not know as much literature, history, and mathematics as the youth of fourteen to-day, but he need fear neither the psycho-analyst's unconscious nor the behaviorist's unverbalized.

ON MAKING LOW PEOPLE INTERESTING

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

HAVING lived of late in a part of Europe where there is very little doing in the way of English, I went for many months without reading a word in my own tongue. By working in a different set of sequences so long, my mind got a bit away from the familiar ones; it rather slacked off on the English-reading habit, as I suppose any mind that has any flexibility is bound to do. But not thinking about this, I was not conscious of the change while it was going on, and when at the end of a long period I fell heir to a dozen cast-off English novels, I was surprised to find that I approached them a good deal like a stranger. On this account, I suppose, certain features of them seemed more odd and unusual than they would have seemed if I had not so completely broken with the English-reading habit, and broken also so largely with the life which they represented.

Some of these novels were British, some American, and all were recent, several being of the current crop, and none more than a couple of years old, I think. They were all good sellers, and had been much talked about. One feature common to them all was that they dealt with low people. I cannot recall a single character out of the whole lot whom one would not rate as pretty distinctly low. This was all to the good, for low people are a great asset to an artist. He can do more with them than with any other kind, because their lives give him a larger range, being lived in a freer fashion, less subject to external directions and restraints. But what impressed me most was that not one of these low people was interesting. Not one of them had anything which touched off the waiting fancy and imagination of the reader. I take it that an interesting person in literature is just what he is in life. He is the kind of person who powerfully stirs your fancy and imagination, so that you want to go back to him and see him again and again, and keep on seeing him as much as you can. None of these people was like that. Bring one of them to life, and you would not cross the street to meet him or give a button to get acquainted with him. They were all so colorless, in fact, so unsubstantial for literary purposes, that the authors had to be continually helping them out, finding something lively for them to do, creating one striking situation after another, to keep them going. This threw over the story a general air of fictitiousness and unreality which was dissatisfying. One novel, for instance, which dealt with the progress of a hard-fisted, bull-headed English farmer-girl on her way to prosperity, culminated in her acquisition of an illegitimate child. This episode had a touch of embarrassment about it, as of something which did not belong there but had been lugged in by the ears. One might say at first sight that it was put in at a publisher's suggestion, as a gratuitous handful of incense to what Matthew Arnold called "the great goddess Aselgeia." Still, as one thought it over, there was little else for the poor girl to do, little else that was within her competence. If she had been an interesting character she need not have done it. Someone

once asked Thackeray whether Becky Sharp actually did or did not "go wrong," and Thackeray replied that, for the life of him, he didn't know.

The only interest that I could discover in these stories, therefore, was in virtue of various literary devices, some legitimate, ingenious, and workmanlike, and others rather ramshackle. There was not a vestige of character-portrayal that was anywhere near above par; no vestige of the art that creates a character interesting in itself, irrespective of plot and dramatic action, powerfully stimulating the reader's fancy and imagination, like the forty Flemish types in Old Breughel's sketch-book—just faces, studies in feature and expression, nothing more—but what faces! Still, as I said, I had been long away from my native life and letters, and did not feel sure of my judgment; so I rummaged around for something to true up by, and finally emerged with a copy of the *Pickwick Papers*.

There are eighty-two characters in that book, not counting those in the inserted stories, which come to sixteen more, I think; say about a hundred, all told. Regarded as folks, nearly all of them are low; and those whom one might not class precisely as low are middling ordinary. Even the virtues of Pickwick himself are prosaic. None of these people would ever set the river afire with his genius or make one's head swim with the elevation of his spirit. The great majority, I think, would be put down at once as the very riddlings of creation. But how *interesting!*—why, one would walk miles unending to meet one of them and, having met him, would haunt him and delightedly follow him up and down the earth. Not especially the major characters, either, but those who appear and disappear in the course of half a page, whose personalities are so clearly and vividly struck out in a single paragraph that the reader's fancy and imagination instantly get their whole measure for life by a kind of flashlight photography. Think of Mr. Smangle, Pott, Mr. Peter Magnus, Grummer, Pell, Dowler, Mr. Leo Hunter, Bantam; think of Bob Sawyer, and of his landlady, Mrs. Raddle! It is conceded that Dickens did little with female character and did not seem interested in it, and this has led some critics to say that he was not able to do much with it. I suggest that this assumption runs hard aground on Mrs. Raddle. But there those people are, low as they can be, mostly the sheer scum of the earth, none of them really doing anything in particular—the book has hardly any literary machinery even at the outset, and promptly drops what little it starts with. There they are—that is practically all one can say about them, and since they are what they are, it is all one need say.

The *Pickwick Papers*, however, are rather a special kind of literary product. The preface tells us that they are not meant to be the conventional type of novel, but a loosely organized aggregation of individual characters run together on a weak thread of commonplace adventure. So, as well as I could without having the book at hand, I revived my recollections of Dickens's next story, which is in all respects quite the regular thing. *Nicholas Nickleby* has a formal plot, well worked out in plenty of dramatic action, for whatever these devices amount to; other authors have done as well with both, and some better. There, again, it is character, mostly of the very lowest, that gives this book its hold upon the reader's fancy and imagination. Mantalini, Gride, Crummles and his barnstormers, the Kenwigses, Squeers, Noggs, Lillyvick—surely the rarest assortment of utter riff-raff, of sheer human sculch, that was ever raked together between two covers, but *interesting* beyond expression. The plot of *Nicholas Nickleby* might be what it liked, the dramatic action might go this way or that way, and no one would give a penny for the difference. So long as these people are what they are, who cares what they do?

Let them stand out and mark time, if they choose, like the characters in *Pickwick*, for all the odds it would make. Imagine some go-getting publisher telling Charles Dickens that to "sustain the human interest," and really to "put the book over with a bang," he ought to get Kate Nickleby in the family way by Sir Mulberry Hawk and fork in all the biological details of the episode that the law allows!

II

But Dickens is Dickens, and one may not expect the average run of authorship to match him, and certainly one would not wish it to imitate him. One might reasonably expect it to emulate him, however, if indeed character-portrayal be any longer regarded as part of authorship's job. The samples I had been assaying did not show traces of any such effort, so I resolved to look farther into the matter. When I came back into the English-speaking world, therefore, I began to persecute my whole literary acquaintance for points on the status of character-portrayal. Was it by way of becoming a lost art, and if so, why? There seemed to be a complete consensus of opinion that it was. Cultivated amateurs and those whose connection with literature is professional told me that character in current English fiction was becoming standardized into a very few types, and that even those few were vague and vapid. As for my second question, I got various answers which I think may be susceptible of synthesis.

To begin with a rather extreme view, a brisk young acquaintance of mine, who is fond of drawing distinctions in favor of "this generation" and "the modern spirit in art" (probably noticing that I am getting on in years and my critical guns a little honeycombed) tells me that no one cares any more for character-portrayal. This shift in taste is due to "the new psychology"—whatever that is—and the thing nowadays is to produce a kind of literary chart or graph of "what goes on in a person's mind." The acme of achievement in the new art is reached, I believe, when one succeeds in showing by what seems a pretty strictly journalistic method "how he got that way." I speak cautiously about these matters, for I feel uncertain about them, not sure that I understand them very well. Like Artemus Ward, I skurcely kno what those air. As well as I can judge, however, one of the novels in my original exhibit would seem to come somewhere near filling my young friend's bill.

It was rather literally the inside story of the development, if one may call it that, of a young girl of the period, a flapper. This flapper was a filthy little trollop—which I hasten to say is no objection to her, for many great characters in fiction are shocking trollops. A trollop is a first-rate literary property, plenty good enough for anybody as far as she goes; but *qua* trollop, she does not go very far, and a good artist knows it. His literary instinct warns him that in this capacity alone she is worth only about a stickful, nonpareil, on the eighth page, last column. If he wants her to be a real headliner, he must freight her up with something more substantial for literary purposes.

But this young woman was a trollop all the time, twenty-four hours a day, being apparently devoid of any other faculty. She was good for nothing else. This gave the story a pathological turn —a turn of very special and extremely limited interest, quite ludicrously inadequate to the amount of space employed to tell it. I was reminded by contrast, though the stories have essentially something in common, of Bill Nye's story of an omnivorous dog that he once had, named Entomologist, who ate some liquid plaster-of-Paris one day, and did not survive the experiment. Bill held an autopsy and salvaged the plaster for a memento, using it as a paper-weight, with the inscription, "Plaster cast of Entomologist, taken by himself—interior view." This was as much of a story as these humble

literary properties were worth, and Bill was enough of a literary artist to refrain from trying to stretch it. Consequently, as far as he goes, Entomologist is an interesting figure; he stirs one's fancy and imagination in a small way, but an agreeable way, and sets them at work reconstructing the circumstances and filling in the details for oneself. A good artist is one who prods up one's fancy and imagination to do all this sort of work. If the creator of this flapper had been anything of an artist, her annals would have amounted to a paragraph. I think I know what went on in Mr. Jingle's mind most of the time, quite as well as if Dickens had psychologized and analyzed him and delivered long-winded disquisitions on how he got that way.

This may be the logical place to comment on one general tendency common to the dozen novels that formed my *corpus vile* for dissection. They all dealt largely with sex-relations, usually irregular. Complaint of this tendency is common enough, but the ground of complaint never seemed to me well taken, and I always wondered why so much should be made of bad reasons for complaining of it when it is just as easy to propose a good one. Sexual irregularities are in themselves unobjectionable for literary purposes, as far as I can see, and I think it is simply silly to pretend a "moral issue" in their treatment. The real trouble is with the author's own relation to his subject. An author's own obvious preoccupation with sexual affairs, regular or irregular—I say obvious, because one can discern it instantly—is objectionable, for the reason that the amount of actual literary material which these affairs provide is never enough to satisfy this preoccupation. It will not go far in the construction of a novel; and his preoccupation keeps him trying to make it go farther than it will go.

For instance, one of the novels in my exhibit propounded a curious prairie-dog's nest of unwholesome mortals, whose whole existence seemed to be made up of pigging together in joyous squalor through three hundred solid pages. This was the total impression conveyed by the story, and it was most unpleasantly dull. Not a character in the book had the slightest pretension to interest—one listlessly wished they would all go off together down a steep place into the sea and get drowned, like their lineal forefathers of Gadara. A very good story can be made of the antecedents and consequences of any mode or form of concubinage, from marriage up and down, but the actual technic of concubinage itself is not diversified enough to permit a writer to do anything with it worth speaking of. It is too undifferentiated, except for subjective conditions which are not reproducible upon a reader. Except for these conditions, which are potent enough but quite unreproducible upon a third person, living with one woman is almost precisely like living with another—even the standard jokes and cartoons on the subject show that; and if it be so in life, which brings into play all the small interest-provoking accidents of social contact and entourage, the general effect of which also is quite unreproducible, how much more so in literature!

To make the case clearer, let us introduce a couple of parallels from one, by the way, who is the unquestioned master in the art of showing "what goes on in a person's mind"—from Turgueniev. *First Love*, to begin with, is a story of low people; only one person in it, the narrator, is anything but a very poor affair. The heroine, Zinaïda, is a flapper of seventeen or so. Here you have the real thing in flappers and the real thing in trollops. *Qua* flapper and *qua* trollop, Zinaïda makes the candidates put forward by our contemporary literature look like Confederate money. The bare story is squalid and repulsive; a journalistic report of it would be unreadable. But as Turgueniev unfolds it, the great goddess Lubricity gets not a single grain

of incense. Not one detail is propounded for the satisfaction of prurience. The people, dreadful as they are, and the drama, weighted as it is with all that is unnatural and shocking in Zinaïda and her paramour, are more than interesting; they are profoundly moving, they release a flow of sympathy that effaces all other emotions, and one lays down the book with a sense of being really humanized and bettered by having read it. Let the reader get it in Mrs. Garnett's excellent translation, and experiment for himself. Then let him go even farther, and try *Torrents of Spring*. This is a story of the antecedents and consequences of adultery plus seduction brought about under inconceivably loathsome circumstances. The three principal characters are detestably low. The foremost among them, Maria Nikolaevna, in my judgment the most interesting woman in the whole range of fiction—what would one not give to see her and talk with her for an hour?—is the world's prize slut, if ever there were one. But the author has not the slightest preoccupation with her sluttishness, and hence he communicates none to the reader, and the great goddess Aselgeia goes begging again.

III

Some of my literary acquaintances whom I have questioned tell me that authors write too fast. Eager to satisfy the market, they do not take time to portray character. I doubt the force of this. Dickens wrote furiously against time all his life. Haste drove him into some pretty indifferent grammar sometimes, and often loosened his constructions. But it never switched him off from a straight drive at the essential features of character. If he sketched an individual in seven strokes, you "get" that individual—you get him all. Those seven are the essential strokes, and you can fill in the rest for yourself without any trouble. In this power of instant penetration to the essential he is like Old Breughel. Haste should not interfere with this power in the modern artist, if he has it. It might make him a little slovenly in his technical expression of the essentials after he has caught them, but it should not impair his ability to catch them. It seems to me, therefore, that this explanation will not wash.

Another said that authorship nowadays did not compose with its eye on the object. Its vision wavered about, sometimes on the object, sometimes on arbitrary formulas of interpretation set by publishing policy, sometimes on possible liberties to be taken with the reader's mind, and so on. But if an artist's eye wanders, he is aware of it; he tears up his sketch, curses himself once or twice, and starts all over again. He knows at once where the trouble is. If he did not he would be no artist, and should be advised to give up literature and take to something else. This criticism, therefore, amounts to saying that we have no artists, or the chance of any, which I doubt. I doubt it on the strength of collateral evidence presented by some of the novels that I am discussing. Another said that current authorship did not know enough about human beings; its experience was superficial and journalistic, not going deep enough to provide a mature, objective, but kindly insight. There is no doubt something in this, but if so, I suggest that it only moves the problem one step backward. Granted that the author has not enough depth of experience, why does not the instinct of an artist make him bestir himself and get it?

My notion is that the author is not altogether at fault. It takes more than the man to make an artist; it takes the combination of the man and the moment, the man and the *milieu*. An artist must have models, and for him to have them, the civilization around him must produce them. Old Breughel sketched marvellously interesting faces, but the faces were there for him to sketch; the civilization of Brussels produced them, as it still does—you can see a hundred an hour there, any day.

British literature, up to a half-century ago, has been peculiarly rich in interesting character—well, British life was peculiarly rich in it. By all accounts, the London of 1827 was swarming with models for Dickens.

No doubt the modern author might do better than he does, since we all might well do that, but I suggest that he cannot be expected to do inordinately better than the civilization around him provides him the technical means of doing. A physician once told me that smallpox had been so far subdued that a whole generation of physicians had come on who had never seen a case; and if one of them by chance did encounter a stray case, he had nothing but book-learning to meet it with. If an author does not reproduce a character of interesting distinction, it is fair to ask how many such characters he ever saw. If his insight into character is superficial, it is fair to ask how much opportunity his civilization ever gave him for deepening it. If his people—especially his low people, his flappers and trollops, his ragamuffins and adventurers—lack savor and individuality, how many such people has he ever known who actually had more? If his types are few and standardized, how about his practicable models? It is rather significant, I think, that the best work, the most artistic work, in character-portrayal done in America is done upon models furnished by encysted cultures, by people who cleave with obstinate tenacity to their traditional bent, and maintain it against the levelling force of the civilization around them—the Irish, for example, and the Jews. Potash and Perlmutter, their bloodthirsty competitors, their operators and finishers, their wives' relations, are all really pretty dreadful people, but what profoundly interesting characters they are, how vivid, brilliant and individual are their qualities! In actual life, too, they are pretty dreadful people. I sometimes think there will be a record-breaking pogrom in New York some day, and there are occasions even now when the most peace-loving person among us wishes he could send over for a couple of *sotnias* of Cossacks to floor-manage the subway rush. But if one can get on an isle of safety somewhere and survey them, how absorbingly *interesting* they are. Think of Mr. Goldblatt and his son-in-law, of Henry Feigenbaum and, above all, of Uncle Mosha Kronberg!—there is an interesting individual for you, as full of fascinations as a cucumber is of seeds.

I once asked an American portrait painter, a very good one, how many faces had ever turned up in the day's work that really challenged his artistic insight and penetration, like the innumerable great faces put on the canvas by Maes, Hals, Steen, Rembrandt, Fabritius, Koninck, de Backer, and a host of others. He said perhaps two or three. I know that on my return to America after a long sojourn among Belgian types, the most striking impression made upon me was of the curiously uniform, undistinguished, characterless quality of the faces about me. There were perhaps half a hundred Americans on the ship with me, and for two days after we landed, while I was getting my sea-legs off and becoming used to my surroundings, I kept seeing those people all over New York. It was an extremely odd experience. Of course it was not the same person in any case, but each one of the whole series of resemblances was strong enough to take me in for several minutes. What can a portrait painter do? Similarly, what can a literary artist do?

Moreover, the freemasonry of *was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine* affects the reading public, as well as the artist, in an unfavorable way. No one can make much out of Dickens without some knowledge of the economic and social life of his day. The appreciation of his power of character-portrayal is largely a matter of the interest bred by general information and general culture. When I saw the play "Potash and Perlmutter" some years ago, I seemed to be the only person in the house who was not a Jew.

I saw it twice more, and remarked the same phenomenon. I wondered how its power of character-portrayal, much better felt in the stories than in the play, of course, affected the average of the Goyim; whether their general level of culture was high enough to enable them disinterestedly to appraise it for what it was worth. Several times, at a period when I was in a position to do so, I have experimented with promising young sprigs of the hire learning who had "specialized in English literature," *Gott soll hüten*, by noting what signs they showed of sparking up over great examples of character-portrayal. I never got my investment back. If I got a net of three cents on the dollar I was as elated as if I had found it in the street. Since those days, when I have seen my countrymen pausing before portraits done by the old Flemish masters, I have wondered what impression was made upon them by the faces themselves, as indexes of character.

IV

I, therefore, suggest with all possible delicacy, that hopes of "the great American novel" are extravagant. This art requires great subjects; and the life about us does not provide them. It requires a very special order of correspondence between the artist and his environment; and the life about us does not promote this or even permit it. Our civilization, rich and varied as it may be, is not *interesting;* its general level falls too far below the standard set by the collective experience of mankind. If one points with pride to our endless multiplication of the mechanics of existence, and our incessant unintelligent preoccupation with them, the artist replies that with all this he can do nothing. What he demands is great and interesting character, character that powerfully stirs the fancy and imagination, and a civilization in which such interests are dominant cannot supply it.

To-day's newspapers carry an item from one of our Mid-Western towns, saying that in a raid on some swindling charlatan the police discovered hundreds of letters from people who were burdened with intolerable tedium, which they declared they would do anything in the world to escape "if only he would advise them how." Yet these people had an available apparatus of comfort and of enjoyment surpassing anything ever seen in the world. No doubt they had movies handy, and money enough to patronize them, since the submerged tenth does not write to fakers. Probably many of them had Ford cars, and radio sets yielding jazz to dance by; probably they were better dressed and fed, and more comfortably housed, than people of a station corresponding to theirs have ever been! But all this did not make for an interesting life; and they knew so little what such a life consisted in, and the terms on which it was to be had, that they turned to this wretched fellow's nostrum, whatever it was, in pathetic and ignorant hope. Their case is common; everyone knows that it is, let him pretend as he chooses. Everyone is aware that the failure of our civilization is precisely this failure in *interest*, for which nothing can make up. Our collective life is not "lived from a great depth of being," but from the surface; and the mark of the collective life is on the individual.

Perhaps our civilization knows how to transform itself; if so, the artist may ultimately have his chance. Perhaps, again, it is permissible to see a kind of allegory in the story of the man who fed his horse on shavings. For some reason, he said, just about as the horse began really to like them, it up and died on him.

The Lion's Mouth

SAVE ME FROM THE MAN WHO HAS A SPEECH TO MAKE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

"THEY'VE invited me to attend this darned banquet next month," said Robinson, "they want me to propose the toast to Our Country. I suppose it's easy enough, eh?"

He spoke with an affectation of indifference but I knew what he was feeling underneath.

"I suppose," he went on, "all I have to do is to get up and jolly them along for fifteen minutes, eh?"

"That's all," I answered, "just jolly them along."

I met him again a week later.

"They've got me down for this banquet on the twelfth," he said. "They want me to propose Our Country."

"Do they?" I said.

"Yes, and I was thinking that perhaps a good idea might be to say something about the history of the country, don't you think?"

So then I knew that Robinson had got to the stage of looking up the encyclopedia.

"A good idea," I answered.

"I thought," he continued, "that I'd trace it down from early times and show the way it has come on. How do you think that would go?"

"I think," I said, "that that would go as far as you like."

"Don't you think," asked Robinson, a few days later, "that it might be a good idea to work in Christopher Columbus —something about Columbus having been the first to dine on this continent? Something about his dining *à la carte*, or *à la chart*, you see—"*carte*," and "*chart*" —if I can just work it in. Don't you think?"

"I think," I told him, "that if you can only work it in, it will make a tremendous hit."

That afternoon I saw him in the Public Library taking out the *Life of Christopher Columbus*.

I happened to meet Robinson a few days later out in the country on a Sunday walk.

"They've got me down to speak at this big dinner on the twelfth," he said.

"Oh, yes."

"I don't suppose there's any difficulty about doing a thing of that sort, is there?"

"None whatever," I answered.

From the look of his face I could realize the stage of anxiety he had reached.

"I didn't know," I said, "that you were in the habit of walking out here?"

"I don't," he answered, "not usually. But I thought, with this speech to make next Tuesday week, I'd take long walks so as to be able to think over a few ideas. Don't you think that's a good plan?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "fine! How far do you walk each time?"

"Oh, about ten to twelve miles."

"Yes," I said, "that ought to do it."

I watched him disappear a little later along the side of a meadow, seeing neither the dandelions nor the daisies but with his mind riveted on Christopher Columbus, and murmuring in his

fancy, "Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen—"

Such shipwreck does the prospect of a "Pleasant Evening" make of the human mind.

"I was thinking," he said on the following Saturday, "that a fellow might get off something about the future of the country, eh?"

"An excellent idea!" I assured him.

"You weren't at church," I said to Robinson, "on Sunday—"

"No," he answered, "I have been working on this damn speech for this damn banquet; I've got to follow right after the damn toastmaster. I've got to think up some damn thing or other to say between now and Tuesday."

On Monday Robinson was not at his office. I understood that he was working at his speech. I saw the banquet announced in the newspapers that day and noticed that there were to be fifteen speakers.

On Tuesday morning I called up Robinson on the 'phone. "No," he said, "I'm not coming downtown. They got me stung to speak at this damn banquet to-night on Our Country. Gad, *I* don't know what to say. I've had no time to study it up."

"Too bad," I said.

"Yes, and what I think I'll do is, I'll write the damn thing out. It's more certain that way, isn't it?"

"Dead certain."

That evening I called Robinson up again about seven-thirty to wish him success.

His voice sounded muffled.

"I'm not going," he said, "I've caught a sort of a nasty chill. . . . I think it's perhaps a touch of bronchitis (here he coughed) or else it's just a touch of lumbago or sciatica: in fact I'm in pretty poor shape, I guess I'd better not go out to-night. My wife says I'd be crazy to go."

"What about your speech?"

"I sent it over," he answered, "Billy Jones is going to read it to the boys."

Next day I naturally supposed that the episode of Robinson and his speech was all over.

It soon appeared that it was only beginning.

"Great heavens," he said to me when we met that morning, "did you see the morning paper?"

"The Chinese massacres?" I asked.

"No, my speech. My God, these reporters! They've got it all bashed up. They hardly put in any of it at all, and left out all the best parts, and what they did put in was all bashed up."

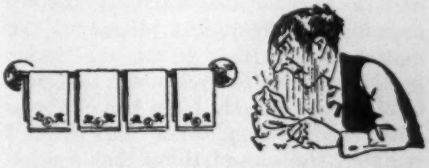
"Bashed up?"

"Yes, look at this—where I said 'This country has a great destiny in front of it,' they've put it, 'this country has a great destitution in front of it.' How the devil Billy Jones could have—"

I didn't stop to hear any more.

Robinson is still talking, even after the lapse of months, of what he *would* have said if he had been able to go, of other ideas that came to him later, of jokes that he thought would have gone down well, of gags that he would have had half a mind to put in.

And he really thinks—or tries to—that his wife wouldn't let him go to the banquet.



THE GUEST TOWEL

BY STANLEY M. MOFFAT

GUEST towels, like Eve's apple, should be seen, not touched. They are *objets d'art*, akin to the Colport china which is never brought out of the corner closet.

Our guest towels are rather narrow,

dainty affairs, with roses embroidered on the ends. One would as soon think of crushing underfoot the first anemone of spring as to pluck one of them from the rack. Loving hands have laid them out just now, and the meaning is clear—we are to have friends with us to-night and over Sunday.

In the interim between the ceremonial placing of the sacred objects and the time of our guests' arrival the ordinary hand towels are allowed to remain on the hooks behind the bathroom door. By four o'clock, however, these mysteriously disappear, and there is nothing for it but to fish behind the radiator for the old Turkish. It may have been used recently to polish up the children's school shoes, but it is soft—and not *verboten*.

The guests arrive, are shown to their room. Next, the dust of travel must be removed. Jones retires to wash up. He emerges shortly, thoroughly cleansed and dry. Mrs. Jones follows suit. She also joins us soon, radiantly freshened—and dry. I have been gardening and must clean up too. I enter the bathroom. There they hang—the half-dozen damask beauties, unrumpled and unsoiled! On the edge of the tub, carefully spread out, is one exceedingly limp and disheartened bath towel. Our guests have been well trained. In brief—they know their visiting oats!

Aside from the trivialities of the week-end, which passed off pleasantly enough, with the towels still inviolate on Monday morning, the historical phases of the matter merit further discussion. So far as I have been able to discover, the guest towel stems directly from the old-fashioned needlework piece or cross-stitched sampler, the sort of thing that was always mounted and framed, and hung in a conspicuous place just under the daguerreotype of your great-grandmother. (She probably bought it at a county fair but, be that as it may, her reputation as a needlewoman is now firmly established among her descendants.) The first era of the transition period commenced when samplers were hung in bedrooms, the second when it became customary to place them under the shaving mirror, and the third and final phase when in a little farmhouse in Dedham, Massachusetts, one hundred and fifty years ago, Elsbeth Goss observed one morning that the aged wooden frame had fallen from her sampler, leaving tacked to the wall above the wash basin—the first American guest towel! The effect was so pleasing to her that with her own hands she cross-stitched five companion pieces and fastened them up with the original. On Thanksgiving Day of that year, when the Winthrop family came to dinner, she threw the ordinary towels into the cupboard beneath the washstand, and Governor Winthrop dried his hands on the bed quilt!

Thus began the reign of the guest towel. When will it end? Sometimes I think I hear the first menacing rumbles of a revolt of mankind against this immaculate tyranny. Sometimes there have even been moments when I myself have considered using a guest towel—never in someone else's house, for that would be unspeakable—but in my own home. But I confess myself weak: I have wavered and failed. Someone of stronger fiber, some man of courage and vision, must rise to show us the way. It will be an historic day when at last, goaded to a splendid fury, he tramples with his dusty golf shoes upon the guest towels which he has soiled and thrown to the floor in a glorious gesture of freedom.

ARE YOU CONVINCING?

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

LONG ago, when I first began writing articles and stories, I frequently met that word "convincing." An editor would return my work with something like this comment: "It is good

work, and I like it, but it is not quite convincing." As I progressed one editor even underlined "*quite*" and another underlined "*convincing.*"

I used to sit with my head in my hands wondering how and by what means I could be, or my writing could be made, convincing. I studied the classics, as well as current literature of all kinds; but I could not find out how it was done.

Ah, yes; but that was some years ago. Any writer who wishes to know how to be convincing nowadays, need not waste time on Dante or Cervantes, much less on current literature; nor need he take a correspondence course on "How to Become a Writer, in Ten Lessons"; nor need he wander in volumes which promise to tell him ten thousand places where he may sell his manuscripts.

It is all far simpler than this. He has only to go sleepily (at least I usually go sleepily) to his door of a morning, and haul in the sheaf of advertising circulars which the postman has left there. He has only to take these and open them and read and ponder. There, revealed for him to contemplate and study, he will find the art of being convincing.

I open the first one of my own sheaf. It bears the coat of arms of a most swagger tailor-shop which abides just off Fifth Avenue. This is the outstanding paragraph:

> The first thing you will want to do on your return from your countryseat is to order the proper uniforms for your chauffeur. Of course, as you know, he needs three. And of course no one knows as we do just the nicety of your own refined taste, and the detail of your chauffeur's needs.

There are accompanying this (and much more) pictures of my chauffeur who, now that I have just returned from my countryseat, must be properly outfitted—of course! He is very manly and attractive in the three different uniforms, pictured there with his hand to his cap, and rather more respectful and grand than my own chauffeur yet dreams of being; but very, very fine, I assure you, and very convincing; so convincing, indeed, that it isn't until later, when I sip my coffee, and wonder if I have enough money in bank to pay my laundry bill, that it comes to me that I haven't a countryseat, nor a chauffeur —not an automobile, even. I was so well convinced, you see, by that bit of masterly writing that the first thing I wanted to do, now I had returned from my countryseat that doesn't exist, was to order the proper uniforms for my chauffeur who isn't mine.

The next circular that I open starts off just as convincingly:

> As a person important to the activities of your community—important to the family and social circle surrounding you—*can* you afford not to take advantage of every reasonable safeguard against accidents?
>
> A considerable portion of your life is spent in motor cars.

The convincing advertisement then assures you (as if you needed to be assured!) that a person as important as yourself can only afford (of course! of course! why does he waste his time, this man!) to ride in "the safest automobile built." You are then assured that a certain senator, campaigning in a car of ordinary construction, struck another car, and was in the hospital for weeks, during an important part of his campaign. (It is not *said*, you understand, but it is subtly inferred, that when you are engaged in an equally important campaign of your own, a similar calamity just *might* . . .) And then it concludes:

"Only his great popularity elected him."

Nothing is said about *your* great popularity; but it is there, nevertheless, in the writer's mind, and yours, delicately, delicately implied.

You are then further told that Prince Nicolas and Princess Ileana of Roumania had a like accident. They, too, ran into another vehicle. But thanks to shatter-proof glass, low center of gravity, side bumpers of a certain kind, the total damage was extremely slight.

Then follows the most convincing touch of all:

"Can you afford to have less protection?"

You see what is implied! You who are of equal importance with Prince Nicolas and Princess Ileana of Roumania . . . So, as you read you marvel, simply marvel that you ever bought any other kind of car.

And so it goes. I still have no automobile. I spend very little indeed of my life in motor cars—even taxis are generally beyond me. I have a literal horror of campaigns of any sort, and a mortal dread of the kind of popularity that elects one to office. As for Prince Nicolas and Princess Ileana of Roumania I have never dreamed—I who am of a wise and sober and dignified sort—of classing myself on the level of their awful and youthful notoriety. But that advertisement has me so convinced!

The next advertisement that I open assures me that now that I am again going to sunny Africa for the winter, I will not fail to admit that a certain hotel in Algiers is the only one for me.

The next tells me that when a social leader like myself has generously devoted too much time to the entertainment of her distinguished friends, those little tiny wrinkles that *will* come—and so forth.

Heavens! I who live nearly like a hermit, and defend myself against my undistinguished and my few distinguished friends; who haven't to a certainty got *my* wrinkles in the manner named! Nevertheless, so convincingly is that advertisement written that I pity myself for being so generous a social leader.

The next one tells me that the only shop that a careful mother like myself will allow to clothe her children suitably and as they should be clothed . . .

The next starts out startlingly:

If you turn over the page you will see what happened to the family of the man who didn't insure his life. Is your husband insured?

I cannot bear to turn the page. (A weeping widow, starving children!) I'd rather not. I put it away.

The next one says:

Is that insurance of yours big enough?

(I don't think it is!)

Do you know what happens to nine trustees out of ten? Let us make your will.

The next assures me that it isn't safe to keep such valuable diamonds and emeralds and tiaras as mine in any but one safe deposit vault in town.

The next says, pointing a finger at me:

Are you one of the people who haven't the right kind of bones? Let us tell you what happens if you neglect Vitamin D!

Again I don't want to know. But I am utterly persuaded that I *haven't* the right kind of bones.

The next . . .

But why go on? They are convincing. They are indeed. It takes me quite a little while to right myself, and to admit miserably that I haven't a chauffeur, and very likely never shall have one, that I have no automobile, that I even economize on taxis, that I am not a person in the least important to my community, that I shall never be elected to public office by reason of my great popularity, that I am certainly not going abroad, have never been to Africa, have not a chick or child—though I greatly wish I had—have never got my wrinkles through being a too generous social leader, and so on, and so on.

But this—let young aspirants in fiction and other branches of the writer's art note and take heed—is convincing writing. Let them observe and learn. If convincing writing has largely gone out of the hands of the novelists of to-day, as I sometimes hear it said, I know at least where it has gone. I know where to look for it. I know where to find it.

It is almost time for the postman. There will be another batch soon. . . . And I think my writing is improving.

Editor's Easy Chair

CHURCHMEN WRESTLE AT LAUSANNE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WITH fair luck these words will get to readers (if there should be some) almost precisely at the end of the World Conference on Faith and Order which, at this writing, is expected to sit at Lausanne from August 3rd to 21st. Some of the most interesting contributions to the news in the last quarter of June were made by bishops taking ship from the port of New York to attend this conference. Bishop Brent left an interview behind him, very interesting, in which he seemed to show himself a worldwide Christian without much concern for either time or place. He thought Asia was going to change the world so far as its religion went. All conceptions of ecclesiastical government, he said, which have been jealously guarded by Western Christians for centuries must face scrutiny and doubt in the coming deliberations on the future unity of the Church of God. He found the question of authority and organization in the new unity the biggest problem probably with which the scattered forces of the Church will have to grapple. All the systems of government in the Church to-day are Western, he said, in conception. "The same types of mind which have worked out our political systems have worked out the ecclesiastical." Fascism, the great political phenomenon of the age, has its counterpart, he said, in the autocracy of one of our great Western communions. Democratic individualism shows up in the reaction of ecclesiastical autocracy in many Protestant bodies, and "constitutional monarchy is the form of another worldwide communion." Then he asks if the East is likely to accept any of these forms of government, for it is to the East that he looks for new ideas about the Christian religion and the Church. China, he says, as the spokesman for New Asia, has made it plain that any plans for the universal Church must take account of the Far East. China, Japan, and India will have something to say. Will they accept Christianity as arranged and interpreted by Western minds? Bishop Brent thinks not. The Founder of Christianity, he reminds us, was an Oriental. "He must be interpreted by his own group." Bishop Brent is enormously interested in that prospective interpretation. The revolt of Asia against Western civilization includes, as he sees it, the revolt against Western Christianity; and that seems to delight him, for he says, "the revolt in China is one of the happiest things for the universal Church."

Bishop Manning's farewell words in New York were mainly devoted to a lively remonstrance against new suggestions about marriage. He found even in his own Church an advocacy of unmarried unions and sex experiments that he denounced as "not only shameful but damnable." He spoke of a questionnaire sent out by a male professor in one of our best-known women's colleges to the young women of that institution

in which he not only definitely suggested so-called "companionate marriage," but asked questions of the girls which were, the Bishop said, of such a nature that it would be improper for him to quote them. He spoke of a "prominent preacher" in New York who, preaching to a body of women students, talked of the idea of "trying to send the new generation into the world with a definite code of right and wrong, and told these young people that the old ideas of right and wrong had been dropped and that the criterion of behavior is simply what we happen to regard as beautiful or ugly." The preacher so quoted was Doctor Fosdick. What Doctor Fosdick said to the graduating class of Smith College at Northampton included these observations:

> You are going out into a generation which is witnessing the breaking down of the old well-defined codes of right and wrong by which your fathers lived, into a generation which is rapidly coming to recognize as a criterion for behavior, standards of good taste in all realms and situations, both old and new.
>
> To try to send a new generation into the world with a definite code of right and wrong is to behave like the mother who said she was bringing her daughter up to think all the thoughts she wanted her to think until she was eighteen years old, and after that the girl could think for herself.
>
> There is plenty that is rotten and hypocritical in the old codes concerning love and the relationship of the sexes. Surely they can be changed and the simple standard can be substituted. Whatever debases personality is wrong and ugly; whatever elevates personality is right and beautiful.
>
> Finally, the standard of good taste is not a negative thing, merely keeping us from wrong. It is a creative thing. That is why your generation is so fine, so much cleaner, healthier, more promising than my generation. For when a generation discovers that the old codes cannot be used and they set up for themselves high standards of their own, they have much firmer ground on which to proceed.
>
> The difference between this generation and former ones is the substitution of a high individual standard for the compulsion of an external force.

BISHOP MANNING, in the hurry of his departure, may have failed to give Doctor Fosdick's words the careful consideration that was due them. Nevertheless, he and Doctor Fosdick seem to base their hopes of the improvement of human conduct on different things, Doctor Manning inclining to the maintenance by the Church of strict rules and standards, Doctor Fosdick leaning to the improvement in individual standards. Doctor Fosdick is closely associated in his ministry with the facts of life as it is now lived. Undoubtedly he has as much concern for morals as anybody and he is the leading preacher of his day in the United States. Bishop Manning says that if he thought the Church would listen with an open mind to such a proposal as companionate marriage he "would not lift another finger for the building of the Cathedral or for any other cause in the Church," but he knows the Church will not listen to it. Doctor Fosdick has also a church a-building, a large one, and in close vicinity to Doctor Manning's Cathedral, and if he really has different ideas about marriage from those of Doctor Manning he will have a commodious place in which to put them forth, and they may be overheard by Doctor Manning's parishioners. Probably, however, these two reverend gentlemen have the same idea of marriage and differ only in their conjectures about the way to realize it.

As for Judge Lindsey and his companionate marriage Doctor Manning probably does him also some injustice. Judge Lindsey sees morals pretty loose, a lot of divorce going on, bad marriages abounding. He does not like the situation. He is for better marriages. He objects to trial marriages: probably objects to so much divorce. If one can get hold of his pamphlet he will probably discover that the fault Judge Lindsey finds with current marriage is not that it is too tight, but that it is entirely too loose.

One trouble with the Church marriages nowadays is that the Church, having sentenced people to marriage for life, cannot enforce its sentence. If they want to quit they can usually quit, and the Church cannot do much about it.

Bishop Manning and Bishop Brent both preached on July 3rd in York Minster, England, at services which were part of the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of that Cathedral. Both of them heartily praised York Minster and talked about its history and its beauties. Both of them also discussed Church unity, Bishop Manning asserting that the Church of England was the one Church on earth which held the balance of truth between Catholicism and Protestantism. He thought it was the mission of that Church to bring all the churches together.

Bishop Brent spoke again of the prospective interpretation of Christianity by Eastern Christians.

Now, then, how do we laymen feel about all of these matters? In Alfred Smith's letter to Mr. Marshall there was striking evidence of the different attitudes of the lay and the clerical minds in the Roman Catholic Church towards matters of polity. There are differences in the Protestant Churches. Do we laymen want Church Unity, or is it quite agreeable to us to have the Churches worry along as they are? If Church Unity should mean more secular power to the Churches and increased control of marriage, of morals, of the stage, of literature, of life in general, we do not want it. We have got the Methodist Board of Morals as it is. We do not want any more compulsory regulation of life by clergymen. As between different schools of clergy, we have not a great deal of choice, but as between different individuals we have a great deal; for individuals in all the denominations get to see the light, whereas organizations are much more difficult to illuminate. The clergy have done us a mischief by contributing so considerably to put over on us a stupid prohibition law. We certainly do not want them to organize for any more regulation of behavior with the assistance of the police; but in so far as they can reach agreement on doctrine, fellowship, spiritual co-operation, we wish them good luck in the name of the Lord.

READERS of these lines will know, if they are attentive to the newspapers, what the World Conference on Faith and Order has been able to accomplish at Lausanne. There seem to have been delegates from all the Churches except the Roman Catholic. The Church of Rome is apparently satisfied, so far as itself is concerned, with things as they are. Moreover, as Bishop Brent suggested, in its government it is an autocracy based on Divine Right and not responsible to anyone on earth for what it does. Church Unity without the Roman Catholic Church would be comparable with the League of Nations without the United States. Nevertheless, if all the other Churches could come into closer agreement about what they think and what they ought to do, it might be a great step towards an intelligent co-operation between all the different brethren. Progress in that direction has undoubtedly been made of late years and is going on all the time. All sorts of religious people, if they are really religious, get on together nowadays. That appeared in the war, where Jewish, Protestant and Catholic ministers worked harmoniously in many cases in a great emergency employment. Unity in belief is likely to be aided by increase of knowledge. When Bishop Brent talks about the prospective influence of Asia upon the Christian religion he speaks of a great reservoir of belief in the Invisible World. India and China have that certainly; presumably Japan also.

As for unity of organization, if that is desirable, it might come as a consequence of some enormous jolt to all of Christendom. The Great War was such a jolt. It dissolved three empires. One of its

fruits was the League of Nations, as yet an imperfect agency but which stands as evidence of a great need intensely appreciated. If the nations of the world can organize even to a limited extent for purposes of peace and order, no doubt the Churches of the world can eventually organize to a limited extent in the interest of faith and co-operation.

What seems important to a great many people is to keep religion fluid in its rules and definitions. Life is constantly changing. Knowledge is constantly increasing nowadays in a marvelous measure. New knowledge affects the understanding of life and incidentally the understanding of religion. That seems to be the idea that Doctor Fosdick had in his discourse at Northampton. Life will not be denied. It insists upon going on, insists upon developing. Revelation is not complete. It is going on all the time now. No Church is going to regulate life or cramp the style of Nature.

The disturbance and distress about marriage is curious and interesting. One would think the Almighty made rules about marriage first, and then invented men and women and turned them loose on the rules. But that is not what happened at all. Men and women were invented and endowed with an inclination for one another which is one of the strongest forces in nature, perhaps the strongest, and on that inclination life itself depends. That much being done, it became necessary, as civilization advanced, to regulate the relations of the sexes, and marriage stands for that regulation as it has come down to us. It still works pretty well. A great many people live happily and profitably inside of it, but if life has changed so much that marriage needs tinkering to fit it, no doubt the tinkering will be done. Just as the bootleggers may be useful in perfecting liquor laws, so people that break out of marriage by divorce or however else they can, may be useful in the end in improving the marriage laws. What the bishops think about marriage is not so important as it might be if they could have open minds on the subject; but they cannot very well have them, being tied up to the opinions on that subject by their predecessors who lived in a world by no means identical with ours.

Mr. Louis Wiley of the *New York Times*, writing to the *New Republic* to correct what he considered an error of statement about the tabloids and their effect upon the standard newspapers of the country, declared that they had not been hurtful to the first-class newspapers. Some of the tabloids had enormous circulations, but Mr. Wiley found that they were not drawn from the circulations of such papers as the *Times*. In so far as they were in competition with newspapers already established it was with newspapers of a sensational character. The bulk of the tabloid readers, he thought, had not been newspaper readers until the tabloids came along and seized on their attention. So he thought the tabloids might be doing a useful service in teaching more people to read newspapers, and those people, Mr. Wiley believed, having got the habit, would presently reach out for better papers. So he did not complain of the tabloids, but rather approved of them.

Perhaps there is something useful in his attitude for people who complain of divorce. The large current experiment with divorce may in the end be profitable to marriage, for divorce, though it probably helps a good many cases, is in itself a troublesome and expensive nuisance. It is a confession of failure in an important matter. People will always want marriage for the sake of marriage, but they will never want divorce for the sake of divorce. It is mere medicine and by no means good to take. The more you read of it, the less you want it.

Personal and Otherwise

AS managing editor of the New York *Globe* before its extinction by the late Mr. Munsey, ***John T. Flynn*** became interested in the immunity of the courts from criticism by newspapers; and more recently, as a student of economic conditions who has been writing a daily syndicated business article for a large group of papers, he has had ample opportunity to study the relation of the federal judges to business enterprises. In the leading article of the month he now sets forth the extraordinary development of judicial power in this country. Mr. Flynn has written two previous HARPER papers, "Who Owns America?" (May, 1926) and "Luck in Business" (May, 1927).

The condensed and ironic study of night-club life as seen through the eyes of a maid in the women's dressing room is the work of a new contributor, ***Katharine Brush.*** Daughter of the headmaster of Dummer Academy, a famous old preparatory school for boys in Massachusetts, Mrs. Brush has had experience in newspaper work with the Boston *Herald* and *Traveler*, and although only twenty-five years of age has published several magazine stories and two novels, *Glitter* and *Little Sins*.

Walter Lippmann has long been a penetrating writer upon political theory and the formation of public opinion, and was for some years one of the editors of the *New Republic*. Being now in charge of the editorial page of the New York *World*, the leading Democratic organ of the country, he is in an unusually favorable position to observe the practical workings of politics. As discussion of the outlook for 1928 increases in warmth, Mr. Lippmann tells the HARPER audience exactly how he believes the Democratic party stands and what its chances of victory are. His most recent HARPER article was "Our Predicament Under Prohibition," published last December.

Having regaled us with his impressions of traveling in America and of cooking as a fine art, ***Ford Madox Ford,*** the distinguished English novelist who wrote *Some Do Not*, *No More Parades*, and *A Man Could Stand Up*, now unburdens himself on the subject of national prejudices.

Jesse Rainsford Sprague used to be in retail business in San Antonio and Newport News, Virginia. He is now devoting himself to writing, and in particular to examining some of the dubious policies in which American business has been indulging during its present period of prosperity. In "Big Business on Trial" (December, 1926), Mr. Sprague questioned the far-sightedness of the sales-quota as a means of forcing sales; in "The Go-Getter Abroad" (March, 1927) he analyzed our deficiencies as salesmen in foreign markets; in "Confessions of a Ford Dealer" (June) he gave a detailed case-study of the results which sometimes follow when salesmen are compelled to unload their goods upon the public. This month he studies the new alliance between business and emotional religion, an American phenomenon which has no counterpart elsewhere.

Another new contributor, ***Sally MacDougall*** of the staff of the New York *Sunday World*, is responsible for the second story of the month.

Born at Ogden, Utah, and educated at Harvard, ***Bernard DeVoto*** has been for several years instructor in English at Northwestern University, and has now been appointed assistant professor there. He is also the author of a novel, *The Crooked Mile*, and of many a magazine essay. Last January we published his article on "College and the Exceptional Man," and last month, his story "In Search of Bergamot." What he has to say about co-eds and their male classmates will provoke mingled enthusiasm and rage among undergraduates and parents.

The article on China, Japan, and the Orient generally in their present peculiar relation to Western civilization comes from a recognized authority upon contemporary history. ***Arnold J. Toynbee,*** a member of the family which gave its name to Toynbee Hall in London, is a professor at the University of London and since 1925 has been director of studies in the Royal Institute of International Affairs. He has written several volumes dealing mainly with the history of Greece, Turkey, and other European and Near-Eastern countries.

If anyone is in a position to read a lecture to the members of prosperous and distinguished American families upon their obligation to do something more than spend their money in self-indulgence, it is ***Oswald Garrison Villard.*** His grandfather was William Lloyd Garrison. His father was Henry Villard, the railroad president and philanthropist. He himself was owner and president of the New York *Evening Post* from 1897 to 1918, and is now owner and editor of the *Nation.* Even those readers who differ sharply with his political and economic views will acknowledge that as publisher and editor he has spent his money and strength with a single eye to public service.

Margaret Ayer Barnes (Mrs. Cecil Barnes) lives in Chicago and is at present spending the summer at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts. She is a new writer whose work is just beginning to appear in the magazines.

Fortified by experience as a newspaper man in Louisville, St. Louis, and New York, and as a publicity manager for the Democratic National Committee and other organizations, ***Silas Bent,*** for some years past a free-lance writer, has become an outstanding critic of journalistic methods. During the past winter he gave a course of lectures on the modern newspaper at the New School of Social Research in New York. In his present article he discusses a recent and significant development in American journalism which reached amazing proportions at the time of the Lindbergh flight and shows no signs of waning.

In 1915 ***H. M. Tomlinson*** was a war correspondent for the London *Daily News* in France. He is well known to the HARPER audience through his travel articles. His published books which have attracted the attention of those whose opinion really counts include *The Sea and the Jungle, Old Junk, London River, Tide Marks,* and *Gifts of Fortune.* Mr. Tomlinson's long-awaited first novel, *Gallions Reach,* and a new travel book, *The Foreshore of England,* are both to appear this fall over the imprint of Harper & Brothers.

Our series of articles by ***Dr. John B. Watson,*** formerly a professor at the Johns Hopkins University, has done much to establish in the minds of intelligent laymen a clear conception of the conclusions of the school of psychologists of which he is the acknowledged leader. This month he presents a paper showing why the behaviorists regard "the unconscious" as a psychological fiction.

At this writing ***Albert Jay Nock,*** biographer of Thomas Jefferson and formerly editor of the lamented *Freeman,* is in the United States; but he expects shortly to return to Europe, where he has been living for two or three years and recording for HARPER'S MAGAZINE from time to time his lively and penetrating observations upon European life and American policy.

The poets are ***Stanley Kidder Wilson*** of New York, a newcomer to the Magazine, and ***Henriette DeSaussure Blanding*** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich) of California, whose lyrics we have printed frequently in recent years.

No living writer on this continent has brought spontaneous and good-humored laughter to more people than ***Stephen Leacock,*** professor of political economy at McGill University and author of a shelf-full of humorous books. With him in the Lion's Mouth are ***Stanley M. Moffat,*** of New York, who makes his first appearance in HARPER'S with his disquisition on the guest towel, and ***Laura Spencer Portor*** (Mrs. Francis Pope) of the *Woman's Home Companion* staff, whose stories and essays have frequently added grace and distinction to our pages.

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Arthur William Heintzelman, whose etching "Chanteur Populaire" is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, will not reach his

thirty-fifth birthday until next November, but already he has achieved an international reputation and has won a place in the print collections of such great European museums as the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Luxembourg. Born in Newark, he studied at the Rhode Island School of Design and in Europe, became the head of the Fine Arts Department of the Detroit School of Design at the age of eighteen, later returned to the Rhode Island School to teach, and while there began his first experiments in etching. He has recently been living in France where, as Mr. Nock's article would suggest, there is no dearth of interesting subjects for the portrait studies at which Mr. Heintzelman especially excels.

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The deluge of correspondence called forth by "Feminism and Jane Smith" still continues; no other recent article in HARPER'S has provoked such a storm of applause and protest. We could fill these pages many times over with arguments and counter-arguments upon the position of woman in the modern world. But it is time to give the floor to some of those who discuss the contents of the July issue.

A Virginian supports Miss Yost in her defense of co-education:

My wife and I wish to add our testimonial in behalf of "The Case for the Co-educated Woman" by Edna Yost in your July issue. We graduated from a small Methodist college where everybody knew everybody else, and love matches between boys and girls were the order of the day. Practically all of these matches have culminated in marriage and happy homes. Our old Dean informed me a year or so ago that over 90 per cent of the boys attending our alma mater marry girls they met in college. From my observation of college bachelors and college old maids I think this little institution situated in the hills far remote from the centers of population is doing the world a great service, even if it is doing nothing more than a matrimonial agency could do!

From the other side of the house, my wife says positively that her daughter shall never attend a women's college. Why? She says that from a dozen reasons she selects this one: her daughter should learn a whole lot about men before she marries one.

A younger reader expresses her agreement:

Although a mere unmarried undergraduate, I feel capable of appreciating Edna Yost's article "The Case for the Co-educated Woman."

After six years at "female seminaries"—six years of looking at life in a mirror and a cracked one at that—I broke away. "Half sick of shadows" and of the unwholesome substitutes for the emotional realities of less cloistered living, I left perhaps the best women's college, academically and socially, in the United States to enroll in a large co-educational university on the Pacific Coast.

With such qualifications for critic, I wish to congratulate Miss Yost on the candor of her article and its timeliness.

A college instructor in Colorado, on the other hand, raises the objection that co-education causes many girls "to develop inferiority complexes" with regard to themselves and their relations with men.

It is true [he writes] that the presence of the male students affords an opportunity for healthy social intercourse. But does not Miss Yost remember the great number of neglected co-eds? The popularity of twenty-five per cent of the girls accounts for the extreme neglect of at least another twenty-five per cent and the doubtful status of the other fifty per cent. If there is any single thing which touches young people to the quick, it is neglect. And if ever that neglect were practiced as a fine art it is in any co-educational institution. To neglect has been ascribed many mental and physical maladjustments.

"All college" dances and functions have always been heart-breaking occasions for the majority of co-eds. The writer remembers the plea of a student president at the college assembly before one of these affairs. This well-meaning young man begged the men to remember that "no dates" were allowed, and hence any man seen dancing more than twice with the same co-ed would be publicly reprimanded. This plea was followed by definite instruction from a fraternity president to his chapter brothers at the meeting before the dance "to make it a real all-college and become martyrs for once!" . . .

One must admit with Miss Yost that there are in the teaching profession many who do not "know very much about life," and either deny or are ashamed of the little they do know. But I question if such idiots are limited to the non-co-educational colleges. I recall personal contact in a co-educational college with two of the species; and on the other hand, I know of one Eastern girls' college which can, in one department at least, boast

of possessing more than its share of human understanding personified.

Certainly it is a waste of time to denounce co-education on the ground that if fosters loose sex relations. It is also futile to attack the non-co-educational college on the ground that it fails to prepare the students for the relations of post-collegiate days. The selection of colleges is not a mass problem, but an individual one. Each type of college raises serious situations in the lives of its students. But "The Case for the Co-educated Woman" is hardly convincing enough to call for disbanding the non-co-educational colleges.

A New York reader also dissents:

Anybody who judged the women's colleges only by Miss Yost's article would imagine that the girls incarcerated in them hardly caught a glimpse of a man from one year's end to the other. Has she forgotten the holidays, the week-end privileges (now being gradually extended in most institutions), the dances and college plays, the male visitors? Can one sex learn to establish normal relations with the other only by meeting it every day and all day in the lecture hall and on the campus? If that is the case, what advantage has Amherst over Smith, let us say, or Dartmouth over Vassar? I shall begin really worrying about the women's colleges when I hear the graduates of Amherst and Dartmouth lamenting that they have been deprived of proper opportunities to learn what girls are like.

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A reader in Massachusetts protests at the "constant exploitation of vice and sensation" in our stories and articles, and particularly at "Nothing Shocks Me," which, it will be recalled, was written by an Englishwoman after visiting this country:

A good many of my friends feel the same dissatisfaction with HARPER'S MAGAZINE. We still have kept our power to be shocked and we very much resent Mary Agnes Hamilton's assumption that her world is all the world, any more than we would assume that ours is. But this we know: there are many hundreds of thousands of gentle-folk left who still choose to associate with refined people and not with the demi-monde.

What is more, the college girls and boys we associate with are refined and can be shocked as well! . . .

In one sense my world may be narrow, but I have been a great traveler and never have I failed, in any part of the world I have been in, to find people of culture and refinement whose conversation was not limited to sex. They were too busy doing constructive, lasting work to lower themselves with such speculations and topics.

True, the conversational tendency criticized by Mrs. Hamilton is not universal. But as thousands of readers will agree, neither is it limited to the demi-monde. It is widespread and significant; and those who dislike it will hardly cause it to disappear by emulating the ostrich and refusing to listen even to criticism of it.

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This, from a poet whose name must be withheld, exhibits a refreshing candor and a will-to-power which we trust will make the world take notice:

Do you want to buy, at the price of a pair of shoes, a remarkable poem? I just bought a pair of shoes to-day, and they nicked me for fifteen bucks. I could shoot a steer and make a pair of shoes for less than that.

I am one of these unknown poets that you have to be careful about taking on. I might have stolen this poem from an old manuscript of Poe's I ran across down here by Baltimore, or it might be the only one I could ever write. But I didn't swipe it from Poe, and I have written just a half-dozen within the past thirty days probably as good.

In my brother's recent book I am portrayed as a pumpkin-headed genius. I got mad when I read that book last month, and I decided I had waited long enough for him to do all he could to the family name without my butting in. He started his reputation on a poem he swiped of mine, and I have given him dozens. I am not peeved at all. I'm a big-hearted cuss, but I'm going to show the world what I can do.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

What Is Safety?

By PAUL TOMLINSON

A READER of this department residing in California sent us a letter a short time ago in which he put a most interesting question.

"As I may have some funds for investment soon," he wrote, "I would appreciate it if you can clear up for me the question of safety of income in relation to yield. (I am not thinking of marketability, etc., but only of safety of interest and principal.) Why is it that all financial 'experts' in recommending investments where safety is essential and primary recommend invariably only bonds of low yield, say 3 or 4 or 5%? Yet at the same time the advertising pages of publications carry advertisements of securities such as guaranteed first mortgage bonds and building and loan shares where absolute safety is stressed, emphasized, and guaranteed, and yet the yield is from 6 to 7%. If perfect safety can be secured on the basis of 6 to 7%, then why, when pinned down to recommendations, do the 'experts' recommend lower yielding securities, usually of different character? Surely there is no such thing as a degree of *absolute*."

THE dictionary defines safety as "freedom from danger or hazard; freedom from whatever exposes one to danger, or from liability to cause danger or harm; the quality of making safe or secure; insuring against harm or loss." Safety, in other words, means protection. Our correspondent states that there can be no such thing as a "degree of absolute," but we believe that this is true only so far as individuals are concerned. That is to say, you or I may have absolute protection and be absolutely safe, but what protects us or safeguards us may not necessarily do as much for someone else. We recognize this principle in the matter of health, and when it comes to what we can eat we all know that what is one man's meat may be another man's poison. Diet may seem a far cry from investment, but is it not possible that the same principle may apply? Would a widow with no earning capacity and no experience be justified in investing a small capital in the same sort of security as a business man versed in the matter of investments, in a position to keep closely in touch with them, and earning a handsome income from

his business? Obviously, it seems to us, what would be safe for the business man might not be at all safe for the widow. If there is no degree of *absolute* safety, still there may perfectly well be degrees of safety. Moreover, we are not aware that the word absolute is a usual term in connection with financial advertising.

OUR correspondent writes that what he has in mind is safety of income and principal in relation to yield. He states that he is not thinking of marketability, but marketability and yield are not only closely related but positively cannot be separated. Many laymen fail to appreciate that this is so, and our correspondent evidently is no exception. The three essentials of a first-class investment are, in the order of their importance, safety of principal, assurance of regular income, and marketability. In many cases purchasers are not particularly concerned with the third feature, so they put a portion of their funds into securities which do not enjoy a ready market, thereby obtaining a higher yield than would otherwise be possible and increasing the average return on their whole list.

NO MAN need think of marketability unless he cares to do so, but no man can ignore the influence of marketability on yield. It is safe to say that any investment yielding 4% or less, or for that matter 5% or less, must of necessity be readily marketable; otherwise it would not sell at a price high enough to bring its yield down to this level. Yield, too, is a comparative term, and a yield is high or low depending upon the general average of yields. Shortly after the War it was possible to buy high-grade bonds yielding more than 7%, which means that the borrow-

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PROSPEROUS COMMUNITIES

in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, with an aggregate population of 925,000, are served by subsidiaries of the Midland Utilities Company. Favored by advantageous geographical location and abundant natural resources, the territory in which these companies operate is exhibiting remarkable growth in population and industrial activity.

SALES of electrical energy by Midland Utilities Company subsidiaries in 1926 gained 17.3% over the previous year; gas sales increased 14.8%. Operating revenue and other income of the Company and subsidiaries for the twelve months ended March 31st, 1927, totaled $22,159,793.

Representing public utility companies operating in 2900 communities we are at your service if information is desired about the safe securities of established public utility companies.

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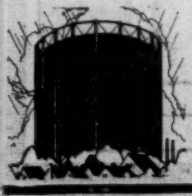


Business of Midland Utilities Company subsidiaries is widely diversified, including sales of electric power to steel foundries, lead and oil refineries, car equipment plants, sand and gravel pits, municipal water works, electric railways—and sales of gas heat to an ever increasing number of manufactories.

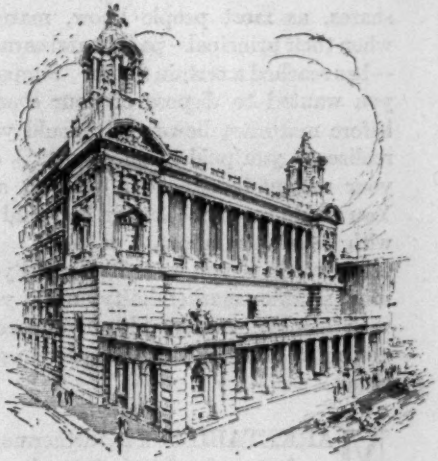
ing corporations had to pay this much for their money. Many of these same corporations are now replacing these issues with new ones yielding from 4 to 4½%. Times and conditions have changed, and what would have been a low yield seven or eight years ago is not necessarily low to-day. With the rise in stock prices yields on stocks, too, have gone down appreciably during the past two or three years. At the present time it is not exact to use the word "low" in connection with 4% and 5% investments.

OUR correspondent goes on to mention guaranteed first mortgage bonds and building and loan shares, where absolute safety is "stressed, emphasized, and guaranteed," and yet the yield is from 6 to 7%. Is he quite sure that such investments in such terms are advertised in the pages of HARPER'S? There are many excellent first mortgage bonds to be had, but if they are guaranteed this guarantee is usually furnished by a surety company at a cost of about ½ of 1% a year, the yield being correspondingly reduced. Moreover—and it is impossible to get away from marketability in relation to yield—bonds of this character are not usually sold as readily as issues listed and regularly dealt in on the recognized exchanges, although many real estate bond houses will buy back their own bonds from their own customers at a discount of about 1%. All of which is meant to demonstrate that while these bonds may be perfectly safe, the yield on them is comparatively high because they are somewhat lacking in marketability. Some people are in a position to ignore this factor, and some are not.

AS TO building and loan shares, the writer of this article is acquainted with two building and loan associations

DOES BANKING SERVICE MEAN BUSINESS SERVICE TO YOU?

Financing the Export of American Products



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NEARLY 20% of the cotton exports of the United States for 1926 were financed by this Company.

While this is but a part of the large volume of financing of various products handled by this Company, it is concrete evidence of the important position occupied by this Company in foreign trade, and of the part it plays in assisting the sale of American goods in foreign markets.

This business has come to us because of our years of valuable experience in this branch of finance, our exceptional facilities for service both in the United States and abroad, and the close attention given to our customers' interests.

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in the town where he lives. One of them last year credited its shareholders with over 8%, and the second earned more than 9%. Building and loan shares, as most people know, mature when their principal—paid in and earned—has reached a certain figure. Suppose you wanted to dispose of your shares before maturity, however. Would you realize all you paid in and 8 or 9% on your money in addition? Not at all. You would receive what you had paid in with interest at about 4 or 4½%. In other words, if you want high yield you must sacrifice marketability, and if you wish readily marketable investments you must sacrifice yield in order to get them.

MARKETABILITY is, furthermore, a factor of safety. A stock or a bond is a commodity, just as much as the motor cars produced by automobile manufacturing companies are commodities. Suppose, to cite a possibly far-fetched example, one of the big American manufacturers of automobiles turned out a thousand cars which resembled their others in all respects save that this particular lot had a right-hand drive. Is it not probable that they would have difficulty in disposing of them? Would their agents want this type of car, and would the public want them from the agents? The cars might be perfectly well made and sound in all particulars, but they would probably have to be sold at a sacrifice. To get back to the question of safety, Is it safe for a business to manufacture something which has to be sold at a loss? Is it safe for an individual to have all his money invested in such a way that he cannot quickly turn his investments into cash? Who knows when the need for ready money may present itself? The need

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The Treasury has called the above Bonds for redemption at 100 and interest.

Should you desire to dispose of your Bonds promptly we will purchase them at current market prices and be glad to offer suggestions for reinvestment.

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New England comes naturally by her maritime prestige. Her ports on the Atlantic are very fortunately situated. As compared with others, they are hundreds of miles nearer Europe. Their harbors could comfortably shelter the world's fleets, and their wharves are favored by direct rail communication to all inland centers. In all respects they are natural gateways for foreign trade.

Industries throughout the country desiring to benefit by the advantages of New England seaports will find the OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY equipped with exceptional facilities for remitting funds by cable . . . issuing commercial credits, financing exports and imports, furnishing foreign credit data, and locating markets for goods throughout the world.

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may take the form of necessity or of opportunity, and it would not be pleasant to be unprepared for either.

SOMEONE may argue that if investments which are hard to sell can only be disposed of at comparatively low prices, why is it not possible to buy them at low prices, too? It is, and, as we have already pointed out, many people raise the average yield on their total investment holdings by sacrificing marketability for yield on a portion of them. A very excellent idea, too, but one presupposing that the investor has sufficient of his funds in marketable securities to protect himself against any emergency need for cash. It is perfectly possible that the experts consulted by our correspondent did not feel that his capital was sufficiently large to warrant his purchasing any but readily marketable securities; hence the comparatively low yield. The investment expert considers not only the safety of the investment itself, but the safety of the investor. If a man with an income of a million dollars a year felt inclined to buy a hundred thousand dollars' worth of highly speculative oil stock, he would be safe enough in doing it. If he won, well and good; if he lost he could deduct the loss from his income tax and actually be nothing out of pocket. Would it be safe for a man with a small salary and a capital of five thousand dollars to speculate in this way with even a thousand dollars? The circumstances seem to us entirely different. If we are right, safety does mean different things at different times.

FURTHER, if safety is a comparative term then it is necessary for anyone who recommends investments to know all the facts concerning the investor before he can make an intelligent recom-

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CURRENT is used for lighting in the homes of 68,500,000 people in the United States—an increase of 200% in the last ten years.

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UNITED FIRST MORTGAGE 6% BONDS

Now Available

With a new kind of a guarantee, United First Mortgage bonds are again available in limited quantities.

Payment of principal and interest on the first mortgages back of these Bonds is guaranteed by the United States Trust Company which operates under the supervision of the Michigan State Banking Department.

To carry such a guarantee, the underlying securities, first mortgages on carefully selected improved real estate, are of exceptional soundness.

Usually such securities, safeguarded in every way, carry a lower rate of interest than these bonds.

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318 U. S. Mortgage Building, Detroit, Michigan
Capital $1,000,000 Resources more than $16,000,000

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mendation. One man might walk into an investment banking house and say that he wanted to buy a security yielding 6% or better. The banker, knowing this man's circumstances, and knowing that he was justified in seeking that kind of investment, would be able to make suggestions very quickly. Another man might walk in a short time later, and the banker, acquainted with his circumstances, too, might feel very strongly that the proper investment for him was one yielding from 4½ to 5%—not that it was a proper investment because of its yield, but because a proper investment happened to yield that much.

YIELD is a barometer of safety, and yield, of course, is determined by price. Price is determined by what purchasers are willing to pay. Safety of principal, assurance of income, and marketability are the three main factors considered by purchasers in naming a price they are willing to pay. And naturally there are other factors on which safety of principal, assurance of income, and marketability depend—factors whose importance can be determined by investment bankers but by few laymen.

IN A postscript to his letter our correspondent queried us about the advisability of purchasing an annuity from one of the big insurance companies. This would mean that he would turn over his capital to the company, and in return the company would pay him an annual income as long as he lives. The

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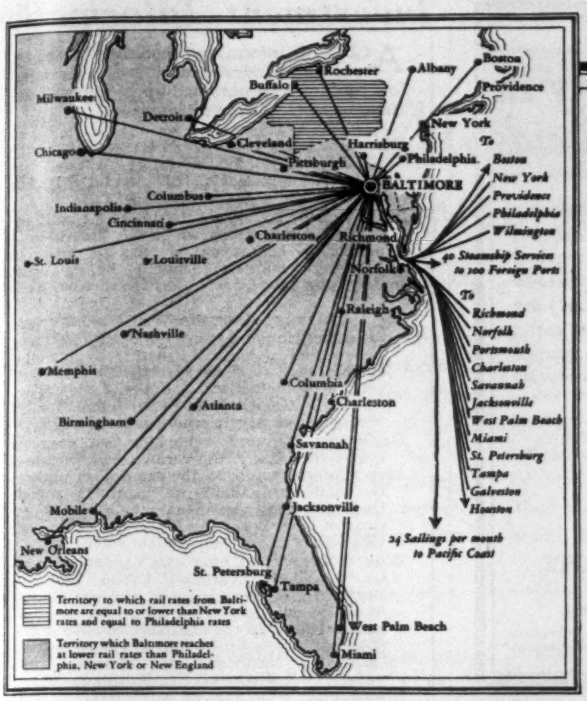
desirability of such a step would, as in the case of selecting investments, depend upon the circumstances of the individual, and upon his age. In the case of our correspondent we know nothing about either. As to the safeness of such a step, we believe that if the proper insurance company were selected, there would be little question about his receiving his income payments regularly. Would it be safe for a man still active to tie up his principal so that in the event of a business opportunity presenting itself he would be unable to take advantage of it? This is using safety in a rather broad sense, perhaps, but every side of the case must be considered if a proper and wise decision is to be rendered. A lawyer cannot do much for a client who does not give him all the facts; a doctor is rather helpless if his patient does not take him fully into his confidence; and so it is with the investment banker.

THE prime consideration with all investments is, of course, safety. In our opinion there are varying degrees of safety, and this is something to be recognized if there is to be the right kind of understanding between the investor and the investment banker. And here is another point: The investment banker has a sincere—selfish, if you will—motive in protecting his client's interests; if the investor loses his money he ceases to be a client, and the banker loses his commissions. This, perhaps, may explain why investment experts recommend low yield securities to one man and approve high yield investments for another. Safety means protection for everyone concerned, and in its application covers a very wide range indeed.



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Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

AN INVESTMENT INSURED FOR ITS LIFETIME: An interesting and helpful booklet, explaining a new feature in investments: a guarantee against loss of either principal or interest. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md., Fiscal Agents for the Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds, an improved type of real estate bonds in which all underlying securities are safeguarded through the insurance of both principal and interest by leading surety companies. Offered by National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.

BONDS THAT PARTICIPATE IN PROFITS: A pamphlet describing a long seasoned investment which has regularly paid participations in addition to regular bond interest. Offered by Clarence Hodson & Co., Inc., 165 Broadway, New York City.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet giving much interesting information about this form of security. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

HOW TO BUILD AN INDEPENDENT INCOME (1927 Edition): A booklet giving a plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

THE BOOK OF BETTER BONDS: A booklet which explains how more than forty years of sound conservative financing now culminate in guaranteed investments. George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

6% BUILDING AND LOAN CERTIFICATES: Details of this state-supervised, non-fluctuating, convertible investment furnished by Guaranty Building & Loan Association, 6334 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

THE CONSERVATION OF YOUR WEALTH: An informative booklet describing the benefits of a Living Trust, and how to create one, is offered by the Bank of North America and Trust Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued on second page following)

Group Management
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for CUSTOMERS *of our companies*

CUSTOMERS served by subsidiary companies of the Middle West Utilities Company paid eight million dollars less for electric service in 1926 than they would have paid at the rates prevailing in 1915. The intervening period was one of rising prices and a depreciated dollar, yet it witnessed this marked reduction in the price of electric service.

This has been the result of the unification of these electric service companies under the direction of a so-called "holding company" —more accurately, a *public utility investment company*— the Middle West Utilities Company.

Small local electric service companies, without wider affiliations, are handicapped by inability to command competent engineering and other management advice, by the impossibility of economical financing, by lack of diversified demand and by similar limitations which are invariably reflected in higher costs of service.

Lower costs and improved service have resulted from the integration of these companies under the control and guidance of an investment company organization. The communities in which these lower rates have been established are small or medium-sized. Served by isolated electric properties, their rates could not have been lowered as they have been and their service facilities would be limited, to the severe detriment of community growth. The financial and engineering backing provided by the Middle West Utilities Company has enabled companies which it controls to bring such communities within their systems, thereby giving them the advantages of ample power, full time service and lower rates.

THE subsidiary companies of the Middle West Utilities Company operate almost entirely in non-metropolitan areas. Adequate and economical electric service is helping to make living conditions more attractive in the smaller communities and it is aiding their economic progress by enabling industries to locate away from the larger cities. It is thus contributing to a healthy readjustment of the social and industrial structure of the nation. Through the public utility investment companies the financial and engineering resources necessary to this development have been made available to the smaller communities.

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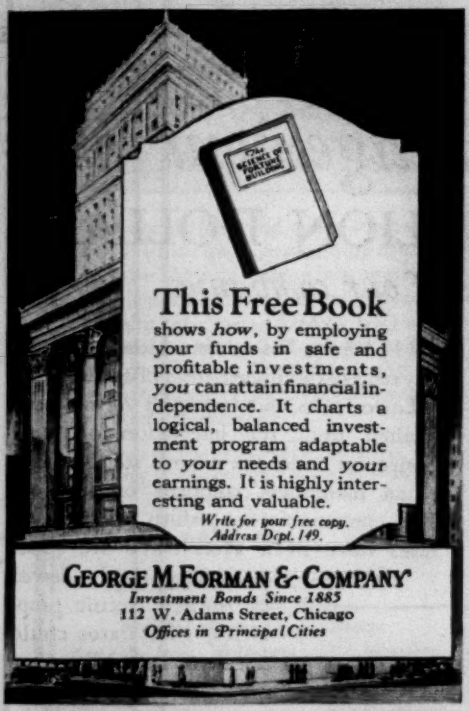

This Free Book

shows *how*, by employing your funds in safe and profitable investments, *you* can attain financial independence. It charts a logical, balanced investment program adaptable to *your* needs and *your* earnings. It is highly interesting and valuable.

Write for your free copy. Address Dept. 149.

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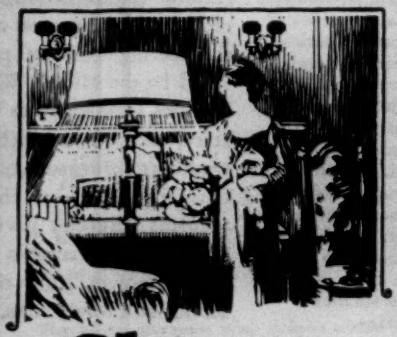

Chicago

is generous in its use of electricity. Twenty-five years ago, the annual per capita consumption was only 19 kilowatt-hours. Today it is approximately 1,029 kilowatt-hours. This is a record for large cities.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Service of Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 151 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for the year book. This stock listed on Chicago Stock Exchange.

Investment Information

(Continued from second preceding page)

BANK-SELECTED INVESTMENTS: Describes 6% Real Estate Bonds, with guaranteed first mortgage security, which conform to the standards of safety established by banks for the investment of trust and deposit funds. Offered by The Baltimore Trust Company, 25 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

ICE INDUSTRY: The manufacture of ice is one of the country's fastest growing industries. Its basis for investments is discussed in a booklet offered by Hoagland, Allum & Company, 34 Pine Street, New York City.

SECURITY BONDS—6% AND A $40,000,000 GUARANTEE: A new, illustrated booklet on mortgage investments and the unusual protective features of SECURITY BONDS. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

INVESTING FOR SAFETY: The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real estate bond issues.

RULES FOR SAFE INVESTMENT: Important factors of safety of Real Estate Bonds explained for the investor. Offered by American Bond & Mortgage Company, 345 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., and 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

INVESTMENTS OF PUBLIC UTILITY COMPANIES: A circular describing such investments, and covering bonds, preferred and common stock, is issued by Howe, Snow & Bertles, Inc., 120 Broadway, New York City.

BANKING BY MAIL: A booklet explaining how investors, no matter where they live, may use a savings bank account as their form of investment, showing how to deposit and how to withdraw funds. Offered by the Williamsburgh Savings Bank, Flatbush & Atlantic Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A NEW AND IMPROVED FORM OF GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS: This booklet describes the eight new features of the 6% First National Bonds. Offered by The First National Company, Citizens Bank Building, Baltimore, Md.

STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW BOOK "Investment Guide in 1927": This booklet describes First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds recommended by one of the oldest Real Estate Bond Houses. Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison Streets, Chicago, Illinois.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

INTELLIGENT INVESTING: A booklet showing the policies and safeguards behind the mortgage bonds. Offered by the Puritan Corporation, Graybar Building, 43rd St. and Lexington Avenue, New York City.

INTERESTING FACTS: A booklet giving information concerning facilities and Securities of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. For copy address, Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company, Inc., 61 Broadway, New York City.

NEW YEAR BOOK: Offered by Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill.